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THE

JONES FOURTH READER

BY

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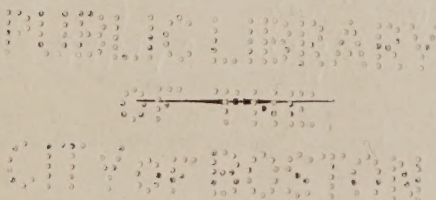

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PREFACE

THIS book is intended to cover the work in reading for the fourth and fifth school years. Pupils who enter the fourth school year are supposed to have mastered to at least a fair degree the mechanics of learning to read. They may therefore begin to appreciate the better class of literature, in which ideas are put forth in artistic form. The transition to such literature must needs be made slowly and carefully, inasmuch as the new matter brings with it a somewhat new vocabulary and a more complicated construction of sentence.

The selections in the first part of this reader have been chosen with especial reference to bridging over for the child the natural chasm between the forms of thought and language of childhood and those appropriate to youth. The selections lead to the best in literature that is available for young readers.

Attention is called particularly to the fact that many of the selections used are organic parts of larger works, to which the notice and interest of pupils will naturally be directed through the reading of these selected parts. Care has been taken that the part chosen in each case shall constitute an artistic literary whole, while sustaining its organic relations to the work from which it is taken.

Great care has also been given to the kind and range of ideas embodied. The book has a distinctly moral bearing, assisting the young to form right ideas of life and conduct. Every department of laudable human aspiration and endeavor is represented in some appropriate concrete form, and every noble instinct is reënforced by its appropriate stimulus.

The attention of the teacher is called to the notes and explanations. No lesson should be considered prepared until the difficult words and allusions are understood.

The selections from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Burroughs, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Fiske, Joel Chandler Harris, Bret Harte, Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Dean Howells, Sarah Orne Jewett, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Florence Merriam, Olive Thorne Miller, William Vaughn Moody, James Parton, Charles M. Skinner, Celia Thaxter, and Kate Douglas Wiggin are used by the kind permission of, and by special arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of these authors.

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MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL COLLEGE,
June 1, 1903.

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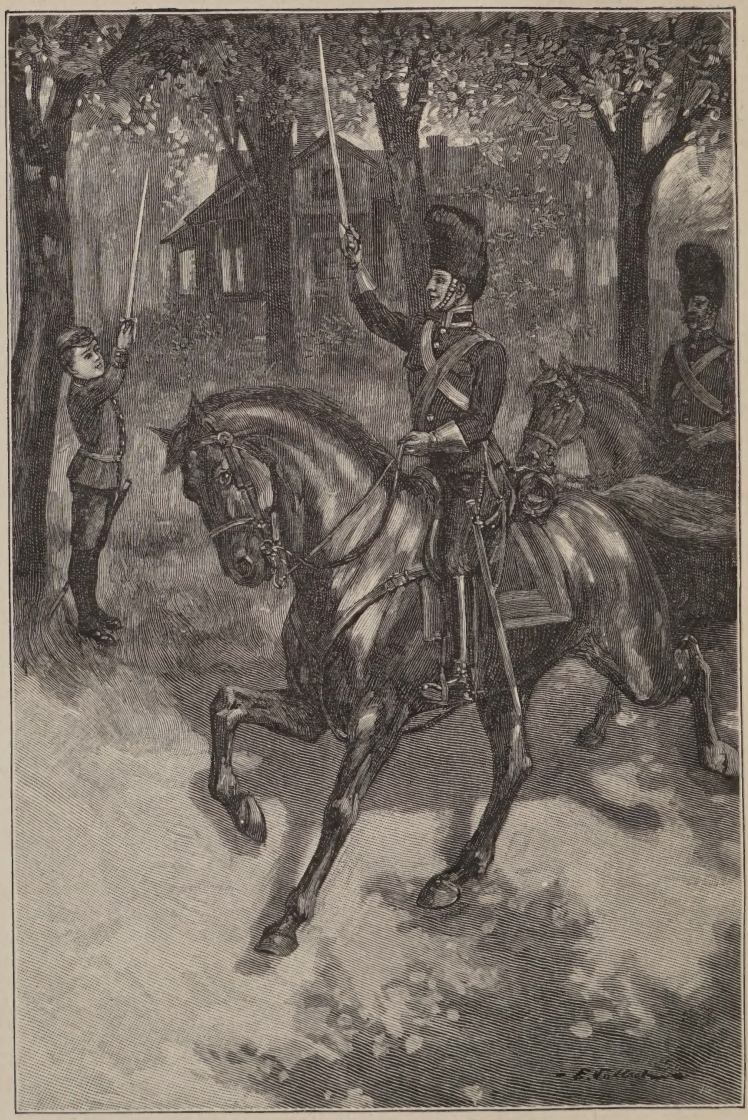


THE

JONES FOURTH READER

HUGH JOHN AND THE SCOTS GRAYS

S. R. Crockett

Samuel R. Crockett is a Scotch author. He has written interesting historical novels and sketches of Scotch life. This story of Hugh John is taken from "Sir Toady Lion."

On this great day of which I am telling, Hugh John had been digging all the morning in the sand hole. He had on his red coat, which was his pride. Suddenly there came a sound which made the heart of Hugh John beat in his side. It was the sound of the drum. He had only time to dash for his cap, gird on his London sword-with-the-gold-hilt, and fly.

As he ran down the avenue, the boy had a great struggle with himself. The children were playing "house" under the elm on the front lawn. He could not bear that they should miss seeing the soldiers; but then, if he went back, the troops might be past before he could reach the gate.

"I must see the soldiers! I must!" he cried. Then he turned toward the house and the elm. "I can't be so mean, though, as to go off without telling them," said he.

And so he ran with all his might back to the elm with a warning cry to the children. Then, with legs almost as invisible as the spokes of a bicycle, so quickly did they pass each other, Hugh John fairly flung himself toward the White Gate.

The first who came were soldiers in dark uniforms. No one cast a glance at Hugh John, standing with his drawn sword, giving the salute as each company passed. Not that Hugh John cared or even knew that they did not see him. Then came redcoats and one or two brass bands. Hugh John saluted them all.

No one paid the least attention to him. He did not expect any one to notice him — a small, dusty boy, with a sword too big for him. Why should these glorious creatures notice him? Then came more soldiers, and yet more and more. Would they never end? And ever the sword of Hugh John flashed to the salute, and his small arm grew weary as it rose and fell.

Then happened the most astonishing thing in the world. For there came a new sound — the sound of cavalry hoofs. A bugle rang out. Hugh John watched the white dust rise. Perhaps — who knows? — this was his reward for not being mean. For the noble gray horses came trampling along, and Hugh John grew pale at the sight of them. He had seen soldiers before, but never any like these.

On they came, a fine young fellow leading them, sitting carelessly on the noblest horse of all. He sat erect, leading "the finest troop in the finest regiment in the world." He saw the small, dusty boy in the red coat, under the elm tree. He saw his pale face, his flashing eye, his soldierly bearing. Hugh John had never seen anything so glorious as these soldiers. He could scarce command himself to salute. But though his underlip trembled, the hand which held the sword was steady as he went through the beautiful movements of the military salute.

The young officer smiled. His own hand moved to the response. The boy's heart stood still. Could this thing be? A real soldier had saluted him!

But there was something more wonderful yet to come. The young officer will never do a prettier action than he did that day, when the small, dusty boy stood under the elm tree at the end of the avenue. This is what he did. First, he turned about in his saddle: "Attention, men! draw swords!" he cried; and his voice rang like a trumpet, so grand it was — at least, so Hugh John thought.

There came a glitter of steel as the swords flashed in the air. The horses tossed their heads at the sound; the men gathered up their bridle reins in their left hands. "Eyes right, carry swords!" came the sharp command. And every blade glittered as it came to the salute.

No fuller cup of joy was ever drunk by mortal. The tears were in Hugh John's eyes in the pride of this honor done to him. He was no longer a little, dusty boy. He stood there, glorified. "Eyes front, slope swords!" rang the voice once more. The troops passed by. Only the far drumbeat came back as he stood speechless.

When his father rode up, on his way home, he asked the boy what he was doing there. Then a little clicking hitch came suddenly in Hugh's throat. He wanted to laugh, but somehow instead the tears ran down his cheeks.

"I'm not hurt, father. I'm not crying. It was only that the Scots Grays saluted me. And I *can't* help it, father. But I'm not crying. I'm not, indeed!"

Then the stern man gathered up the great soldier and set him across his saddle; for Hugh John was alone, the children having long ago gone back with the nurse. And his father did not say anything, but let him sit in front with the famous sword in his hands which had brought about such wonderful things. And even thus rode our hero home.

Adapted.

gird: to fasten about the waist. — **cav'alry**: soldiers on horseback. — **reg'iment**: a body of soldiers commanded by an officer called a colonel.

THE STORY OF THE LILAC BUSH

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, now Mrs. Riggs, is an American author who has written delightful stories for children and older readers. "The Birds' Christmas Carol" is one of her most popular books. This selection is taken from "Polly Oliver's Problem."

There was once a little lilac bush that grew by a child's window. It had been a very busy lilac bush all its life: drinking moisture from the earth and making it into sap; adding each year a tiny bit of wood to its slender trunk; filling out its leaf buds; making its leaves larger and larger; and then — oh, happy, happy time! hanging purple flowers here and there among its branches.

It always felt glad of its hard work when Hester came to gather some of its flowers just before Easter Sunday.

One spray went to the table where Hester and her mother ate together; one to Hester's teacher; one to the gray stone church around the corner, and one to a little

lame girl who sat, quite still, day after day, by the window of the next house.

But one year the lilac bush grew tired of being good and working hard. The more it thought about it, the sadder and sorrier and more discouraged it grew.

The winter had been dark and rainy. The ground was so wet that its roots felt slippery and uncomfortable. There was some disagreeable moss growing on its smooth branches.

At last the lilac bush said: "I will give up; I am not going to bud or bloom or do a single thing for Easter this year! If Hester wants her room shaded, she can pull the curtains down. The lame girl can — " *do without*, it was going to say, but it did n't dare — oh, it did n't dare to think of the poor little lame girl without any comforting flowers; so it stopped short and hung its head.

Six or eight weeks ago Hester and her mother went out one morning to see the lilac bush.

"It does n't look as it should," said Hester, shaking her head sadly. "The buds are very few, and they are all shrunken. See how limp and flabby the stems of the leaves look!"

"Perhaps it is dead," said Hester's mother; "or perhaps it is too old to bloom."

"I 'm not dead and I 'm not dying," thought the lilac

bush, "though I 'd just as lief die as to keep on working in this dark, damp, unpleasant winter, or spring, or whatever they call it."

And then Hester said: "My darling, darling lilac bush! Easter won't be Easter without it; and lame Jenny leans out of her window every day as I come from school, and asks, 'Is the lilac budding?'"

"Oh, dear!" sighed the little bush. "I wish she would n't talk that way. It makes me so nervous to have Jenny asking questions about me. It starts my sap circulating, and I shall grow in spite of myself!"

"Let us see what we can do to help the lilac bush," said Hester's mother. "Take your trowel and dig around the roots first. Then put in some new earth, the richest you can get, and we 'll snip off all the withered leaves and dry twigs, and see if it won't take a new start."

"They make such a fuss about me!" thought the lilac bush. "It seems a pity that a thing can't stop growing and be let alone and die if it wants to!"

But though it grumbled a trifle at first, it felt so much better after Hester and her mother had spent the afternoon caring for it that it began to grow a little just out of gratitude, — and what do you think happened?

Day after day the sun shone, because everything seems to help the people and the things that help themselves.

The rich earth gave everything it had to give for sap, and the warm air dried up the ugly moss that spoiled the beauty of its trunk.

Then the lilac bush was glad again, and it could hardly grow fast enough, because it knew it would be behind time, at any rate. Of course it could n't stand still, grumbling and doing nothing for weeks, and get its work done as soon as the other plants.

But it made sap all day long, and the buds grew into tiny leaves, and the leaves into larger ones, and then it began to group its flower buds among the branches.

By this time it was the week before Easter, and it fairly sat up nights to work.

Hester knew that it was going to be more beautiful than it ever was before, but she was afraid that it would n't bloom soon enough, it was so late this spring.

But the very morning before Easter Sunday, Hester turned in her sleep and dreamed that a sweet, sweet fragrance was stealing in at her open window.

A few minutes later she ran across her room, and lo! every cluster of buds on the lilac bush had opened into purple flowers.

They were waving in the morning sunshine as if to say: "We are ready, Hester! We are ready, after all!"

Adapted.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE—I

M. A. L. LANE

MRS. M. A. L. LANE is an American editor and story-writer.

Ah! did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop to speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it is and new!

This is what one great English poet wrote of another. We all know very well what he meant. We have felt in the same way about the great men of our own time. A true poet is often able to say what we can only feel.

How proud we should be if we had known George Washington, or if we had spoken to him, or even touched his hand! And if you have read "Tanglewood Tales" and "The Wonder Book" and "Grandfather's Chair," you would like to know the man who could tell stories so well. You would like to see Hawthorne and have him "stop to speak to you."

But sometimes a man is better known through his books than in any other way. There are men and women living now who saw Hawthorne every day, yet who did not know him so well as any one of you may know him if you care to read what he wrote. Most of his books

were written for older people, but he loved children and was glad to write for them too.

Hawthorne's stories are often strange and mysterious because he liked to write about things which are hard to understand. He kept a notebook, and when an idea for a story came to him, he wrote it down in this book. Here are some of his notes:

To make a story of all strange and impossible things.

Two little boats of cork with a magnet in one and steel in the other.

The voyage of a little boat made of a chip with a birch-bark sail, down a river.

A man living a wicked life in one place, and, at the same time, a good life in another.

To make a story about the winds.

A fairy tale about chasing Echo to her hiding place. Echo is the voice of a reflection in a mirror.

A story about mischievous little sprites who hide in the hollow teeth of some one who has given himself into their power. It should be a child's story.

An idle man's pleasures and thoughts during a day spent by the seashore: among them, that of sitting on top of a cliff, and throwing stones at his own shadow far below.

To describe a boyish fight with snowballs, the victor to have a statue of snow erected to him. It might be a child's story.

Many of Hawthorne's stories were written from the notes in this book. Among the stories are, "Footprints by the Seashore" and "The Great Stone Face."

He wrote other tales which were still more strange. There was the story of the minister who always wore a black veil over his face, no one knew why; of the buried treasure which a man spent his life in searching for and which was only worthless paper; and a story of the water from the Fountain of Youth, which made the old young for a little while only to leave them miserable when its effect had passed.

Underneath all these stories there lies a hidden meaning, whether we understand it or not. It is the one thing to remember about his work.

Hawthorne liked to write about New England. He told again the stories and legends of the ancient governors of Massachusetts and of the famous Province House where they lived. Many of his books for older people are about New England life, though one famous novel was a story of Italy.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE — II

Hawthorne was born in Salem, Mass., on the Fourth of July, 1804. His father was a sea captain, and died when his little boy was only four years old.

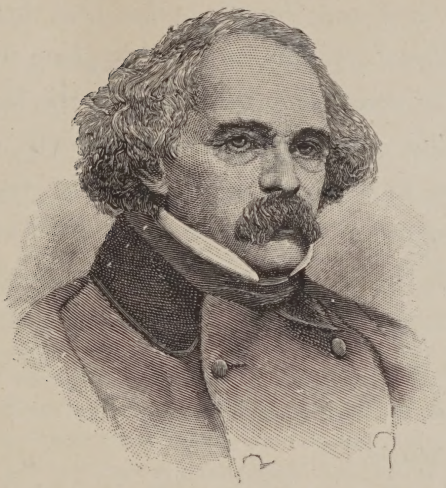
The poor child had a sad and lonely boyhood. He used to say, "Well, mother, I think I will go to sea and

never come back." It seemed to him that anything would be better than the long, dull days in which he suffered so keenly from loneliness.

Hawthorne inherited his love of the sea. He says of his ancestors: "From father to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the sea; a gray-headed shipmaster in each generation retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire. The boy, also, in due time, passed from the forecastle to the cabin, spent a tempestuous manhood, and returned from his world wanderings to grow old and die, and mingle his dust with his natal earth."

As Hawthorne grew up he had few friends. He was said to be shy and dreamy, silent and unwilling to talk. He took long walks alone in the woods and by the seashore, often walking many miles at night after he had been studying and writing all day.

"We do not even *live* at our house," he used to say. No wonder he thought so! Sometimes he did not see his mother and sister for weeks, although they were under the same roof. No cheerful family table brought them together three times a day. He grew used to eating alone in his dreary room; going out only when darkness



fell, for rest and change. It is not strange that he saw life in a different way from that in which others see it.

Years after, he went back to the old house and sat in the little room where he had been so unhappy. "The man who writes my life," he said, "should make much of this room."

Hawthorne was tall and handsome. His eyes were wonderful in their depth and brilliancy. His hair was brown and wavy. There was a great charm about him to those who loved him. His wife said of a friend who came to call at their house: "He kept his face turned to Mr. Hawthorne as the sunflower to the sun. When I spoke and he tried to turn to me, his head whirled back again."

Hawthorne was very happy in his own home with his wife and children. When he lost his place in the Salem customhouse he dreaded to tell his wife the bad news.

When he did tell her she said bravely, "Now you will have time to write your book." And the book thus written proved to be the great work of his life.

His children thought him the most wonderful playmate and story-teller in the world. His little boy wrote in a letter, "Papa has taught Una and me to make paper boats, and the bureau in my room is covered with paper steamers and boats."

Hawthorne had many homes. He lived in Concord and in Lenox; in 1853 he was sent to Liverpool, England, as consul, by his college friend, Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States; and he spent in Concord the last few years before his death; but the greater part of his life was passed in Salem.

In Concord you may still see the houses where he lived and the lonely hilltop where he liked to walk. Here, his tall figure, wrapped in a cloak and outlined against the evening sky, was a familiar sight to the village people.

To this hill, also, he used to flee at the approach of strangers; for, great and famous though he was, he did not wish to be treated like a great man. His life was not for the world, but for the quiet spot which he called home.

THE ARGONAUTS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819–1875) was an English clergyman, novelist, and poet. "The Water Babies" and "The Heroes" are two delightful books which he wrote for children. Among his novels are "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho," which are greatly liked by young people.

One of the most famous tales in Greek mythology is that of the Argonauts, a band of heroes who sailed away in the good ship Argo to find the Golden Fleece. Among them were Jason, the leader; Orpheus, who could charm wild beasts, and even rocks and trees, with his music; Castor and Pollux, the famous twins; and Peleus, the father of the great Achilles.

Kingsley has told the story in prose which is almost as musical as verse. Note the rhythmical cadence of many of the lines. Usually metrical prose is not to be admired, but in this case it suggests the old days when such tales were sung or chanted by wandering story-tellers.

When a fair wind rose the Argonauts sailed eastward till they came to the Pillars of Hercules and the Mediterranean Sea. And thence they sailed on through the deeps of Sardinia, and past the Ausonian islands, till they came to a flowery island, upon a still, bright summer's eve. And as they neared it, slowly and wearily, they heard sweet songs upon the shore. But when Medea heard it, she started, and cried, "Beware, all heroes! for these are the rocks of the Sirens. You must pass close by them, for there is no other channel; but those who listen to that song are lost."

Then Orpheus spoke, the king of all minstrels: "Let them match their song against mine. I have charmed stones, and trees, and dragons; how much more the hearts of men!" So he caught up his lyre, and began his song.

And now they could see the Sirens on the flowery isle; three fair maidens sitting on the beach, beneath a red rock in the setting sun, among beds of crimson poppies and golden asphodel. Slowly they sang and sleepily, with silver voices, mild and clear, which stole over the golden waters, and into the hearts of all the heroes, in spite of Orpheus' song.

And all things stayed around and listened: the gulls sat in white lines along the rocks; on the beach great seals lay basking, and kept time with lazy heads, while silver shoals of fish came up to hearken, and whispered as they broke the shining calm. The wind overhead hushed his whistling, as he shepherded his clouds toward the west; and the clouds stood in mid blue, and listened dreaming, like a flock of golden sheep.

And as the heroes listened, the oars fell from their hands, and their heads drooped on their breasts, and they closed their heavy eyes; and they dreamed of bright, still gardens, and of slumbers under murmuring pines, till all their toil seemed foolishness, and they thought of their renown no more.

Then one lifted his head suddenly, and cried: "What use in wandering forever? Let us stay here and rest awhile." And another, "Let us row to the shore, and hear the words they sing." And another, "I care not for the words, but for the music. They shall sing me to sleep, that I may rest."

Then Medea clapped her hands together, and cried, "Sing louder, Orpheus, sing a bolder strain; wake up these hapless sluggards, or none of them will see the land of Hellas more."

Then Orpheus lifted his harp, and crashed his cunning hand across the strings; and his music and his voice rose like a trumpet through the still evening air; into the air it rushed like thunder, till the rocks rang and the sea; and into their souls it rushed like wine, till all hearts beat fast within their breasts.

And he sang the song of Perseus, how the gods led him over land and sea, and how he slew the loathly Gorgon, and won himself a peerless bride; and how he sits now with the gods upon Olympus, a shining star in the sky, immortal with his immortal bride, and honored by all men below.

So Orpheus sang, and the Sirens, answering each other across the golden sea, till Orpheus' voice drowned the Sirens', and the heroes caught their oars again.

And they cried, "We will be men like Perseus, and we will dare and suffer to the last. Sing us his song again, brave Orpheus, that we may forget the Sirens and their spell." And, as Orpheus sang, they dashed their oars into the sea, and kept time to his music as they fled fast away; and the Sirens' voices died behind them in the hissing of the foam along their wake.

But when the Sirens saw that they were conquered, they shrieked for envy and rage, and leapt from the beach into the sea, and were changed into rocks until this day.

Then they came to the straits by Lilybæum, and saw Sicily, the three-cornered island, under which Enceladus the giant lies groaning day and night, and when he turns the earth quakes, and his breath bursts out in roaring flames from the highest cone of Etna, above the chestnut woods. And there Charybdis caught them in its fearful coils of wave, and rolled mast-high about them, and spun them round and round; and they could go neither back nor forward, while the whirlpool sucked them in.

And while they struggled they saw near them, on the other side the strait, a rock stand in the water, with its peak wrapt in clouds — a rock which no man could climb, though he had twenty hands and feet, for the stone was smooth and slippery, as if polished by man's hand; and halfway up a misty cave looked out toward the west.

And when Orpheus saw it he groaned, and struck his hands together. And "Little will it help us," he cried, "to escape the jaws of the whirlpool; for in the cave lives Scylla, the sea-hag with a young whelp's voice; my mother warned me of her ere we sailed away from Hellas; she has six heads and six long necks, and hides in that dark cleft. And from her cave she fishes for all things which pass by — for sharks, and seals, and dolphins, and all the herds of Amphitrite. And never ship's crew boasted that they came safe by her rock, for she bends her long necks down to them, and every mouth takes up a man. And who will help us now? For Hera and Zeus hate us, and our ship is foul with guilt; so we must die, whatever befalls."

Then out of the depths came Thetis, Peleus' silver-footed bride, for love of her gallant husband, and all her nymphs around her; and they played like snow-white dolphins, diving on from wave to wave, before the ship, and in her wake, and beside her, as dolphins play. And they caught the ship, and guided her, and passed her on from hand to hand, and tossed her through the billows, as maidens toss the ball. And when Scylla stooped to seize her, they struck back her ravening heads, and foul Scylla whined, as a whelp whines, at the touch of their gentle hands. But she shrank into her cave affrighted, — for all

bad things shrink from good, — and Argo leapt safe past her, while a fair breeze rose behind. Then Thetis and her nymphs sank down to their coral caves beneath the sea, and their gardens of green and purple, where live flowers bloom all the year round; while the heroes went on rejoicing, yet dreading what might come next.

Adapted from "The Heroes."

Or'pheus (fūs). — **Pe'leus** (lūs). — **Achil'les**: one of the heroes of the Trojan war. — **Ar'gonauts.** — **Pillars of Her'cules**: Gibraltar and the opposite rocks, which, according to the Greek story, had been split apart by Hercules. — **Auso'nian islands**: Ausonia was a name often used by the poets for Italy. — **Mede'a**: a sorceress or witch, the wife of Jason. — **as'phodel**: the asphodel of the Greeks was the narcissus. Our word *daffodil* comes from this word. — **Hel'las**: Greece. — **Per'seus** (sūs). — **loath'ly**: disgusting. — **Gor'gon**: Medusa, who had snaky locks. — **Olym'pus**: the heaven-kissing hill, which the Greeks believed to be the home of the gods. — **Lilybæ'um.** — **Encel'adus**: one of those giants who had been enemies of the gods. When he was conquered, Mt. Etna was thrown upon him to keep him down. — **Charyb'dis**: a fearful whirlpool. — **Scyl'la**: a dangerous rock opposite Charybdis; both are personified as hateful monsters. — **Amphitri'te**: the wife of the sea god Neptune. — **Zeus** (zūs) and **He'ra**: the king and queen of the gods. The Romans called them Jupiter and Juno. — **The'tis**: the mother of Achilles.

EXPERIENCES OF A CATERPILLAR

A. L. O. E.

CHARLOTTE TUCKER was an Englishwoman who wrote several books for children and a few for older people. She adopted as her signature the letters A. L. O. E. (A Lady of England). Miss Tucker died in 1893.

NOTE. — The caterpillar of the goat moth is two or three inches long; it is flesh colored, with a black head. It has an odor like that of a goat. The egg of the goat moth is laid in the bark of a tree, and the newly hatched caterpillar feeds upon the wood, thus killing the tree. The poplar, elm, willow, and oak are the favorite trees of the goat moth.

One day, as I was making my way through a bit of timber, I was startled by a noise and a sudden shock.

A very little time passed, and then again came that terrible sound; the whole tree seemed to quiver and shake; and suddenly the daylight flashed upon me.

Some being of the human race was cutting down, with a bright, sharp instrument, a branch from the tree in which I was dwelling.

It was the first time I had ever seen a man. He looked like a horrible monster, and he seemed not to think much better of me.

"Here 's an ugly grub," he observed, "that 's eating its way right into the wood. I 'll take it home and put it in the little drawer of my table.

"My boy is coming home to-morrow, and he is curious about all these creatures; he may like to examine this one."

So the man carried me home. I was soon shut up in darkness—quite securely, as he supposed—in his drawer.

"Ha, ha!" laughed I to myself; "here's a fine, wide tunnel that man has bored, and very neatly he has done it. But if he thinks he can keep the caterpillar of a goat moth his prisoner here, he'll find he is very much mistaken!"

I set to work with my good, strong jaws at the side of the drawer in which I was confined. Before night was over I had gnawed my way through. When the daylight dawned I was crawling down what the man had called a table.

As I was wondering in which direction I should turn, in came my enemy, and almost put his foot upon me.

"Why, if that caterpillar has not eaten its way out!" he exclaimed. "What jaws the ugly creature must have! I'll put it into a tumbler; it can't bite through a glass."

Writhe and twist as I might, I could not escape from those dreaded fingers which held me so firmly.

I was dropped into a bright kind of cocoon that looked as if made of pure water, for I was able to see right through it. It did not shade me at all from the daylight, as my dear, old willow had done.

This tumbler was a hundred times harder than any wood that I ever had met with. In vain I tried to bite the smooth, slippery surface.

"I'm a lost caterpillar!" sighed I, as I lay at the bottom of the tumbler, quite worn out with my fruitless efforts. But I did not lie long inactive in my prison.

"I am not only strong to bite," I said to myself, "I am also clever to spin. I can not only bore a tunnel through wood, I can make a ladder of silk."

I found, to my joy, that though my jaws could make no mark upon glass, yet my gummy silk would stick to its surface.

Bravely I went on with my labor. Before very long my strong, wedge-shaped head was peeping over the edge of the tumbler.

"How shall I descend now?" thought I. "I must let myself down, as I helped myself up, by a silken ladder."

At that moment the man caught sight of me.

"If this lively caterpillar isn't making its escape again!" he exclaimed. "The creature seems resolved to get off, one way or another."

My tormentor knocked me down again to the bottom of my prison. Then he suddenly turned it over, giving me another tumble on the hard surface of what I heard the man call a plate.

The glass now shut me in above, as well as all around, so that there could be no possible use in climbing. Below me was the plate, just as hard as the glass. There was no weak point which I could attack with my jaws.

"Now I'll put a good, heavy book on the tumbler, to keep it down," said the man. "My ugly grub will be as secure as if locked up in an iron safe."

I lay very still in my shining prison till the man had quitted the place. Neither my courage nor my strength had failed me yet.

As soon as I felt sure of not being observed, I crept round the edge of the glass, trying to find any place where it did not quite touch the plate.

Happily for me, just in one part there was either a sinking in the plate or a rise in the glass. The two did not exactly fit, and air from without came through.

Here was an opportunity not to be lost. Now were my four thousand muscles to be brought into play. My liberty, if not my life, depended upon the success of the effort which I was making.

With my head I lifted glass and book a little, then a little more: surely never before had caterpillar attempted so difficult a feat.

My whole head was squeezed under my prison at last; and where the head can go the whole body can generally manage to follow.

Ha, ha! I laugh whenever I remember that day. How the man must have looked, when he came back with his boy, to find the glass tumbler empty, with the big book resting upon it, and the caterpillar nowhere to be seen!

I stopped to curl myself up and rest awhile; but I dared not rest long. I feared that the man would return before I could hide myself out of his sight.

Luckily for me, he had left the door of his great cocoon open. Much as I dislike the daylight, I was glad enough to find myself once more in the free, open air, and not far from my own willow tree.

Abridged.

THE SOUL OF A BUTTERFLY

T. W. Higginson

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1823. He has written many books, — histories, stories, poems, and essays. Colonel Higginson was in the Civil War and has written interesting sketches of his army life.

Over the field where the brown quails whistle,
  Over the ferns where the rabbits lie,
Floats the tremulous down of a thistle,
  Is it the soul of a butterfly?

See! how they scatter and then assemble;
  Filling the air while the blossoms fade, —
Delicate atoms, that whirl and tremble
  In the slanting sunlight that skirts the glade.

There goes the summer's inconstant lover,
  Drifting and wandering, faint and far;
Only bewailed by the upland plover,
  Watched by only the twilight star.

Come next August, when thistles blossom,
  See how each is alive with wings!
Butterflies seek their souls in its bosom,
  Changed henceforth to immortal things.

TIMOTHY'S INCANTATION

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

NOTE. — Timothy was a little boy about ten years old. He and pretty little "Lady Gay" had been left friendless and homeless. Lady Gay was not his sister, but Timothy loved her dearly, and hearing that they were to be separated, he ran away with the little girl, hoping to find a home where they might be together. They were taken in for a few days at the "White Farm," where Miss Vilda lived with Samantha and Jabe Slocum, her faithful servants. Timothy is sorely afraid that Miss Vilda will not be willing to keep him and Lady Gay, so he uses the wonderful "charm" of which Jabe has told him. The book which tells the whole story is called "Timothy's Quest."

It was bedtime, and Timothy was in his little room carrying on the most elaborate and complicated plots for reading the future. It must be known that Jabe Slocum was as full of signs as a Farmer's Almanac; and he had given Timothy more than one formula for attaining his secret desires, — old, well-worn recipes for luck, which had been tried for generations in Pleasant River, and which were absolutely "certain" in their results.

The favorites were:

Star bright, star light,
First star I've seen to-night,
Wish I may, wish I might,
Get the wish I wish to-night;

and one still more impressive:

Four posts upon my bed,
Four corners overhead;
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed I lie upon.
Matthew, John, Luke, and Mark,
Grant my wish and keep it dark.

These rhymes had been chanted with great solemnity, and Timothy sat by the open window in the sweet darkness of the summer night, wishing that he and Gay might stay forever in this sheltered spot. "I'll make a sign of my very own," he thought. "I'll get Gay's ankle tie, and put it on the window sill, with the toe pointing out. Then I'll wish that if we are going to stay at the White Farm, the angels will turn it around, 'toe in' to the room, for a sign to me; and if we've got to go, I'll wish they may leave it the other way; and, oh, dear! but I'm glad it's so little and easy to move; and then I'll say 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John' four times over, without stopping, as Jabe told me to, and then see how it turns out in the morning."

But the incantation was more soothing than the breath of Miss Vilda's scarlet poppies, and before the magical verse had fallen upon the drowsy air for the third time

Timothy was fast asleep, with a smile of hope on his parted lips.

There was a sweet summer shower in the night. The soft breezes, fresh from shaded dells and nooks of fern, fragrant with the odor of pine and vine and wet wood violets, blew over the thirsty meadows and golden stubble fields, and brought an hour of gentle rain.

It sounded a merry tintinnabulation on Samantha's milk pans, wafted the scent of dripping honeysuckle into the farmhouse windows, and drenched the nightcaps in which prudent farmers had dressed their haycocks.

Next morning the green world stood on tiptoe to welcome the victorious sun, and every leaf shone as a child's eyes might shine at the remembrance of a joy just past.

A meadow lark perched on a swaying apple branch above Martha's grave, and poured out his soul in grateful melody; and Timothy, wakened by Nature's sweet good

morning, leaped from the too fond embrace of Miss Vilda's feather bed. . . . And lo, a miracle! . . . The woodbine clung close to the wall beneath his window. It was tipped with strong, young shoots, reaching out their innocent hands to cling to any support that offered; and one baby tendril that seemed to have grown in a single night, so delicate it was, had somehow been blown by the sweet night wind from its drooping place on the parent vine, and, falling on the window sill, had curled lovingly round Gay's fairy shoe, and held it fast.

From "Timothy's Quest."

breath of poppies: opium, which produces sleep, is made from poppies. It is said that even to smell the flowers makes one sleepy.

TO THE LADYBIRD

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY was the wife of Robert Southey, a great English poet. She was born in 1786, and died in 1854. Mrs. Southey was the author of several books of verse.

NOTE. — Ladybird, or ladybug, is the name children give to a little red beetle spotted with black, which is often found on plants and flowers.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
The field mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
The glowworm is lighting her lamp,
The dew 's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close clinging damp.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
Good luck if you reach it at last!
The owl 's come abroad, and the bat 's on the roam,
Sharp-set from their Ramazan fast.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
The fairy bells tinkle afar!
Make haste, or they 'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away now
To your house in the old willow tree,
Where your children so dear have invited the ant
And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You 're in luck! — and that 's all I 've to say.

Southey (sowth'y or suth'y). — **red eyes**: English daisies are reddish in color. — **glowworm**: a kind of beetle which gives out light as it moves. — **speckled wings**: wing cases. The true wings are thin and not speckled. — **flag**: grow tired. — **sharp-set**: hungry. — **Ram'azan fast**: the lenten fast of the Mohammedans. Ramazan means the hot month. — **Ob'eron**: king of the fairies. This is frequently pronounced O'beron.

THE LITTLE ACADIAN

M. A. L. Lane

Note. — During the war known in America as the French and Indian War, the English found it necessary to drive away the French peasants from their home in what is now Nova Scotia. It was a cruel thing to do, but it was impossible to make these simple country folk loyal to their English master. The unhappy exiles were sent among the English colonies along the Atlantic coast; families became separated and never met again. Longfellow's poem of "Evangeline" tells of this sad time.

Mrs. Baxter turned her hot face for a moment from the blazing wood fire on the open hearth.

"Well, Thomas," she said briskly, "why don't you come in and shut the door?"

It was an old house, built when Boston streets were country roads. Two great doors, on opposite sides of the kitchen, were for the oxen when they dragged in the huge logs of wood from the forest.

These doors were rarely opened by Mrs. Baxter; they were fastened by heavy iron hooks. It was in a smaller doorway that her son Thomas stood, looking into the tidy kitchen.

He was a strong, healthy boy about twelve years old, with honest blue eyes and freckled cheeks. He wore a homespun jacket and corduroy trousers a size too large for him. An old woolen cap of his father's was dragged down over his ears.

Outside, the snow was coming down in fine, sharp flakes.

"Mother," said Thomas, in a meek voice, quite unlike his usual one, "I've brought somebody home to dinner."

Mrs. Baxter swung the iron crane out over the hearth, so that the pork should not burn, and came to the door.

"What in the world have you here, Thomas Baxter?" said she severely.

"It's a little girl," explained Thomas. "She's French, and she can't talk much English. Her mother's dead, and she doesn't belong to anybody. So I took her," he added cheerfully.

Mrs. Baxter pulled a little, trembling figure into the warm room and shut the door. With quick fingers she took off the wet hood and showed a tear-stained, sad little face with dark eyes half hidden under tangled curls.

"Of all things!" began Mrs. Baxter. "Where did you get her?"

Thomas's mind was quite easy now. He strolled over to the fire and stood back to it, as his father often did, his wet boots planted well apart.

"I found her on Long Wharf," he went on to explain. "The boys and I went down to see the transport come in, and there was a crowd on board of her. The wharf was black with people in no time. They were crying and talking. You can't think how fast they talk, mother."

"Poor things!" said Mrs. Baxter. "To have to leave home and come here among strange folks this time of year — it 's hard!"

"I say it 's a shame!" said Thomas fiercely. "She and her mother saw their house burned before their eyes, and her mother never smiled after that. She died on the ship. One of the soldiers told me about it. He said he 'd never do such work again, for the king or anybody else."

By this time Mrs. Baxter had the tired child in her motherly lap. The little one's eyelids drooped heavily, and her curly head sank back into the hollow of the comfortable arm. She was nearly asleep already.

"I 'll fight the king when I 'm a man," went on Thomas loudly.

"Hush!" said his mother reprovingly. "Hear the boy talk! You 'll wake her. She can't be more than six years old, the poor dear. And I dare say the king is sorry to do it, but these Acadians have made him a world of trouble. They go on helping the French, and seem to forget that they belong to England."

"Of course they help the French," said Thomas. "They are French themselves. If the French king should conquer us, don't you suppose we would help the English if we could?"

It was sometimes difficult to argue with Thomas. Many Puritan mothers thought that the birch rod was not used often enough in the Baxter household.

"Run into the fore room, my son," said Mrs. Baxter, "and bring my old plush coat. I took it out of the cedar chest this morning. It 's warm and dry, and she 'll take cold in these wet clothes."

Thomas stood a moment on the threshold. "Mother," said he slowly, "she 's about as big as Lucy was. Could n't she have her clothes? Lucy was always giving her toys away. I think she would like it."

Ah, Master Thomas Baxter, that was a fine stroke! The boy saw that tears were in his mother's eyes. She gathered the homeless child close in her arms.

"I will take her and keep her as my own," she said, with a catch in her throat, as she looked at the delicate, weary face against her breast. "It would please Lucy and it will please your father. You will have a little sister again, my son."

Mrs. Baxter tried to smile as she looked across the room at the happy boy. Half waking, the little Acadian put up her tiny hand and stroked the kindly face above her.

"*Maman!*" she murmured sleepily.

Thomas shut the door softly. His own eyes were full of tears.

LITTLE BELL

THOMAS WESTWOOD

THOMAS WESTWOOD was an English poet who was born in 1814. He died in 1888.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name? Oh! stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
And tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks.
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped — you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird; —
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And, from out the tree,

Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear —
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, squirrel! to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away! the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree
Great, ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop one by one; —
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny blackbird, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare!
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah! the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,

'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, *dear* Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care.
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

THE BEES

Down in the garden, under the basswood tree, are the beehives. A beehive is the busiest, cleanest, most orderly city in the world.

It has no mayor, no city council, not even a town meeting to manage its affairs. It is ruled by a queen.

The hive bees are not the great, blundering creatures which we sometimes see among the flowers; these are called bumblebees.

The bumblebees are wild bees, and they do not like the orderly life of their city cousins. Sometimes they are hungry before spring comes, but they like their own life best, after all.

Hive bees are smaller than bumblebees, but they are much better workers. In the hive are the queen, her escort of drones, and the worker bees.

The queen, of course, does no housework. She lays the eggs and sees that the hive is kept in order. She is larger and handsomer than the others. In fact, from the time when she was only a baby grub, she has had a better room and has been fed on finer food than the rest.

The drones are very fine gentlemen indeed. They take no part in house building or in getting food. As the

summer goes on, their hard-working sisters grow tired of feeding such a lazy company.

"Something must be done before winter comes," they say to one another. "Our supplies will be gone before spring if we have these idle fellows to feed."

The workers are busy from morning till night. Their wings are strong, for they have to fly far from home for food. They carry the flower pollen, they make the honey, and they mix the bee bread to feed the young bees. Upon them comes the whole care of building the wax houses and keeping them clean.

The bees are wonderful builders, as we learn when we watch them. The wax, which has formed in scales upon their bodies, is scraped off with their feet and worked over with mouths and mandibles until it is soft and white. Then it is placed upon the ceiling of the hive and the cells are shaped.

The cells differ in size, but all of them have the same shape. They are carefully fitted to one another so that there shall be no waste room. In these cells the eggs are to be laid.

It is a warm June morning. The hive is astir as usual.

"Buzz, buzz, out of my way! I 'm dusty with pollen. Don't touch me! I 'm busy, bizz — bizz — bizz!" and away goes a worker bee at full speed.

"Where is the queen?" asks a drone, who is standing idly in the doorway.

"The queen is in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey,"

answers another worker, who is cooling the hive by waving her wings up and down. "She laid two thousand eggs yesterday."

"You will soon have your hands full," remarks the drone in his careless way, "with all those hungry children to feed."

"It is as easy to feed children as drones," says the worker sharply. "Do stand somewhere else, if you please. You are very much in the way."

"Something is wrong in the next hive. I think I'll go over and see what it is," says the drone, retreating in good order.

In the next hive there is great excitement. A garden snail has crawled in to make a neighborly call.

"Buzz, buzz! Put her out! Put her out! Sting her, stab her, bury her! Wall her up with wax!" cry the angry workers. They are not pleased, it seems, with neighborly calls.

"Call the wax makers!" they cry. "Bring the cell builders! Wall the creature up at once!"

Soon the snail is fast in a neat cell with sides and a wax roof. In two minutes the bees have forgotten all about her. The new queen is coming out to-day.

The workers are in a crowd about the royal cell where the princess is still a prisoner. They have been gnawing at the top of the cell, which is now so thin that one can see through it.

"Let me out! Let me out!" pipes the prisoner.

"It is not safe for you to come out yet," whispers a worker bee. "The old queen has not gone. She would sting you to death."

The old queen knows that she must go. She calls together the few that still love her and will care for her. Then she leaves the hive to the young queen. The bee

keeper has a new hive ready for her, and she begins to plan another city.

In the meantime something has happened in the old hive. The young queen had royal sisters who wished to be queens. They have been fighting, and they have all been killed but one. She is badly hurt and she cannot live long.

"What shall we do?" ask the workers. They know that the hive must have a queen. There are no more royal children.

"You must train a worker grub for a queen," says the dying bee. "Make her cell large and airy, give her more than she can eat of the best bee bread, guard her carefully from harm, and she will make a good queen."

"How can we make her cell larger now?" asks another worker, who is not very quick-witted.

"Knock down the wall into the next room," answers the queen bee.

"And what is to become of us?" asks a gentleman drone.

The queen looks at him with pity.

"Your death will be worse than mine," she says. "Your sisters are already tired of waiting upon you. You will be stung to death, stabbed, maimed, and thrown out of the hive, when I am gone. To the workers, after all, belong the honey and the hive."

THE FACTORY BOY

ROBERT COLLYER

ROBERT COLLYER (1823–) was born in England. His father and mother were very poor, and the only schooling he had was between his fourth and eighth year. He learned the blacksmith's trade, but began to preach when he was a young man. He came to America, where he is well known and greatly beloved as the pastor of a church in New York City.

One day I went on a pilgrimage to a huge, old factory in the valley of Washburne, in Yorkshire, in the summer of 1865.

I wandered about in a kind of dream. The handful of people left there then were at work among the wheels and spindles, watching me between whiles; for strangers seldom came to that remote place, and I was clearly a stranger. . . .

They were as strange to me as I was to them. There was not a face I knew, not one. And yet this was where I was once as well known to everybody as the child is to its own mother, and where I knew everybody as I knew my own kinsfolk; for it was here that I began my life, and lived it for a space that now seems a lifetime all by itself. And this brings me to my dream.

I saw, in one of the great, dusty rooms of the factory, a little fellow about eight years old, but big enough to pass

for ten, working away from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night, tired sometimes almost to death, and then again not tired at all, rushing out when work was over, and, if it was winter, home to some treasure of a book.

There were "Robinson Crusoe," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim," and Goldsmith's histories of England and of Rome, the first volume of "Sandford and Merton," and one or two more that had something to do with theology; but it must have been meat for strong men, for not one of the brood of children who read the stories, and the Goldsmith that was just as good as stories, would ever touch these others after one or two trials.

One of these books that used to lead all boys captive in those good old days, this boy I saw in my dream would hug up close to his bowl of porridge, and eat and read; and then would read after he had done eating, while ever the careful mother would allow a candle or a coal.

But if it was summer, the books would be neglected, and the rush would be out into the fields and lanes, hunting in the early summer for birds' nests, which the tender and holy home canon would never permit to be robbed; . . . or, in the later summer, seeing whether the sloes were turning ever so little from green to black, or whether the crabs (of the wood, not the water) were vulnerable to a boy's sharp and resolute teeth, and when the hazelnuts would

be out of that milky state at which it would be of any use to pluck them, and what was the prospect for hips and haws. . . .

I watched him with a most pathetic interest. "Dear little chap," I said; "you had a hard time; but then it was a good time, too — was n't it, now? How good bread and butter did taste, to be sure, when half a pound of butter a week had to be divided among eight of us, and the white wheaten bread saved for Sunday!

"Did ever flower in this world beside smell as good as the primrose, or prima donna sing like the skylark and throstle? Money cannot buy such a Christmas pudding, or tears or prayers such a Christmastide, as the mother made and the Lord gave when you and the world were young.

"Seven years you stuck to the old mill, and then you were only fifteen; and then, just as they were crowning the Queen, you know, you had to give it up, and to give the home up with it; to go out, and never return to stay.

"And so I lost sight of you out of that hard but blessed life in and out of the factory, and have never set eyes on you until to-day, you dear little other one, that was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

That was how I came to think of my story, and how I might tell it as a word of encouragement to many who

may need such a word, about the way of life which I have traveled many miles since I set out, not knowing whither I went, to the pulpit and pastorate of this church.

Bun'yan's "Pilgrim": John Bunyan wrote a famous book called "The Pilgrim's Progress." — **can'on**: law or rule. — **sloes**: small, bitter plums, the fruit of the blackthorn. — **hips**: the fruit of the rose. — **haws**: the fruit of the hawthorn. — **prima** (prē'ma) **don'na**: the leading woman in an opera company. — **thros'tle**: the song thrush. — **crabs**: crab apples.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

(A Fable)

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson, born in Boston in 1803, was a famous lecturer and writer. For the greater part of his life his home was in Concord, Mass., where he died in 1882. He is often called a seer — or one who sees into men's hearts and understands God's truths. Emerson taught the world many lessons; one of them, which had been put into words by Wordsworth, another poet, was that plain living and high thinking go well together. He was loved and respected by all who knew him.

Note. — When the mountain calls the squirrel "Little Prig," the squirrel replies, "Bigness is n't everything. There is no more credit in being big than in being small. You can't do my work, nor can I do yours. We need not call each other names. Each has his own place to fill."

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."

Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

prig: a conceited person. — **squirrel track**: a place where a squirrel can run.

THE STORY OF THE PIED PIPER

ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING, one of the greatest of English poets, was born in 1812. His verse is not always smooth, and it is hard, at times, to understand his meaning; but his poems well repay deep study. To Browning life was good and glad. He does not forget the hard, sad things, but he never loses courage. Browning died in Venice, Italy, in 1889.

NOTE. — The famous poem from which this story was taken was founded upon an old legend or myth, which the poet turned into verse to amuse a little boy. Similar legends are found in Chinese and Persian literature.

More than five hundred years ago, in a country far over the sea, there was a town which was overrun with rats.

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people declared that they could bear it no longer. They went to the Mayor one morning and told him they would send him packing unless he could find

some way to rid the town of its troublesome visitors. The poor Mayor was at his wits' end. "It's of no use," he said. "I have tried my best to think of some plan."

"Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!
Come in," the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow, and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.

"People call me the Pied Piper," he said. "If I rid your town of rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One? fifty thousand!" said the astonished Mayor.

Into the street the Piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while.
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling —
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives
Followed the Piper for their lives.

Step by step they followed him, dancing, until they came to the river, when they all plunged in and were drowned.

Then you should have seen the people! They rang the bells; they got long poles and poked out all the nests the rats had made, — never were men more joyful. But suddenly the voice of the Piper was heard: "If you please, where are my thousand guilders?"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue. "Oh, come!" he said, "that was a joke. Suppose we give you fifty!"

The Piper's face fell. "Be careful," he said.

"Folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"Do you think I am afraid of you?" cried the Mayor.

"Do your worst —
Blow your pipe there till you burst."

Once more the Pied Piper stepped into the street and laid his pipe to his lips. Three soft, sweet notes he blew, and then came the patter of small feet, the clatter of wooden shoes, the clapping of little hands, and

Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.
The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step or cry
To the children merrily skipping by —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

Down High Street went the Piper, and the hearts of the people stood still when he turned toward the river. But now he turned again from south to west, and the crowd of children followed him, laughing and singing, toward the great hill which rose on that side of the town.

Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top;
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me."

The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

But it was too late. A broken promise was not so easily mended, and Piper and dancers were gone forever.

hap: happen. — **guil'der**: a Dutch coin. — **pied**: having different colors.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE

Psalm xxiii

The book of Psalms was the hymn book of the Hebrew nation. Many authors and periods of time are represented in it. It is commonly supposed that David, king of Israel, was the author of a large number of these songs.

David was a shepherd boy who came into public notice when he was summoned to entertain King Saul by playing on the harp. Later, David killed the giant, Goliath; later still, he formed a warm friendship with the king's son, Jonathan. After the death of Saul, David became king, and had a long and brilliant reign.

The twenty-third psalm is one of the most beautiful of sacred songs. The imagery was very familiar to the Hebrews, many of whom were shepherds.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Selections from Psalms xc and xci

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

in the presence of mine enemies: the shepherds protected the feeding flocks from snakes and wild beasts. — **anoint'est my head with oil**: a common Eastern custom. The wounded or tired sheep are much refreshed by it. — **my cup**: a large, two-handled cup from which the sheep drink in the sheepfold. — **thy rod and thy staff**: the shepherd's crook, used to guide and protect his sheep.

THE FOUNTAIN

James Russell Lowell

Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Holmes belong to the group known as the New England poets. Lowell stands high among them. He was a great critic as well as a great poet, and he was deeply interested in American politics. During the Mexican War, and again during the Civil War, he wrote a series of poems called "The Biglow Papers," which had undoubted influence in political questions. Lowell was at one time United States minister to Spain, and later to England. As American representative abroad he was popular for his tact and courtesy and ready address. He died in 1891.

James Russell Lowell's name is one long to be remembered in American literature. One of his best known poems is "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Into the sunshine,
  Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
  From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
  Whiter than snow,
Waving so flowerlike
  When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
  Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
  Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

THE BABY OWL

OLIVE THORNE MILLER

MRS. OLIVE THORNE MILLER is an American writer. She has written many books about birds. One, called "The First Book of Birds," is very easy and pleasant reading.

NOTE. — The book from which the story of the baby owl is taken is called "Queer Pets at Marcy's."

WHEN the baby owl went to live at Marcy's he was one of the oddest-looking creatures in the world. Though he was very young, and had just come out of an owl's nest, he didn't look in the least like a baby, nor was he at all shy. He was a small bundle of down, with no feathers where feathers are expected, and the wisest look in his face and big, staring eyes.

From the first moment he never seemed to be afraid of anybody, nor struggled to get away, as other birds will. He was evidently a philosopher; that is to say, one who takes whatever comes, and makes no fuss about it.

The first thing he did, when let out of the basket in which he was carried, was to walk gravely around the room and examine everything in it. His manner said as plainly as words, "I see this is to be my home, and it may be well to know something about it."

The children were much amused with his sober, dignified ways, not in the least like any other young creature; and they ran to the kitchen for some supper for him. They set bread before him, but he would not eat. They thought he did not like bread, perhaps, so they took counsel of their own tastes and offered him cake, and then bits of meat, and then corn, and then boiled egg, and at last Ralph went out and dug up a worm. All to no purpose.

Now of course birds must eat or die, and the children were in trouble at once. Uncle Karl, however, suggested that Mamma Owl had always fed her baby, and probably he didn't know how to feed himself. They must do as she did, — fill his mouth for him.

They at once tried this with perfect success, and by that means Master Owl had a plentiful meal. In spite of his wise looks you see he was really rather stupid after all, while he was a baby, for they had to play mother owl and stuff the queer baby for some time.

They were not exactly sure of what baby owls have to eat, so they tried nearly everything in the house on this

one. He swallowed everything, and seemed to thrive on it, growing very fast, and soon being covered with beautiful, soft feathers, while his droll ways were more and more amusing.

The little owl's home was in the den, but since his master spent most of his days in the city, he did not stay there much. He roamed all over the house, upstairs and down; into the kitchen, when Patty would scream and drive him out; into the parlor, where he would perch on the end of a sofa and sit for hours, dressing his beautiful feathers, or shaking himself out into a soft feather ball while he took a short nap.

He was a sociable fellow, and always liked to be with the family. He was fond of sitting on Uncle Karl's shoulder, and he often made quiet remarks, which, though doubtless full of wisdom, the hearers unfortunately could not always understand. . . .

When Master Owl was full grown, he was provided with a house of his own. It was two stories high, and he spent the daytime in the bedroom upstairs, after the fashion of owls, and at evening he came down ready for a frolic, or an excursion round the neighborhood, where he did a little hunting for himself. Abridged.

the den: a name often given to a smoking room or study used by the master of the house.

POCAHONTAS

William Makepeace Thackeray

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in India in 1811. He became one of the greatest of English novelists. He studied law in London and afterwards went to Paris and studied art, but finally chose literature as his profession. Among his famous novels are "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," and "Henry Esmond." An American critic, on being asked which of these he liked best, replied, "The one I read last." Thackeray also wrote some verse. He died in 1863.

Note. — Some historians do not believe the story on which Thackeray founded this poem; others think that very likely it is true. However that may be, we know that Captain John Smith and Pocahontas were real people. She was the daughter of Powhatan, an Indian chief, and Smith was the leader of the English settlers at Jamestown, Va. Pocahontas became a Christian and married John Rolfe, with whom she went to England. She was very gentle and lovely. She died when she was still a young woman, and left a little son. The Randolphs of Virginia are her descendants.

Wearied arm and broken sword
  Wage in vain the desperate fight:
Round him press a countless horde,
  He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
  Through the wilderness resounds,
  As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 't is hard to die of fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan
Still 't is told by Indian fires
How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

ARIEL'S FREEDOM

(A Story from Shakespeare's "Tempest")

Nina Moore Tiffany

Mrs. Nina Moore Tiffany is an American writer. Her historical stories for children are very popular. (For note on Shakespeare see page 276.)

Note. — The story of "The Tempest" is also told in "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb.

A gentle spirit of the air — his name was Ariel — fell into the power of a wicked witch.

The witch tried to make a slave of Ariel, but could not; for he refused to run upon her hateful errands.

As she could not force him to do her bidding, she wove for him a spell that should be worse than death; one that would take away his freedom.

She split a pine tree and shut him in the cleft, and her dark magic forbade it to let him go.

Now Ariel could no longer frolic with the "elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves," nor dance with those that

> on the sands with printless foot
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune.

Held in the riven pine, he sighed to the winds that sighed to him, and wore the days through in loneliness.

For twelve long winters Ariel drooped in his prison; then the witch died and he was left more hopeless than before, for all this happened on an enchanted island where no man lived, and no one now was near who could undo the witch's spell.

At last, to Ariel's great joy, a wise magician, Prospero, was cast upon the island. Prospero brought with him his book of charms, and his magic robe and wand, which gave him power over spirits of the sun, wind, earth, water, air, and trees.

He overcame the witch's spell, and the pine tree let Ariel go free.

The grateful Ariel then did willingly all that was asked of him by Prospero. The witch had wanted help in wickedness; Prospero's commands were all to bring about more good.

To please his kind master Ariel filled the island with sweet music. Sometimes the music was soft and far away, without words; sometimes it was from Ariel himself, who sang songs like this — we may fancy that he learned it or made it when he played beside the sea:

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist.

Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Ariel loved Prospero and served him gladly, yet freedom was dearer than anything to this spirit of the air, and he longed to be wholly at liberty.

So liberty was promised him. Ariel should be free, Prospero said, after certain enemies had been turned into friends.

This last and best service Ariel cheerfully performed; — he helped his master win back his friends and his dukedom, and then vanished, to live at ease with the insects and flowers.

His song, when he knew his freedom was at hand, was:

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch: when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily,
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

A'riel: a spirit of the air. — **ebbing Neptune**: the falling tide. Neptune was the god of the sea. — **riv'en**: split. — **Pros'pero**. — **feat'ly**: nimbly. — **whist**: still. — **the burden bear**: take up the refrain or the chorus. — **when owls do cry**: at night. Ariel chooses the bat, which also flies at night, to bear him on his merry journeys.

RAIN IN SUMMER

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Me., in 1807. He was graduated from Bowdoin (bō′d'n) College, and at the age of twenty-one became professor of modern languages in the same college. Afterwards he held a similar position at Harvard. His poetry is justly popular, not only in America, but in Europe. Most English-speaking boys and girls know "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Skeleton in Armor," and "Hiawatha." Longfellow died in 1882.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,

Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees

His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,

Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

seer: see note on Emerson, page 61. — **Aqua'rius**: the water-bearer. It is one of the star groups of the zodiac, associated in the East with the season of heavy rains. Aquarius is pictured as an old man. — **man'ifold**: many. — **bridge of colors seven**: the rainbow, on which the souls of the dead were once supposed to mount to heaven.

BOYHOOD IN THE SOUTH

JOHN B. GORDON

JOHN BROWN GORDON (1832–1904) was a gallant officer in the Confederate army. He was at one time governor of Georgia, and was well known as a lecturer.

My birthplace was my father's plantation in Upson County, Georgia, on the banks of the Flint River, and there my early boyhood was passed in the days before the war, when there were no railroads, no telegraphs, no daily newspapers, and few mails in that portion of the country. The cost of postage on a letter was five or ten cents, according to its size and the distance it was to go. The mails were carried in well-settled districts on horseback, and between important towns in stagecoaches. As the coaches, drawn by teams of four horses, with bugles sounding their approach, swept along the roads, they aroused in the country people more interest than would now be excited by the finest train of Pullman cars. The drivers, mounted on their lofty seats, were the envy of aspiring boys.

On the plantations of that day there was no machinery for compressing cotton into bales. The long bag was hung under a platform with a large round hole in the floor, through which the lint cotton was thrown by hand

into the swinging bag below. The packing was done by the most faithful and stalwart negro on the place, who stood inside the bag and tramped the cotton with his feet as it came down, and then pounded it with an iron bar.

The packer on my father's plantation was the negro foreman, known only as "Captain" — a very impressive personage, tall and straight, with side whiskers, and of austere bearing. He seemed to "boss" not only the negroes, but everybody and everything on the plantation. He would come out of this packing process covered from head to foot with a thin coating of lint cotton, looking like a man of snow with a black face. His habit was to get rid of the fine, fleecy lint by burning it off. Applied near his ankles, the flame ran over him in a second, cleaning off the lint with no perceptible damage to his clothing.

When about six years old I was standing by the fire when Captain came out of the cotton bag covered with an unusual amount of lint, and ordered me, "Touch me off now!" I obeyed. The blaze swept over him, cleaning off the lint from foot to head—and the side whiskers, too! He was cured of that habit.

Several years after this my father moved to north Georgia. Although plantation life there differed somewhat from that peculiar to the cotton belt, there were the

same kindly relations between the master and his men, the same free intercourse between the white and black boys on our plantation. We felt ourselves responsible for the protection of our black followers in case of conflicts with other boys; and I may add that the black companions of my boyhood drew me into a larger number of pitched battles in their defense than I afterwards fought in my four years of service in the Confederate army.

Constant and free intercourse from early childhood to mature years developed between the young white boys and their black companions a bond of true sympathy which the abolition of slavery has not wholly broken; and these ties of real affection between boys of both colors, between the white girls and their black maids, between the very young white children and their black "mammies" and nurses, ought to be a sufficient explanation of that wonderful loyalty of the slaves to the defenseless women and children left on the plantations during the Civil War.

In the fall season there were "corn shuckings," when the negroes from adjoining plantations met, first on this place and then on that, and shucked the great piles of corn, singing as they worked. When the work was finished at night, they seized the young master of the place, and hoisting him on their shoulders bore him

triumphantly around the premises to the great supper table, still singing their "corn songs."

On the Fourth of July the great plantation barbecues marked the day for the darkies. The entire expense was of course borne by the owner of the plantation. The negroes, old and young, male and female, assembled and roasted pigs and lambs and kids, ending with a frolic of strange games and dancing at night.

The great holiday of the year was the "Chris'mas time," as it was then called. At this festive occasion there was scarcely any restriction put upon the slaves; no limit to the liberties they were permitted to take with "ole marster" and "missus" and the younger members of the household. The excited darkies felt at liberty to creep silently into "the white folks's house" at earliest dawn, and often before the dawn, on Christmas morning, and startle every member of the household by shouting, "Chris'mas gif', ev'ybody!" Of course all responded with a gift.

Inbred as is hospitality among the Southern planters, their ruined fortunes have now rendered impracticable such visiting as was common fifty years ago. At that time large numbers of people of wealth, education, and refinement lived upon the plantations, and the hospitality was boundless. When a planter paid a visit he frequently

carried wife, children, servants, carriages, and horses, and settled down for an indefinite period of social enjoyment.

The building of the first school that I attended stood in a woodland not far from the main highway. It was built of hewn logs, but was well finished inside and out. At each end of the room there was an immense chimney, and in those broad fireplaces during the winter months great log fires were kept burning. The logs for this purpose were cut and brought in by details of the larger boys.

At another school there were "composition days" and "speaking days" in each week. On the former the larger girls and boys were required to read aloud before the whole school what were supposed to be original compositions or essays on subjects sometimes selected by themselves and sometimes by the teacher. And on the speaking days all except the smallest boys were required to declaim from the stage some selection committed to memory.

During these declamatory exercises the school was permitted to applaud successes and laugh at failures, which not only added interest and piquancy to the occasion, but stimulated the boys to perfect themselves in juvenile oratory, and was most helpful in developing self-control. The teacher himself would occasionally add to the school's amusement by some good-natured remark at the expense of the declaimer.

A friend of mine named Peter had selected for his speech that extract from Patrick Henry's famous oration which begins with the words, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience."

Peter confidently mounted the rostrum; but although he had quietly memorized his piece in his own room, he had not, as was the habit of more experienced boys, gone to the woods, thundered away at the trees, and so accustomed his ears to his own voice in declamation. Hence, startled by his own tones as he shouted from the stage, "I have but one lamp — lamp — lamp —," he could get no further. His speech had gone from his memory. He passed his left hand across his forehead in a vain effort to recall it, while with his right he pulled at his trousers as if he thought it might have slipped down into his pocket; but it came not. He began again, "I have but one lamp — lamp — lamp —," and then the teacher, amidst roars of laughter from the school, said, "Come down, Peter; your lamp has gone out."

Speaking of orations reminds me of a singular experience of my own. During my junior year at the University of Georgia I had the honor of being selected by the faculty as one of the six junior orators for the commencement exercises. Now, as I had imbibed from my father, who was an old-time Whig, an ardent admiration for

Henry Clay, I prepared for my commencement oration an elaborate eulogy upon this great Kentuckian. I had expended upon this speech the labor of many days and nights. Clay, winning position, power, and fame, despite the poverty and discouragements of his youth; Clay, the foremost orator of his day, the author of the timely compromises and the apostle of peace, — had been described in the strongest and most glowing sentences of which my boyish intellect was capable.

The last finishing touches had been given and the speech committed to memory, when the faculty notified me, and only a short time before commencement, that I must select another subject; that it was against the policy of the university to permit eulogies upon living statesmen!

This announcement filled me with consternation. Even if a subject could be thought of, the time was too short for suitable preparation. This theme or utter failure seemed the only alternatives. I am afraid that my grief was not so profound as it should have been over the death of Henry Clay, which occurred a few days before commencement, and just in time to permit the delivery of my eulogy.

Adapted.

bar'becue: the roasting of a whole pig or ox. — **eu'logy**: a speech in praise of a person. — **ros'trum**: a platform. This word has an interesting history.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

MRS. HEMANS

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS was born in England in 1793, and died in 1835. She was a popular writer of poetry, and her work is marked by unusual taste and feeling. "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" is one of her best-known poems.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave;
Pray! — ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveler, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea —
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun!
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see —
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

FORBEARANCE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

NOTE. — The following poem was a tribute to Mr. James Elliot Cabot.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood rose and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

pulse: peas and beans. The meaning is: Have you lived simply when you might have done otherwise?

MINE HOST OF "THE GOLDEN APPLE"

THOMAS WESTWOOD

A goodly host one day was mine,
A Golden Apple his only sign,
That hung from a long branch, ripe and fine.

My host was the bountiful apple tree;
He gave me shelter and nourished me
With the best of fare, all fresh and free.

And light-winged guests came not a few
To his leafy inn, and sipped the dew,
And sang their best songs ere they flew.

I slept at night on a downy bed
Of moss, and my host benignly spread
His own cool shadow over my head.

When I asked what reckoning there might be,
He shook his broad boughs cheerily;—
A blessing be thine, green Apple tree!

reckoning: payment.

THE STORY OF THE ALBATROSS

(From "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances")

Juliana Horatia Ewing

Mrs. Juliana Horatia Orr Ewing (1842–1885) was an English story-writer whose work takes high rank. "The Story of a Short Life" and "Jackanapes" are among her best-known books.

Note. — This lesson is taken from "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances." Mrs. Overtheway is a kind old lady who tells delightful tales to amuse a little girl named Ida. Ida's father is supposed to have been lost at sea.

Father Albatross had been out all day. He had taken only a short flight, for his wife was hatching an egg, and he kept near the island where her nest was situated. There was only one egg, but Mother Albatross was as proud as if she had been a hen sitting on a dozen.

Father Albatross was very considerate. He not only took short flights, but he always tried to bring back a bit of news to amuse her. When there was no news, he would talk of winds and waves, as we talk of the weather and the crops.

The very day the egg was hatched he came home so full of news that Mother Albatross could not get him to listen to her.

"Could you leave the nest for a quarter of an hour, my dear?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said Mother Albatross; "as I have told you, the egg is hatched at last."

"These things always seem to happen at the wrong time," said the father bird. "There is a ship going down only a few miles from here. I came away just as she was sinking."

"It must be a terrible sight," said she; "but a mother's first duty is to her nest and I do not dare to move. At the same time, I beg that you will return and see what there is to be seen."

"It is not worth while," said her mate; "by this time the ship and her crew are at the bottom of the sea."

"Could none of them fly away?" Mother Albatross asked.

"Men have no wings," was the answer, "nor, for that matter, fins or scales either. They are very curious creatures. The fancy they have for wandering about between sea and sky, when they cannot support themselves in either, is truly wonderful. Go where you will on the ocean, you meet men as you meet fish and birds. Yet, if anything happens to their ships, down they go, and as the men can neither float nor fly they sink to the bottom like so many stones."

"Were there many on this ship?" the mother bird asked.

"More than one likes to see drowned at once," said Father Albatross. "I was sorry for the captain. He would have been a fine fellow if he had had wings. There was a dog too. His name was Carlo. He seemed to know that the ship was in danger, and he had only one idea, to keep close to his master. He got in front of him, sat down at his feet, jumped on him when he shouted his orders, licked his hands when he grasped the ropes. In fact, he was very much in the way. But what can you expect of a creature that needs four legs to go about with, and can't rise above the earth even with them? Still, why should you distress yourself? It must be all over long since. Think of the little one and let us be thankful that we have wings."

The next morning Father Albatross set forth again. He returned even sooner than Mother Albatross had hoped.

"The captain and two of his men are here on this island!" he cried. "What do you think of that? And that lazy dog is with them. Now you can see for yourself."

"It would not be possible for me to leave our young one now," said Mother Albatross, "and he cannot go so far. It will be very provoking if the men leave the island before I can see them."

"There is not much fear of that," her mate answered; "a lucky wave has brought them here, but it will take a good many lucky waves to bring a ship to carry them home."

Father Albatross was right, but his mate saw them sooner than she expected. Her nest, though built on the ground, was on the highest point of the island, and to this the men soon made their way. There they saw the beautiful great white bird herself.

"What a splendid creature it is!" said the captain, "and so grandly fearless! What a pity it is that they cannot understand one!"

"He is a fine creature," said Mother Albatross, peeping at the captain from her nest; "that is, he would be if he had wings and could speak properly instead of jabbering like a monkey."

The captain paced up and down.

"He does n't seem as tame as one might expect," said Mother Albatross, "he is so restless. Perhaps he is hungry. What is he doing now?"

"That is a letter he is reading," said Father Albatross, "and from the look of it I think he has a young one somewhere, wherever his nest may be."

"Why do you think that?" asked his mate.

"Because the writing is so large," said the father bird.

"These creatures are very strange; the smaller they are the larger they write."

"Very strange indeed," said Mother Albatross; "and what is he doing now, my dear?"

"Now he is writing," said her mate. "If you watch him you will see that I was right. His writing is very small."

The captain had indeed torn a leaf from his notebook and was writing on his knees. When he began to write Carlo began to wag his tail, and he wagged it without pause until the letter was done. Once he sat up and laid his nose on the paper.

"That is right, old fellow; kiss it," said the captain. "I am just telling her about you. Heaven send she may ever read it, poor child!"

Days became weeks and weeks months, and still no ship came. Carlo was happy in his new home, but the captain's eyes looked larger and sadder, and lines of white began to show in his dark curls.

"Are the men going to change their feathers, do you think?" Mother Albatross asked of her mate. "They have a most forlorn appearance. Only the dog looks like himself."

"I detest that dog," said Father Albatross, "he is so idle and lazy. I mean to take a long flight myself," and he flew away.

When he came back the captain was sitting as usual, looking out to sea, with Carlo at his feet.

"If you would only exert yourself," began Father Albatross, "something might come of it. You are

nearly as lazy as the dog. If you could only fly for a few miles you would see a sail."

"What is the matter with the birds to-day?" said the captain. "They are usually still enough"; for the voice of the albatross is rarely heard at sea.

"Move your arms, I tell you!" croaked the albatross, "up and down — so — as I do!"

"He does n't understand you," said Mother Albatross. "Could n't you take a message to the ship yourself? It is nothing for your magnificent wings, and it is not his fault, poor creature, that he is not formed like you."

"You speak very sensibly, my dear," said Father Albatross, and once more he flew over the sea.

"Such stupid creatures as men are!" he cried on his return. "I spoke to an officer on the ship. 'There is an island with men on it a few miles from here,' said I.

"'We shall see land in ten days,' said the officer to a lady on deck.

"'If you had the skill of a sparrow you could see it in a very few minutes,' said I.

"'Strange!' said the officer. 'I never heard an albatross make a sound before.'

"'And never will again,' said I. 'It is a waste of time to talk to you,' and away I came."

"I don't understand the cry of human beings myself," said his mate, "and I 'm rather glad I do not. Perhaps he did not understand you."

"They are all stupid alike," said the father bird. "At least, I have done my best."

The captain watched till sunset, and at last lay down to sleep. He was dreaming of home when a rough voice rang in his ear.

"Awake! Awake!" it said. "Look! Look!"

The captain's eyes followed the outstretched hand to the horizon; and then his own voice grew hoarse as he cried, "A sail! A sail! Thank God!"

Ida was not leaning on the little old lady's footstool now. She sat upright, her pale face whiter than its wont.

"Did the ship take them away?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, my dear. Their signals were seen, and the ship took them home to their friends who believed them to be dead."

"Do people who have been drowned — I mean who have been thought to be drowned — ever come home *really?*" the child asked.

"Yes, really. Ida, my dear, I want you to remember that, as regards the captain and the crew, this is a true story."

Ida clasped her hands passionately together.

"Oh, Mrs. Overtheway! Do you think papa will ever come home?"

"My child! my dear child!" sobbed the little old lady, "I think he will." . . .

Adapted.

al'batross: a large, strong bird, with white body and black wings, found chiefly in the southern hemisphere. It is capable of long flights. Sailors regard it with superstitious reverence. See Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

A BIRD'S NEST

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

MRS. ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN, whose pen name for many years was Florence Percy, is an American poet.

Over my shaded doorway
Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,
And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
Their eyes are like living gems;
And all day long they are busy,
Gathering straws and stems,
Lint and feathers and grasses,
And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the doorstep,
And fling them some flossy threads;

They fearlessly gather my bounty,
And turn up their graceful heads,
And chatter and dance and flutter,
And scrape with their tiny feet,
Telling me over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded!
What if the rain comes down!
They are all dressed to meet it,
In waterproof suits of brown.
They never mope nor languish,
Nor murmur at storm or heat,
But say, whatever the weather,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
Dear little brown-winged birds!
Teach me the happy magic
Hidden in these soft words,
Which always, in shine or shadow,
So lovingly you repeat,
Over and over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

PROFESSOR FROG'S LECTURE

M. A. L. Lane

Bobby was not quite sure that he was awake, but when he opened his eyes there was the blue sky, with the soft, white clouds drifting across it, the big pine waving its spicy branches over his head, and beyond, the glint of sunshine on the waters of the pond. Presently Bobby heard voices talking softly.

"This is a good specimen," said one voice. "See how stout and strong he looks!"

"I wonder who that is, and what he has found," thought Bobby. "I wish it was n't such hard work to keep my eyes open." He made a great effort, however, and raised his heavy lids. At first he could see nothing. Then he caught a glimpse of a mossy log, with a row of frogs and toads sitting upon it. They were looking solemnly at him. Bobby felt a little uncomfortable under that steady gaze.

"The toads are making their spring visit to the pond to lay their eggs," thought the boy. "I forgot that they were due this week."

"He must have done a good deal of mischief in his day," said an old bullfrog gravely. A chill crept over Bobby. "In his day —" What did that mean?

A toad hopped out from the line and came so close to Bobby that he could have touched her but for the strange spell which held him fast.

"Yes," said she; "this is one of the species. We are very fortunate to have caught him. Now we shall be ready to listen to Professor Rana's remarks."

Still Bobby could not move. What were they going to do? In a moment there was a rustling among the dry leaves, and dozens of frogs and toads were seen hurrying toward the pine tree. Among them was a ponderous frog, carrying a roll of manuscript under his arm. He wore huge goggles, and looked so wise that Bobby did not dare to laugh.

"I am very sleepy," murmured a portly toad near Bobby's left ear. "I laid over eight thousand eggs last night, and I have a long journey before me. But I must stay to hear this. We may never have such a chance again."

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the professor in a sonorous tone which was easily heard for several feet, "this is a specimen of the creature known to us as the human tadpole. You will kindly observe his long legs. These were doubtless given to him for the purpose of protection. Being possessed of a most mischievous and reckless spirit, the species is always getting into

difficulties, and would probably become extinct if it had not the power to run away."

"Nonsense!" said Bobby, under his breath. There was a murmur of interest and curiosity among the crowd. Bobby felt his legs twitch nervously, but his power over them was gone.

"Otherwise," went on the lecturer, "he is not at all adapted to his surroundings. Observe how carefully we are dressed. The frogs have the green and brown tints of their homes by the water side. The toads look like lumps of dirt, so that they may not be too readily snapped up by snakes and birds of prey. But the Boy — to call him by his scientific name — has no such protection. Look at this red shirt and these white trousers, and this hat as big as a trout pool! Could anything be more ridiculous? Even a giraffe does not look so absurd as this."

A red flush mounted to Bobby's freckled cheeks, but this time he did not try to speak.

"Now," said the professor, "as far as we have been able to learn, the human tadpole is absolutely useless. We are therefore doing no harm in experimenting upon this specimen. There are plenty of them, and this one will not be a serious loss."

"Stop!" said Bobby, so unexpectedly that everybody jumped. "What are you going to do with me?"

"You will be so kind as to lie still," said the professor severely. "At present you are only a specimen."

There was no help for it. Bobby found it impossible to move hand or foot. He could wriggle a little, — that was all.

"Not only is the Boy entirely useless," went on the professor, "but he is often what may be called a pest, even to his own kind. He is endured in the world for what he may become when he is full-grown, and even then he is sometimes disappointing. You are familiar with many of his objectionable ways toward the animal world, but I am sure you would be surprised if you knew what a care and trouble he frequently is to his own people. He can be trusted to do few kinds of work. It is difficult to keep him clean. He does n't know how to get his own dinner. He has a genius for making weaker things miserable. He likes fishing, and he longs for a gun; he collects birds' eggs; he puts butterflies on pins; he stones squirrels; he teases his little sisters."

"Why is n't the species exterminated?" asked another frog angrily.

Then the toad near Bobby's ear spoke timidly: "I think you are a little unjust, Professor. I have known boys who were comparatively harmless."

"It is true that there may be a few, Mrs. Bufo," said

the professor with great politeness, "but as a class they may fairly be set down as of very doubtful value. Speak up, Tadpole, and say if I have made any false statements so far?"

Bobby fairly shouted in his eagerness to be heard.

"We *do* work," he said. "We have to go to school every day."

"What a help that must be to your parents and to the world at large!" said the frog with sarcasm. "I am surprised that we never see the results of such hard labor. Do you know how useful even our smallest tadpoles are? Without them this pond would no longer be beautiful, but foul and ill-smelling. As for what we do when we are grown up, modesty forbids me to praise the frogs, but do you know what a toad is worth to mankind?"

"No," said Bobby. "About two cents, I guess." Bobby did n't intend to be rude. He thought this a liberal valuation.

"Twenty dollars a year, as estimated by the Department of Agriculture!" cried the frog triumphantly. "What do you think of that?"

"I should like to know why," said Bobby, looking as if he thought Professor Rana was making fun of him.

"What are the greatest enemies of man?" asked the professor, peering over his goggles at poor Bobby.

"Tigers," said Bobby promptly; "or wolves."

"Wrong!" said the lecturer. "Insects. Insects destroy property in this country to the amount of four hundred million dollars annually. Insects destroy the crops upon which man depends for his food. Going to school has n't made you very wise, has it? Well, the toads are insect destroyers. That 's their business. If the State of Massachusetts only knew enough to make use of them, one million dollars might be saved every year. Does it seem to you that the human animal is so clever as it might be, when it allows such numbers of toads to be destroyed?"

"It 's a shame!" chimed in a voice from the front seats. "We keep out of the way as much as we can; we eat every kind of troublesome worm and insect, — the cutworm, cankerworm, tent caterpillar, army worm, rose

beetle, and the common house fly; we ask for no wages or food or care, — and what do we get in return? Not even protection and common kindness. If we had places where we could live in safety, who can tell the amount of good we might do? Yet I would not have this poor boy hurt if a word of mine could prevent it."

"This is a scientific meeting," observed the professor; "and benevolent sentiments are quite out of place. We will now proceed to notice the delicate nervous system of the creature. Stand closer, my friends, if you please."

"Nervous system, indeed!" said Bobby. "Boys don't have such silly things as nerves!"

Suddenly Bobby felt a multitude of tiny pin-pricks over the entire surface of his body. The suffering was not intense, but the irritation made him squirm and wince. He could not discover the cause of his discomfort, but at the professor's command it suddenly ceased.

"That will do," said the frog. "Each hair on his head is also connected with a nerve. Pull his hair, please!"

"Oh, don't!" said Bobby. "That hurts!"

Nobody listened to him. It did hurt, more than you would think, for tiny hands were pulling each hair separately. When the ordeal was over Bobby heard a faint noise in the grass as if some very small creatures were

scurrying away, but he could see nothing. He was winking his eyes desperately to keep from crying.

"The assistants may go now," said the professor; and the sound of little feet died away in the distance.

"How interesting this is!" murmured a plain-looking toad, who had been watching the experiments attentively.

"I think it 's mean," protested poor Bobby, "to keep a fellow fastened up like this, and then torment him."

"Does it hurt as much as being skinned, or having your legs cut off?" demanded the professor.

"Or should you prefer to be stepped on or burned up in a rubbish pile?" asked Mrs. Bufo.

"How should you like to be stoned or kicked, for a change?" said another toad sharply.

"Perhaps you would choose a fishhook in the corner of your mouth," said a voice from the pond.

"Or one run the entire length of your body," came a murmur from the ground under Bobby's head.

"Wait a minute," said the professor more gently. "We will give you a chance to defend yourself. It is not customary to inquire into the moral character of specimens, but we do not wish to be unjust. Perhaps you can explain why you made a bonfire the very next week after the toads came out of their winter quarters. Dozens of lives were destroyed before that fire was put out."

"I forgot about the toads," began Bobby.

"Carelessness!" said the professor. "Now you may tell us why you like to throw stones at us."

"To see you jump," said Bobby honestly.

"Thoughtlessness!" said the professor. "That's worse."

"Why do you kick us, instead of lifting us gently when we are in your way?" inquired a toad, in a stern voice.

"Because you will give me warts if I touch you," said Bobby, pleased to think that he had a good reason at last.

"Ignorance!" cried the professor. "The toad is absolutely harmless. It has about it a liquid which might cause pain to a cut finger or a sensitive tissue like that of the mouth or eye, but the old story that a toad is poisonous is a silly fable."

"Will you please tell me," asked a toad in a plaintive voice, "if you are the boy who last year carried home some of my babies in a tin pail, and let them die?"

"I'm afraid I am," said Bobby sorrowfully.

"Do explain why you dislike us!" said Mrs. Bufo in such a frank fashion that Bobby felt that he must tell the truth.

"I suppose it's your looks," said the boy, unable to frame his answer in more polite terms.

"Well, upon my word!" interrupted the professor. "I thought better of a boy than that. So you prefer boys

with pretty faces and soft, curling hair, and nice clothes, to those who can climb and jump and who are not afraid of a day's tramp in the woods."

"Of course I don't," said indignant Bobby. "I hate boys who are always thinking about their clothes."

"Oh, you do!" said the frog. "Now answer me a few more questions. Have you ever stolen birds' eggs?"

"Yes," said truthful Bobby.

"Have you collected butterflies?"

"Yes," said Bobby.

"Have you taken nuts from the squirrels' cupboards?"

"Yes," said Bobby.

"Do you think we ought to have a very friendly feeling toward you?" went on the questioner.

"No," said Bobby; "I don't."

"We have shown that you are not only useless but careless and thoughtless and ignorant," said the frog. "Is there any very good reason why we should let you go?"

Poor Bobby racked his brains to think of something that should appeal to his captors.

"I have a right to live, haven't I?" he said at last.

"Because you are so pretty?" suggested the professor, and Bobby's eyes fell with shame.

"Any better right than we have?" came a chorus of voices. Bobby was silent. He felt very helpless and insignificant.

There was a long pause. Then the frog professor smiled broadly at Bobby.

"Come," he said; "I like you. You are not afraid to be honest, and that 's something."

"If you will let me go," said Bobby, "I 'll see that the boys don't hurt you any more."

"I felt pretty sure that we 'd converted you," said the professor; "and I 'm going to let you go back and preach to the heathen, as the grown people say. You can see for yourself how much harm a boy can do if he does n't stop to think."

Bobby felt that he was free, and scrambled to his feet, rubbing first one arm and then the other to take the prickly feeling out of them. The frogs had vanished. There was only the blue sky, the waving pine tree, and the quiet pond.

"Well!" said Bobby with a long breath of amazement.

"Kerjunk!" came the warning voice of a frog somewhere near the water's edge.

"Yes, sir; I 'll remember," said Bobby, in the meekest of meek tones.

THE SINGING LESSON

JEAN INGELOW

JEAN INGELOW was born in Boston, England, in 1830, and died in 1897 at Kensington, near London. Her life was a quiet one, spent among the books and flowers she dearly loved. She wrote many stories and poems. "Mopsa the Fairy" and "Stories told to a Child" are two books that children like, and "Seven Times One" is found in almost every collection of verse for young readers.

A nightingale made a mistake;
  She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
  But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
  And pretended to be asleep.

"Oh, Nightingale," cooed a dove —
  "Oh, Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
  Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
  Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
  Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best –
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

QUEEN ALICE

LEWIS CARROLL

LEWIS CARROLL was the pen name of an odd, shy, very learned Englishman, Charles L. Dodgson. He loved children, and the nonsense books he wrote for them have been translated into many languages. It is said that Queen Victoria was so much pleased with "Alice" that she asked the publishers to send her the author's next book. When the book arrived it proved to be a dry essay on mathematics. Mr. Dodgson was born in 1832 and died in 1898.

NOTE. — Alice is a little girl who has many wonderful adventures. In "Alice in Wonderland" she has very amusing conversations with a pack of cards and with the queer animals she meets. In "Through the Looking Glass," from which this selection is taken, Alice finds herself talking with the red and white queens of a set of chessmen.

"Well, this *is* grand!" said Alice. "I never expected I should be a Queen so soon — and I'll tell you what it is, Your Majesty," she went on in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding herself), "it'll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know."

So she got up and walked about — rather stiffly at first, for she was afraid that the crown might come off; but she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see her. "And if I really am a Queen," she said as she sat down again, "I shall be able to manage it quite well in time."

Everything was happening so oddly that she did n't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side. She would have liked very much to ask them how they came there, but she feared it would not be quite civil. However, there would be no harm, she thought, in asking if the game was over. "Please, would you tell me —" she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

"Speak when you 're spoken to!" the Queen sharply interrupted her.

"But if everybody obeyed that rule," said Alice, who was always ready for a little argument, "and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for *you* to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that —"

"Ridiculous!" cried the Queen. "Why, don't you see, child —" Here she broke off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed the subject of the conversation. "What do you mean by 'If you really are a Queen'? What right have you to call yourself so? You can't be a Queen, you know, till you 've passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it the better."

"I only said 'if'!" poor Alice pleaded in a piteous tone.

The two Queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked with a little shudder, "She says she only said, 'if'—"

"But she said a great deal more than that!" the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. "Oh, ever so much more than that!"

"So you did, you know," the Red Queen said to Alice. "Always speak the truth — think before you speak — and write it down afterwards."

"I'm sure I did n't mean —" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

"That 's just what I complain of! You *should* have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning — and a child 's more important than a joke, I hope. You could n't deny that, even if you tried with both hands."

"I don't deny things with my *hands*," Alice objected.

"Nobody said you did," said the Red Queen. "I said you could n't if you tried."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying to the White Queen, "I invite you to Alice's dinner party this afternoon."

The White Queen smiled feebly and said, "And I invite you."

"I did n't know I was to have a party at all," said Alice; "but if there is to be one, I think *I* ought to invite the guests."

"We gave you the opportunity of doing it," the Red Queen remarked; "but I dare say you 've not had many lessons in manners yet."

"Manners are not taught in lessons," said Alice. "Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort."

"Can you do Addition?" the White Queen asked. "What 's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?"

"I don't know," said Alice. "I lost count."

"She can't do Addition," the Red Queen interrupted. "Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight."

"Nine from eight I can't, you know," Alice replied very readily; "but — "

"She can't do Subtraction," said the White Queen. "Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife — what 's the answer to that?"

"I suppose — " Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her. "Bread-and-butter, of course. Try another. Take a bone from a dog; what remains?"

Alice considered. "The bone would n't remain, of course, if I took it — and the dog would n't remain; it would come to bite me — and I 'm sure *I* should n't remain!"

"Then you think nothing would remain?" said the Red Queen.

"I think that 's the answer."

"Wrong, as usual," said the Red Queen; "the dog's temper would remain."

"But I don't see how — "

"Why, look here!" the Red Queen cried. "The dog would lose its temper, would n't it?"

"Perhaps it would," Alice replied cautiously.

"Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!" the Queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways." But she could n't help thinking to herself, "What dreadful nonsense we *are* talking!"

Here the Red Queen began again. "Can you answer useful questions?" she said. "How is bread made?"

"I know *that!*" Alice cried eagerly. "You take some flour — "

"Where do you pick the flower?" the White Queen asked. "In a garden, or in the hedges?"

"Well, it is n't *picked* at all," Alice explained; it 's *ground* — "

"How many acres of ground?" said the White Queen. "You must n't leave out so many things."

"Fan her head!" the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. "She 'll be feverish after so much thinking." So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

"She 's all right again now," said the Red Queen. "Do you know Languages? What 's the French for 'fiddle-de-dee'?"

"'Fiddle-de-dee' is not English," Alice replied gravely.

"Who ever said it was?" said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty this time. "If you 'll tell me what language 'fiddle-de-dee' is, I 'll tell you the French for it!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly and said, "Queens never make bargains."

"I wish Queens never asked questions," Alice thought to herself.

"Don't let us quarrel," the White Queen said in an anxious tone. "What is the cause of lightning?"

"The cause of lightning," Alice said very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, "is the thunder — no, no!" she hastily corrected herself. "I mean the other way."

"It's too late to correct it," said the Red Queen; "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences."

"Which reminds me —," the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, "we had such a thunderstorm last Tuesday, — I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know."

Alice was puzzled. "In our country," she remarked, "there's only one day at a time."

The Red Queen said: "That's a poor, thin way of doing things. Now *here*, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together — for warmth, you know."

"Are five nights warmer than one night, then?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Five times as warm, of course."

"But they should be five times as *cold*, by the same rule —"

"Just so!" cried the Red Queen. "Five times as warm, *and* five times as cold — just as I'm five times as rich as you are, *and* five times as clever!"

Alice sighed and gave it up. "It's exactly like a riddle with no answer!" she thought.

Abridged.

WHERE THE THUNDER LIVES

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS was an American story-writer, whose books of negro folklore are full of interest and entertainment. Few books are so much enjoyed by young readers as "Uncle Remus." Mr. Harris was born in Georgia in 1848; he died in 1908. "Where the Thunder Lives" is from a book called "Mr. Rabbit at Home."

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was curious to know something about everything that happened.

One day the Thunder came rolling along, knocking at everybody's door and running a race with the noise it made. The little girl listened, and wondered what the Thunder was and where it went.

While she was standing there, wondering and listening, an old man with a bundle on his back and a stout staff in his hand came along the road.

He bowed and smiled when he saw the little girl. As she did n't return the bow or the smile, he paused and asked her what the trouble was.

"I hope you are not lost?" he said.

"Oh, no, sir," she replied; "I was listening for the Thunder and wondering where it goes."

"The Thunder lives on top of yonder mountain," the old man said.

"Oh, I should like ever so much to go there!" exclaimed the little girl.

"Why not?" said the old man. "The mountain is on my road, and, if you say the word, we'll go together."

The little girl took the old man's hand, and they journeyed toward the mountain. The old man took long strides forward, and he was strong enough to lift the little girl at every step, so that when they reached the foot of the mountain she was not very tired.

Its sides seemed to be rough and dark. But far up on the topmost peak the clouds had gathered, and from these the lightning flashed incessantly.

When they had rested awhile the old man made the little girl climb on his back. He declared that she would do him a great favor by holding his bundle in place.

So she sat upon the bundle, and in this way they went up the high mountain almost as rapidly as the little girl could run on level ground.

When they had come nearly to the top, the old man said, "The rest of the way you will have to go alone. There is nothing to fear. Yonder you can see the gable of the Thunder's house. Go to the door, knock, and do not be alarmed at any noise you hear."

The little girl went forward, and soon came to the door of Mr. Thunder's house. It was a very big door to a very big house.

The knocker was so heavy that the little girl could hardly lift it. When she let it fall, the noise it made sent a loud echo rolling and tumbling down the mountain.

Presently she heard footsteps coming down the wide hall to the door.

"I thought I heard some one knocking," said a hoarse, gruff voice.

Then the big door flew open, and there, standing before her, the little girl saw a huge figure. It wore heavy boots, a big overcoat, and under its long, thick beard there was a muffler a yard wide.

"Who knocked at the door?" it cried.

Its voice sounded so loud that the little girl put her fingers in her ears.

"Don't talk so loud, please," she said. "I'm not deaf."

"Oh!" cried the giant at the door. "You are there, are you? You are so small I didn't see you at first. Come in!"

The Thunder led the way into a wide sitting room, where a fire was burning brightly in the biggest fireplace the little girl had ever seen. A pair of tongs as tall as a man stood in one corner, and in the other was a shovel to match. A long pipe lay on the mantel.

"There's no place for you to sit except on the floor," said the Thunder.

"I can sit on the bed," suggested the little girl.

The Thunder laughed so loudly that the little girl had to close her ears again. "That's my footstool," the Thunder said, when it could catch its breath.

"Well," said the little girl, "it's big enough for a bed. It's very soft and nice."

The Thunder took the long pipe from the mantel and lit it with a pine splinter, the flame of which flashed through the windows with dazzling brightness.

"Folks will say that is heat lightning," remarked the little girl.

"Yes," replied the Thunder; "farmers to the north of us will say there's going to be a drought, because of lightning in the south. Farmers to the south of us will say there's going to be rain, because of lightning in the north. They do not know that I am smoking my pipe."

But somehow, in turning around, the Thunder knocked the big tongs over. They fell upon the floor with a tremendous crash.

The floor appeared to give forth a sound like a drum, only a thousand times louder. Although the little girl had her fingers in her ears, she could hear the echoes go rattling down the mountain side and out into the valley.

"Now, that is too bad," said the Thunder. "The Whirlwind in the south will hear that and come flying; the West Wind will hear it and come rushing. They will drag the clouds after them, thinking that I am ready to take my ride. Here they come now!"

The little girl listened, and, sure enough, the winds were screaming around the windows and whistling through the cracks and keyholes.

"I shall have to go with them," said the Thunder. "It's the only way to quiet them."

"Do you always wear your overcoat?" the little girl asked.

"Always," replied the Thunder. "There's no telling what moment I shall be called. Sometimes I go just for a frolic, and sometimes I am obliged to go. Will you stay until I return?"

"Oh, no," the little girl replied; "the house is too large. I should be afraid to stay here alone."

"I am sorry," said the Thunder. "Come and see me get into my carriage."

They went to the door. The winds had drawn the clouds to the steps, and into these the Thunder climbed.

"Good-by," he cried to the little girl. "Stay where you are until we are out of sight."

There was a flash of light, a snapping sound, a rattling crash, and the Thunder, with the clouds for his carriage and the winds for his horses, went roaming and rumbling through the sky, over the hills and valleys.

When the wind had driven the thick clouds away, and the Thunder with them, the little girl went back to the place where she had left the old man.

Abridged.

PRINCE CHARLIE

Louisa M. Alcott

Louisa May Alcott, a popular writer for young people, was born in Philadelphia in 1832. Much of her life was spent in Concord, Mass. Among her books are, "Little Women," "Little Men," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," and "Eight Cousins." Miss Alcott died in 1888.

Note. — The following lesson is taken from the book called "Little Men."[1] Plumfield was a school for boys, ruled over by wise Professor Bhaer and his delightful wife. Dan was one of the "difficult" boys. He was not used to obeying rules, and it was hard work to keep him out of mischief. How Mrs. Bhaer tamed her wild boy is as interesting reading as this story of how Dan tamed Charlie.

A fine young horse of Mr. Laurie's was kept at Plumfield, running loose in a large pasture across the brook. All the boys were interested in the handsome, spirited creature, and for a time were fond of watching him gallop and frisk, with his plumy tail flying and his handsome head in the air. But they soon grew tired of it, and left Prince Charlie to himself. All but Dan; *he* never tired of looking at the horse, and seldom failed to visit him each day with a lump of sugar, a bit of bread, or an apple to make himself welcome.

Charlie was grateful, accepted his friendship, and the two loved one another as if they felt some tie between them, inexplicable but strong. In whatever part of the

[1] Copyright, 1871, by Louisa M. Alcott, and, 1899, by J. S. P. Alcott.

field he might be, Charlie always came at full speed when Dan whistled at the bars, and the boy was never happier than when the beautiful, fleet creature put its head on his shoulder, looking up at him with fine eyes full of intelligent affection.

"We understand one another without any palaver, don't we, old fellow?" Dan would say, proud of the horse's confidence, and so jealous of his regard that he told no one how well the friendship prospered, and asked no one but Teddy to accompany him on these daily visits.

Mr. Laurie came now and then to see how Charlie got on, and spoke of having him broken to harness in the autumn.

"He won't need much taming, he is such a gentle, fine-tempered brute. I shall come out and try him with a saddle myself some day," he said on one of these visits.

"He lets me put a halter on him, but I don't believe he will bear a saddle even if *you* put it on," answered Dan, who never failed to be present when Charlie and his master met.

"I shall coax him to bear it, and not mind a few tumbles at first. He has never been harshly treated, so, though he will be surprised at the new performances, I think he won't be frightened, and his antics will do no harm."

"I wonder what he would do," said Dan to himself, as Mr. Laurie went away with the professor, and Charlie returned to the bars, from which he had retired when the gentlemen came up.

A daring fancy to try the experiment took possession of the boy as he sat on the topmost rail with the glossy back temptingly near him. Never thinking of danger, he obeyed the impulse, and while Charlie unsuspectingly nibbled at the apple he held, Dan quickly and quietly took his seat. He did not keep it long, however, for with an astonished snort, Charlie reared straight up, and deposited Dan on

the ground. The fall did not hurt him, for the turf was soft, and he jumped up, saying, with a laugh, —

"I did it anyway! Come here, you rascal, and I 'll try it again."

But Charlie declined to approach, and Dan left him, resolving to succeed in the end; for a struggle like this suited him. He took a halter the next time, and having got it on, played with the horse for a while, leading him to and fro, and putting him through various antics till he was a little tired; then Dan sat on the wall and gave him bread, but watched his chance and, getting a good grip of the halter, slipped on to his back.

Charlie tried the old trick, but Dan held on, having had practice with Toby, who occasionally had an obstinate fit and tried to shake off his rider. Charlie was both amazed and indignant; and, after prancing for a minute, set off at a gallop, and away went Dan, heels over head.

If he had not belonged to the class of boys who go through all sorts of dangers unscathed, he would have broken his neck; as it was, he got a heavy fall, and lay still, collecting his wits, while Charlie tore round the field, tossing his head with every sign of satisfaction at the discomfiture of his rider. Presently it seemed to occur to him that something was wrong with Dan, and, being of a magnanimous nature, he went to see what the matter was.

Dan let him sniff about and perplex himself for a few minutes; then he looked up at him, saying, as decidedly as if the horse could understand, —

"You think you have beaten, but you are mistaken, old boy; and I'll ride you yet — see if I don't."

He tried no more that day, but soon after attempted a new method of introducing Charlie to a burden. He strapped a folded blanket on his back, and let him race, and rear, and roll, and fume as much as he liked. After a few fits of rebellion Charlie submitted, and permitted Dan to mount him, often stopping short to look round, as if he said, half patiently, half reproachfully, "I don't understand it, but I suppose you mean no harm, so I permit the liberty."

Mr. Laurie was much amused, and, well pleased with Dan's courage and skill, let him have a hand in all future performances; for he set about Charlie's education at once, saying that he was not going to be outdone by a slip of a boy. Thanks to Dan, Charlie took kindly to the saddle and bridle when he had once reconciled himself to the indignity of the bit; and after Mr. Laurie had trained him a little, Dan was permitted to ride him, to the great envy and admiration of the other boys.

Abridged.

palä'ver: idle talk, flattery. — unscathed': unharmed.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH

CHARLES MACKAY

CHARLES MACKAY (1814–1889) was a popular Scotch writer of prose and poetry. He was well known as editor and correspondent of London papers.

NOTE. — Holly, as every one knows, is the symbol or sign of Christmas, but the custom of using it is older than Christianity. The Romans sent friendly greetings and sprigs of holly to one another during their winter festival. For this reason, perhaps, it was taken to stand for the Christmas spirit of love and good will.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now.
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,

In this fast-fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow;
Old love and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'erburdened mind
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow;
If e'er you hoped, hope now.
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly Bough.

estranged: separated from. This word comes from the Latin *ex*, which, easily lengthened to *extra*, becomes *estrange* with little change of meaning. Literally, therefore, a stranger is *one from without.*

THE TOURNAMENT

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE is a Southern writer. The selection given below is from her adaptation of the tales of King Arthur's Court.

NOTE. — One of the chief knights of Arthur's Round Table was Lancelot. He was so renowned that it was said of him that men went down before him in the lists through the power of his reputation rather than of his superior skill. Hearing this gossip Lancelot resolved to enter the lists in disguise. Accordingly, he borrowed a shield, and in company with a young knight, Sir Lavaine, rode away to the tournament. The whole story is beautifully told in Tennyson's "Lancelot and Elaine."

The two knights rode on to the lists, and as they journeyed the elder said, "Hear, but hold my name hidden; you ride with Lancelot of the Lake."

Lavaine was surprised and abashed at the great name, and stammered as he replied, "Is it so indeed?" Then, as if to himself, he murmured, "The great Lancelot!"

When they reached the lists by Camelot, in the meadow, the young, unproven knight was overjoyed at the gorgeous sight which met his eyes. The great semicircular gallery of seats, filled with richly dressed spectators, "lay like a rainbow fallen upon the grass." The knights, magnificent in their armored array, were already assembling in the lists. The Round Table knights were the challenging party, and those who came to tilt against

them were kings, princes, and barons, and knights from far and near.

Lavaine let his eyes wander till they found the clear-faced king. In high estate King Arthur sat, robed in red samite. The golden dragons of his father, Uther Pendragon, or Uther Dragonhead, stood out in all the carvings about the royal seat. A golden dragon, clinging to his crown, writhed down his long robe. Two others formed the arms of the chair of state. Just above the king's head, in the ornaments of the canopy, was a golden flower, the center of which was the ninth and largest diamond, the prize of the day.

Lancelot's eyes also sought the king, and he said to Lavaine: "Me you call great — I am not great; there is the man."

There was little time for converse then. Lavaine beheld the company of knights divide,—they that assailed and they that held the lists taking positions at opposite ends of the great, oval field. With helmets crested with their ladies' favors or with nodding plumes, and long lances bedecked with pennons that danced to the lilt of the breeze, the great company of knights awaited the signal for the onset. And, no less impatient than their riders, the splendid war horses quivered for the spring.

As the knights formed lines for the coming shock, Lancelot, signaling to Lavaine, drew out of the range of combat. The younger knight would fain have entered the sport at once, but the wish of Lancelot was law to his hero-worshiping heart, and he followed his leader.

Suddenly the heralds blew a mighty blast on their trumpets; the knights struck spur; and riders and steeds, alike wild with the joy of conflict, hurled them together in the center of the lists. Then for a few mad, glorious moments the hard earth trembled with the shock, and the clear air of morning reverberated with the thunder of arms.

Lancelot tarried a little till he saw which was the strongest party; then hurled his force against it, Lavaine following his lead.

The knights of the Round Table were by far the mightier in the field till he of the scarlet sleeve dashed against them. Then was Lancelot Lancelot indeed. No need to speak of his glory. "King, duke, earl, count, baron — whom he smote, he overthrew."

tour´nament: a mock battle held by the knights of olden time to show their skill. Ladies witnessed the game, and rewarded the victors with wreaths or prizes. — **lists**: the ground inclosed for a combat or race. — **Cam´elot**: the city in which was Arthur's royal palace. — **dragons**: Arthur's father, Uther, took as his emblem a dragon, and a gold dragon was always carried before him into battle. — **fain**: gladly. — **them**: themselves. — **scarlet sleeve**: it was customary for each knight to wear a lady's favor as an evidence of her interest in his success. A sleeve was a common token.

SPIDERS AND THEIR HOMES

Spiders are not looked upon with much admiration or affection, although their industry and their perseverance are well known. As a matter of fact, they are not only able and patient workers, but, in temperate climates at least, they are usually innocent and harmless. They rarely bite, and then only in self-defense.

We may look for spiders in all kinds of places. Some species like to live in cellars or in attics, where they are not likely to be disturbed. Others prefer to make their nests under the edges of shingles or in the cracks of a wall, while many others live on the ground or under the bark of trees. There are wary little spiders who live among the flowers, ready to catch any insect visitors.

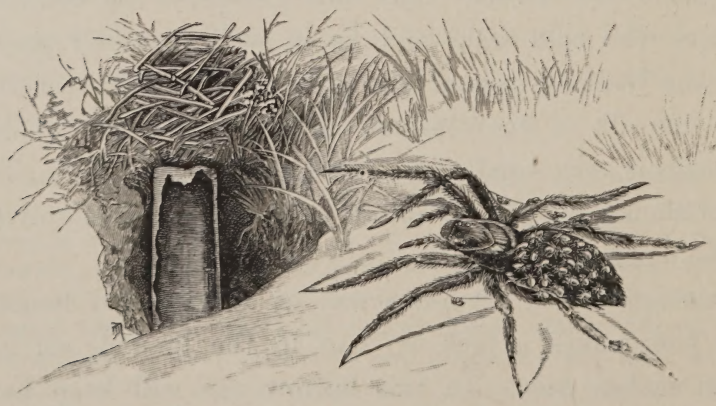
Spiders are divided into two groups, — the cobweb spiders who spin webs and lie in wait for their prey, and the hunting spiders who go boldly forth to seek it. The fine silk of the webs and of the cocoons which hold the eggs is very wonderful. Some spiders weave soft silk nests among the leaves, and their babies find themselves in the daintiest of cradles.

One spider has a curious way of building her house. She first makes a hole or cave in the ground, six or seven inches deep. In this burrow she will keep her

babies when the weather is chilly, and many spiders would be content with such a warm, comfortable home. But she is not so easily satisfied, and she cannot rest until she has added a tower to her mansion. She is carpenter, mason, and house mother all in one.

The timbers which she uses are scarcely two inches in length, and her bricks are tiny round balls of earth. She works inside her burrow, placing her sticks with care. She holds each log in place with her fore legs and fastens it with strong silk. Then she arranges her bricks neatly and evenly, taking great pains that there shall be no rough corners to hurt her little ones. When the work is finished she has a fine tower, more than two inches high, where her babies may enjoy the sunshine.

Selected.



THE KING

T. B. Aldrich

Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836–1907) was an American author, editor, and poet. His "Story of a Bad Boy" is very good reading for young people. Mr. Aldrich's poems have a delicate grace and sweetness.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high or low,
All this they saw, or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 't was the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are moldered, half-remembered things—
'T is he alone that lives and reigns!

COSETTE—I

VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR HUGO was a famous French writer who was born in 1802. He was a frail, sickly child, but he lived to be an old man. He wrote many powerful novels, poems, and plays. In his writings he always tried to make people sorry for the poor and suffering. At one time he was banished from France because he wrote against the government. He spent the last years of his life in his home in Paris, greatly loved and honored by the French people. He died in 1885.

NOTE. — Cosette is one of the characters in a novel called "Les Misérables," or "The Wretched Ones." She was a little girl who had been left by her mother in the care of a hard and cruel woman, the wife of an innkeeper. This woman, who was called Madame Thénardier, had two little girls of her own to whom she gave toys and pretty clothes, but poor little Cosette had no such pleasures.

Cosette was in her usual place, seated on the crosspiece of the kitchen table, near the fireplace. She was dressed in rags; her bare feet were in wooden shoes, and by the light of the fire she was knitting woolen stockings for the little Thénardiers. In the next room the fresh voices of the two children were heard laughing and prattling.

On this Christmas evening several men were seated at table in the low room of the Thénardier's inn. Four new guests had just come in. Cosette was thinking sadly that it was evening, late in the evening, that the bowls and pitchers in the rooms must be filled, and that there was no more water in the cistern. From time to time one of

the travelers would look out into the street and say, "It is as dark as an oven!" or, "It would take a cat to go along the streets to-night!" and Cosette shuddered.

All at once a man came in from the yard and said in a harsh voice, "You have not watered my horse."

Cosette came out from under the table.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said she; "the horse did drink. He drank from the bucket, and I carried the bucket to him and talked to him."

This was not true. Cosette was afraid, and she told a lie.

"Here is a girl as big as my fist who can tell a lie as big as a house," said the man. "I say he has not had any water."

Cosette went back under the table.

Madame Thénardier threw the street door open.

"Well," she said angrily, "what has become of that girl? Go and carry some drink to this horse."

"But, Madame," said Cosette feebly, "there is no water."

"Go after some!" Madame went back to the stove as she spoke. "There is plenty at the spring. She is the laziest girl that ever was. Here, Miss, get a loaf of bread at the baker's when you come back. Here are fifteen cents."

Cosette had gone for an empty bucket that was by the fireplace. The bucket was so large that she could have sat down in it with comfort. The child had a little pocket in the side of her apron. She took the money without saying a word and dropped it into this pocket, but she did not seem to see the open door.

"Go along!" cried Madame Thénardier. Cosette went out. The door closed.

Exactly opposite Thénardier's door was a toyshop all glittering with Christmas toys. In front was a great doll, nearly two feet high, dressed in pink crape and with real hair and blue eyes. The whole day this magnificent doll had stood there, but no mother was rich enough to buy it for her child.

As Cosette went out, sad and frightened, she could not help raising her eyes toward this wonderful doll — toward the *lady*, as she called it. She was saying to herself, "One must be a queen, or at least a princess, to have a doll like that!" She could not turn away. She forgot everything, even the errand on which she was sent. Suddenly she heard a rough voice:

"Haven't you gone yet? Be off with you!"

Cosette fled with her bucket, running as fast as she could.

The poor child now found herself in thick darkness.

She shook the handle of her bucket as much as she could on the way. That made a noise which kept her company.

As long as she had houses in sight, she went on boldly enough. From time to time she saw the light of a candle through cracks in the shutter. It was life and light to her. When she had passed the last house, she stopped. It was now open country, — dark, silent country. Perhaps in this darkness there were wild beasts. She could almost hear them moving in the grass.

"I will go back," she said to herself. Then she thought of Madame Thénardier with her cruel face and her angry eyes. Where should she go? What would become of her? She took up the bucket again and began to run toward the spring.

It was a small, natural basin about two feet deep and paved with a few large stones. Cosette did not take time to breathe. It was very dark, but she bent down and plunged her bucket into the water. She did not notice that something fell from her pocket into the spring. She neither saw nor heard it fall. She drew out the bucket and set it on the grass. Then she found that all her strength was gone. She could not take a step. She sat down and closed her eyes.

Then the fear of Madame Thénardier came back to her. She was afraid of the great, silent darkness. She longed

to fly with all her might across the woods, across the fields, to houses, to windows, to lighted candles. Still, she did not dare to go without her bucket of water. She grasped the handle with both hands. She could hardly lift the bucket.

She went a dozen steps, but she had to stop again and again. She walked, bending forward, her head down like an old woman. The iron handle was freezing her little wet hands. The cold water splashed over her bare knees. Sobs choked her, but she did not dare to cry, so great was her fear of Madame Thénardier, even at this distance.

At that moment she felt all at once that the weight of the bucket was gone. She raised her head. A large dark figure was walking beside her. It was a man who had come up behind her. Without saying a word, this man had grasped the handle of the bucket she was carrying.

COSETTE — II

Cosette was not afraid. The man spoke to her.

"My child," he said, "this is very heavy for you."

"Yes, sir," said Cosette.

"How old are you, little girl?" said he.

"Eight years, sir."

"You have no mother, then?"

"I don't know," said the child.

"Who was it sent you into the woods after water at this time of night?"

"Madame Thénardier," said Cosette.

"What does she do, your Madame Thénardier?" asked the man.

"She is my mistress," said the child; "and she keeps the inn."

"The inn?" said the man. "Well, I am going there. Show me the way."

Cosette walked beside him. She no longer felt tired or afraid. Soon the man spoke again:

"Is there no servant at the inn?"

"No, sir."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir. Only there are two little girls."

"Who are they and what do they do?" asked the man.

"Oh!" said the child; "they are Madame Thénardier's daughters, and they have beautiful playthings. They play all day long."

"And you?"

"Oh, I work."

"All day long?"

The child raised her face and said softly: "Yes, sir; though sometimes I play a little. I have a lead sword as long as that." The child showed her little finger.

"And which does not cut?" said the man.

"Oh, yes," said Cosette; "it cuts lettuce."

As they drew near the inn the child said timidly:

"Will you let me take the bucket now?"

"Why?" asked the man.

"Because Madame will whip me if she sees that any one brought it for me."

The man gave her the bucket and the door opened.

"Well," said the innkeeper's wife, "you have taken your time; you have been playing."

"Madame," said Cosette, trembling, "here is a gentleman who was looking for the inn."

"Is it this gentleman?" said the woman.

"Yes, Madame," said the traveler, touching his hat. Cosette went silently to work. She dared not dry herself at the fire.

Suddenly Madame spoke: "Oh, I forgot! That bread!"

Cosette plunged her hand into her pocket, and turned white. The money was not there.

"Have you lost it?" said the innkeeper's wife, reaching out her arm toward a whip hanging on the wall.

The man had been watching Cosette.

"Here, Madame," said he; "here is the money."

"Yes, that is it," said the woman, as her fingers closed over the silver which he held out to her. She had seen that it was not fifteen but twenty cents which he had given her.

"What is she knitting?" the man asked in a gentle voice.

"Stockings, if you please," said Madame. "Stockings for my little girls."

The man looked at Cosette's poor, red feet.

"When will she finish that pair of stockings?"

"It will take her at least three or four good days, the lazy thing!" said Madame.

"And how much might the stockings be worth when they are done?"

Madame looked at him.

"About thirty cents," she said.

"Will you take a dollar for them now?" asked the man.

The innkeeper thought it was time to speak.

"Yes," he said; "you may have the stockings for a dollar. We can refuse nothing to travelers."

"You must pay for them now," said Madame sharply.

"I will buy that pair of stockings," said the man, drawing the money from his pocket. "Now your work belongs to me. Play, my child."

Cosette trembled.

"Madame, is it true? May I play?"

"Play!" said Madame in a terrible voice.

"Thank you, Madame," said Cosette. While she said this all her little soul was thanking the traveler.

Madame's little girls had been playing with their doll. They had left it on the floor near the kitchen table. In the meantime Cosette had dressed up her little lead sword for a doll. She rocked it in her arms and sang it to sleep.

All at once Cosette stopped. She had turned her head and seen the doll upon the floor. She crept out upon her hands and knees, seized the doll, and in a moment more was in her old place again.

Suddenly she heard Madame's angry voice: "Cosette!"

Cosette shuddered as if at an earthquake. She took the doll and placed it gently and reverently on the floor. Then she did what nothing else had made her do, — the run in the woods, nor her fear, nor the loss of her money, nor the sight of the whip, nor Madame's hard words. She began to cry.

The man walked straight to the door, opened it, and went out. Soon the door opened again and he came in carrying the magnificent doll of the toyshop. He went to Cosette and held it out to her, saying:

"Here, this is for you!"

Cosette raised her eyes. She saw the man coming near with the doll as she would have seen the sun coming near. She looked at him, she looked at the doll; and then she went and hid herself under the table as far as she could.

There was a silence in the room. The innkeeper looked at the traveler as he would have looked at a bag of money.

"My little Cosette," said he in a voice which was meant to be sweet, "take your doll."

Cosette felt as if some one had said, "Little girl, you are Queen of France."

"May I, Madame?" she said softly.

"It is yours," said Madame, "since the gentleman gives it to you."

"Is it true? is it true?" cried Cosette. "Is the lady for me, sir? I will call her Katharine."

It was a strange moment when Cosette held the ribbons and fresh pink muslins of the doll against her own rags. She went to bed holding Katharine in her arms.

Some time after, when the house was still, the stranger passed through the hall, as if looking for something. By the stairs, among all sorts of old baskets and rubbish, there was a bed, if it could be called a bed. There were neither sheets nor pillows, and the mattress lay on the floor. In this bed Cosette was sleeping.

She was sleeping soundly; she was dressed. She held the doll fast in her arms. Its wide blue eyes shone in the darkness. One of Cosette's wooden shoes stood beside her bed. In the room beyond, by the fireplace, stood two dainty little shoes ready for the good fairy of Christmas. The man bent over them. In each was a beautiful, shining piece of silver.

The man rose and was about to go away when, at the other end of the fireplace, he saw a clumsy, empty, wooden shoe, half broken and covered with mud. It was Cosette's shoe. Cosette was a child and she had

a child's faith. She too had placed her shoe in the fireplace.

When the stranger went back to his room there was a piece of yellow gold in the wooden shoe.

"Are you up so soon?" said Madame to the stranger the next morning. "Are you going to leave us already?"

"Yes," said the man; "I am going away."

The innkeeper's wife handed him the bill, but though he looked at the paper his mind was on something else.

"Madame," said he, "do you have a good business here?"

"Oh, sir," she began, "the times are very hard, and there are few rich travelers like you. And that little girl eats us out of house and home."

"What little girl?" said the stranger.

"Why, Cosette, the Lark, as they call her. How stupid people are! She looks more like a bat."

The man spoke again, and his voice trembled a little.

"Suppose I should take her away. Will you let me have her?"

"Who? Cosette?"

"Yes."

"Ah, sir, my good sir! take her and keep her and carry her off! You will really take her away?"

"I will."

At this moment the innkeeper himself came into the room. He had heard every word.

"Sir," said he, "if you take Cosette, I must have three hundred dollars."

The stranger took from his pocket an old, black pocket-book, opened it, and drew from it three bank notes.

"Bring Cosette," he said simply.

While this was going on, what was Cosette doing?

As soon as she was awake she had run to her wooden shoe and found the gold piece in it. She did not know that it was a piece of gold; she had never seen one before. Still she felt a joy in the gift and that it meant some good for her.

"Cosette," said Madame almost gently, "come quick." Cosette followed her.

The stranger took a bundle he had brought and untied it. It contained a little frock and apron, warm skirts, a scarf, woolen stockings, and shoes.

"My child," said he, "go and dress yourself."

An hour later there passed on the road to Paris a man leading a little girl who had a pink doll. When she was tired the man took her in his arms. Cosette, without letting go of Katharine, laid her head on his shoulder and went to sleep.

Adapted from the French.

Cosette'. — **Thénardier** (tā-nar'di-ā).

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE AND MADAM HANCOCK

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

NOTE. — "An Old-Fashioned Girl," [1] from which this story is taken, is one of the best of Miss Alcott's books. Polly, "the old-fashioned girl," seeing that grandma feels lonely and neglected, has coaxed the children to spend a rainy afternoon in the old lady's room. Grandma shows them her treasures, among them an old glove which reminds her of a story.

"Ah, that has a story worth telling!" cried grandma; adding proudly, "Treat that old glove respectfully, my children, for Lafayette's honored hand has touched it."

"Oh, grandma, did you wear it? Did you see him? Do tell us all about it," cried Polly.

Grandma loved to tell this story, and always assumed her most imposing air to do honor to her theme. Drawing herself up, therefore, she folded her hands, and after two or three "hems" began with an absent look, as if her eyes beheld a far-away time, which brightened as she gazed.

"The first visit of Lafayette was before my time, of course, but I heard so much about it from my grandfather that I really felt as if I 'd seen it all. Our Aunt Hancock lived in the Governor's house, on Beacon Hill, at that time." Here the old lady bridled still more, for she was very proud of "our aunt."

[1] Copyright, 1870, by Louisa M. Alcott, and, 1898, by J. S. P. Alcott.

"Ah, my dears, those were the good old times!" she continued with a sigh. "Such dinners and tea parties, such damask tablecloths and fine plate, such solid, handsome furniture and elegant carriages! Aunt's was lined with red silk velvet, and when the coach was taken from her at the Governor's death she just ripped out the lining and we girls had spencers made of it. Dear heart, how well I remember playing in aunt's great garden, and chasing Jack up and down those winding stairs; and my blessed father, in his plum-colored coat and knee buckles, and the queue I used to tie up for him every day, handing aunt in to dinner, looking so dignified and splendid!"

Grandma seemed to forget her story for a minute, and become a little girl again among the playmates dead and gone so many years. Polly motioned the others to be quiet, and no one spoke till the old lady, with a long sigh, came back to the present and went on.

"Well, as I was saying, the Governor wanted to give a breakfast to the French officers, and Madam, who was a hospitable soul, got up a splendid one for them. But by some mistake or accident it was discovered at the last minute that there was no milk.

"A great deal was needed, and very little could be bought or borrowed; so despair fell upon the cooks and maids, and the great breakfast would have been a failure

if Madam, with the presence of mind of her sex, had not suddenly bethought herself of the cows feeding on the Common.

"To be sure, they belonged to her neighbors, and there was no time to ask leave, but it was a national affair; our allies *must* be fed. Feeling sure that her patriotic friends would gladly lay their cows on the altar of their country, Madam Hancock covered herself with glory by calmly issuing the command, 'Milk 'em!'

"It was done, to the great astonishment of the cows, and the entire satisfaction of the guests, among whom was Lafayette.

"The time when I saw Lafayette was in 1825. Uncle Hancock was dead, and aunt had married Captain Scott. She was living in Federal Street at the time,— a most aristocratic street then, children, — and we lived close by.

"Old Josiah Quincy was mayor of the city, and he sent aunt word that the Marquis Lafayette wished to pay his respects to her.

"Of course she was delighted, and we all flew about to make ready for him. Aunt was an old lady, but she made a grand toilet, and was as anxious to look well as any girl. She wore a steel-colored satin, trimmed with black lace, and on her cap was pinned a Lafayette badge of white satin.

"I never shall forget how *beau-u-tifully* she looked as she sat in state on the front parlor sofa, right under a portrait of her first husband. Beside her sat Madam Storer and Madam Williams, elegant to behold in their stiff silks, rich lace, and stately turbans.

"We girls had dressed the house with flowers; old Mr. Coolidge sent in a clothes basket full. Joe Joy provided the badges. I wore my green and white palmyrine, my hair bowed high, the beautiful leg-o'-mutton sleeves that were so becoming, and these very gloves.

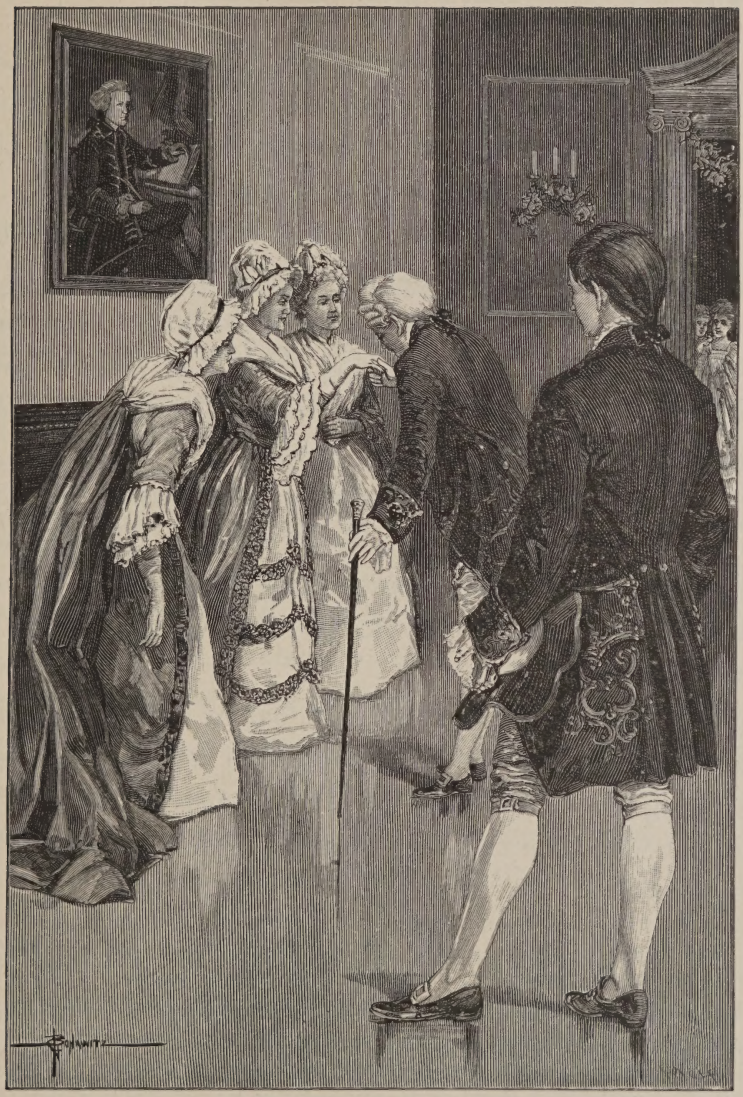
"Well, by and by the General, escorted by the mayor, drove up. Dear me! I see him now,— a little old man in nankeen trousers and vest, a long, blue coat and ruffled shirt. He was leaning on his cane, for he was lame, and he smiled and bowed like a true Frenchman.

"As he approached, the three old ladies rose and courtesied with the utmost dignity. Lafayette bowed first to the Governor's widow, and kissed her hand.

"That was droll; for on the back of her glove was stamped Lafayette's likeness, and the gallant old gentleman kissed his own face.

"He did not stay long, but we were very merry receiving his compliments and enjoying the honor he did us.

"Down in the street there was a crowd, of course, and when he left they wanted to take out the horses and drag



him home in triumph. But he did n't wish it; and while that affair was being arranged, we girls had been pelting him with the flowers which we tore from the vases, the walls, and our own topknots, to scatter over him.

"He liked that, and laughed, and waved his hand to us. We young folks quite lost our heads that night, and I have n't a very clear idea of how I got home. The last thing I remember was hanging out of the window with a flock of girls, watching the carriage roll away, while the crowd cheered as if they were mad.

"Bless my heart! it seems as if I heard 'em now. 'Hurrah for Lafayette and Mayor Quincy! Hurrah for Madam Hancock and the pretty girls! Hurrah for Colonel May! Three cheers for Boston! Now, then! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

And here the old lady stopped, out of breath, with her cap askew, her spectacles on the end of her nose, and her knitting much the worse for the enthusiastic waving in the air while she had been shrilly cheering an imaginary Lafayette.

Adapted.

Läfâyette': a French general in the American Revolution. — **Beacon Hill**: the hill in Boston on which the State House stands. The site of the old Hancock house is now occupied by the publishers of this book. — **spencer**: a kind of waist. — **queue**: a braid of hair. — **palmyrine'** (reen): a thin, soft material. — **bowed**: made into bows. — **nankeen'**: a yellow cotton material, first made at Nanking, China.

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE AT THE CRATCHITS'

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS (1812–1870) was one of the great English novelists. Dickens had an unhappy childhood, and was always quick to feel any injustice toward the weak and helpless. Some of his novels drew attention to the wrongs of the poor. Dickens's pictures of life are striking, but they are often overdrawn. Among his novels, "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "David Copperfield" are greatly liked by young people.

NOTE. — "The Christmas Carol," from which this selection is taken, is perhaps the best Christmas story ever written; certainly it is the best short story that Dickens wrote. The Cratchits were very poor in many ways, but they were rich in loving-kindness and contentment. Even poor Tiny Tim, Bob's little lame son, was far happier than old Scrooge of whom the story tells.

You might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and in truth it was something like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he did n't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they had n't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows!

But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, — a supposition at

which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry

cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed but smiling proudly, with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers, and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

BABY SYLVESTER

BRET HARTE

FRANCIS BRET HARTE was born in Albany, N.Y., in 1839. In 1854 he went to California, and many of his tales and verses deal with the rough life of Western mining camps. After 1885 he made his home in England, where he died in 1902.

It was in a little mining camp in the California Sierras that he first dawned upon me in all his grotesque sweetness.

I had arrived early in the morning, but not in time to intercept my friend. He had gone "prospecting," — so they told me, — and would not return until afternoon.

Did I see those large pines, and, a little to the right, a canvas roof and chimney over the bushes? Well, that was Dick Sylvester's cabin.

I could stake my horse in the little hollow. I should find some books in the shanty. I could amuse myself with them; or I could play with the baby.

Do what?

But the men had already gone. I called after their vanishing figures, —

"What did you say I could do?"

The answer floated slowly up on the hot, sluggish air, —

"Pla-a-y with the ba-by."

Tethering my horse to a young sapling, I turned toward the cabin.

I threw myself on the couch and tried to read, but I soon exhausted my interest in my friend's library, and lay there staring through the open door.

The slumbrous droning of bees outside the canvas roof, the faint cawing of rooks on the opposite mountain, and the fatigue of my morning ride began to droop my eyelids. I pulled the serape over me, and in a few minutes was asleep.

I awoke once or twice, clutching the serape as it was disappearing over the foot of the couch. Then I became suddenly aroused to the fact that my efforts to retain it were resisted. Letting it go, I was horrified at seeing it swiftly drawn under the couch.

At this point I sat up, completely awake. What seemed to be an exaggerated muff began to emerge from under the couch. Presently it appeared fully, dragging the serape after it.

There was no mistaking it now; it was a baby bear, — a helpless roll of fat and fur, but unmistakably a grizzly cub!

It slowly raised itself on its hind legs, and waved a baby paw, fringed with little hooks of steel. I took the paw, and shook it gravely. From that moment we were friends.

His body was a silky, dark gray, deepening to black in his paws and muzzle. His fur was long, thick, and soft as eider down.

His long hair concealed a leather collar around his neck, which bore the single word "Baby"! This, then, was the baby with whom I was to play.

How we played! Baby allowed me to roll him down hill, crawling and puffing up again each time with perfect good humor.

He climbed a young sapling after my Panama hat, which I had "shied" into one of the topmost branches, and refused to descend until it suited his pleasure. When

he did come down, he persisted in walking about on three legs, carrying my hat, a crushed and shapeless mass.

When Dick Sylvester returned, I was pretty well fagged out. The baby was rolled up at the foot of the couch, asleep.

Sylvester's first words after our greeting were, —

"Is n't he delicious?"

"Perfectly. Where did you get him?"

"Lying under his dead mother, five miles from here," said Dick. "Knocked her over at fifty yards: clean shot; never moved afterwards. She must have been carrying him in her mouth, and dropped him when she faced me. He was n't more than three days old."

I made Sylvester solemnly promise that, in the event of any separation between himself and Baby, it should revert to me.

Two months after this conversation, as I was turning over the morning's mail, I noticed a letter bearing Sylvester's familiar hand. Its contents were as follows:

O Frank! — Don't you remember what we agreed upon anent the baby? Well, consider me as dead for the next six months, or gone where cubs can't follow me, — East. I know you love the baby, but do you think, dear boy, — now, really, do you think you could be a father to it? Look at the question well, and let me know at once.

SYLVESTER.

I telegraphed an affirmative to Sylvester. When I reached my lodgings late that afternoon, my landlady was awaiting me with a telegram. It was two lines from Sylvester:

"All right. Baby goes down on night boat. Be a father to him."

One o'clock came, but no Baby. Two o'clock, three o'clock passed. It was almost four when there was a wild clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and a wagon stopped at the door. In an instant I had opened it and confronted a stranger.

With an appearance of boldness I was far from feeling I walked to the wagon and called "Baby!" Baby, the terrible, tumbled to the ground, and, rolling to my side, rubbed his foolish head against me. Without a word the stranger got into the wagon and drove away.

I had great difficulty in keeping Mrs. Brown from smothering Baby in blankets and ruining his digestion with the delicacies of her larder; but I at last got him rolled up in the corner of my room, and asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. My eyes at once sought the corner where Baby had been lying; but he was gone. The door was still locked; but there were the marks of his claws upon the sill of the window that I had forgotten to close.

The window opened upon a balcony, to which the only other entrance was through the hall. I dressed myself hurriedly and stepped into the hall. The first object that met my eyes was a boot lying on the stairs. It bore the marks of Baby's teeth.

As I ascended the stairs I found another, but with the blacking carefully licked off. A little farther on was a ladder leading to an open scuttle. I mounted the ladder and reached the flat roof. Behind the chimney was the fugitive Baby. He was covered with dust and dirt and fragments of glass.

He was sitting on his hind legs eating a slab of peanut candy, with a look of mingled guilt and infinite satisfaction. I hurried him back to the scuttle and descended on tiptoe to the floor beneath.

I think he was conscious of the dangers of detection, for he forbore to breathe, or to chew the last mouthful he had taken. He skulked at my side with the sirup dropping from his motionless jaws.

He walked to the corner of his own accord and rolled himself up like an immense sugarplum, sweating remorse and treacle at every pore.

I locked him in when I went to breakfast. I found Mrs. Brown's lodgers in a state of intense excitement over certain mysterious events.

It appeared that burglars had entered the block from the scuttle; that, being suddenly alarmed, they had quitted our house without committing any depredation, dropping even the boots they had collected. The glass show cases in the confectioner's shop on the corner had been smashed.

That night Baby and I decamped from Mrs. Brown's. It was nearly midnight when I reached my little cottage on the outskirts of Oakland. It was with a feeling of relief that I entered, locked the door, and turned him loose in the hall. Henceforward his depredations would be limited to my own property.

After he had tried to mount the hatrack and knocked all the hats off, he went peaceably to sleep on the rug.

At the end of the week I determined to invite a few friends to see the Baby.

The morning of the exhibition came; but about an hour before the performance the wretched Baby was missing. I searched the premises, but I found no trace of Baby Sylvester.

I returned, after an hour's search, to find my guests already assembled on the rear veranda. The floor was covered with some glutinous substance. It was — sirup!

I ran to the barn. The keg of "golden sirup" purchased only the day before, lay empty on the floor.

There were sticky tracks all over the inclosure, but still no Baby.

"There 's something moving the ground over there by that pile of dirt," said Barker.

He was right. The earth was shaking in one corner of the inclosure like an earthquake. There, in the middle of an immense cavity, crouched Baby Sylvester, still digging, and slowly but surely sinking from sight.

Whether he wished to hide himself from my reproachful eyes, or whether he was simply trying to dry his sirup-besmeared coat, I shall never know; for that day, alas! was his last with me.

He was pumped upon for two hours, at the end of which time he still yielded a thin treacle. He was then wrapped in blankets, and locked up in the storeroom.

The next morning he was gone. The lower portion of the window sash and pane were gone too.

Where he went, where he hid, who captured him, even the offer of a large reward, backed by the efforts of an intelligent police, could not discover.

Adapted.

pros'pecting: exploring to find out the mining value of a place. — **stake**: to fasten to a stake. — **rooks**: birds much like crows. — **serape** (sȧ-rä'pȧ): a blanket or shawl frequently worn by Spanish Americans. — **anent'**: concerning. — **affirm'ative**: answering "yes."

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

MRS. HEMANS

NOTE. — On a stormy December night a band of Pilgrims, sent out from the "Mayflower" to find a suitable place for settlement, landed on a small island near the entrance to Plymouth harbor. As the next day was Sunday they "rested" there and held their usual religious service. On the following Monday they explored the surrounding region and returned to the ship with their report.

The shore in this vicinity is sandy, and not, as Mrs. Hemans imagined, "rock bound."

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —

They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band; —
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God!

BETTY AT THE MILL

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

SARAH ORNE JEWETT is a New England author whose admirable stories of country and village life have won high praise.

NOTE. — Betty Leicester is a young girl who is spending the summer at Tideshead. She finds many things to enjoy, though her pleasures, like this trip to the mill, are not exciting ones. In another book, called "Betty Leicester's Christmas," Miss Jewett tells the story of Betty's visit to England.

Betty had sat in the fence corner until now there was a noise of wheels in the distance.

"Seth! Seth Pond!" she called; "where are you going?"

"Going to mill," answered Seth, looking about him, much pleased. "Want to come? be pleased to have ye," and Betty was over the fence in a minute.

Seth was much gratified by Betty's company. They could not drive very fast because the wagon was well loaded with bags of corn.

Betty thought it was very pleasant in the old mill. While Seth and the miller were transacting their business, she went to one of the little windows on the side next the swift-rushing stream and looked out awhile, and watched some swallows and the clear water and the house on the other side where the miller lived.

Then she was shown how the corn was ground, and tasted the hot meal as it came sifting down from the little boxes on the band, and the miller even had the big wheel stopped in its dripping, dark closet where it seemed to labor hard to keep the mill going.

"Something works hard for us in our lives to make them all come right," she thought with wistful gratitude, and looked with new interest at the busy maze of wheels and hoppers and rude machinery that joggled on steadily from the touch of the hidden wheel and the plash of its live water.

She wandered out into the sunshine and down the river-side a little way. There was a clean, sandy bottom in one place with shoals of frisky minnows, and a small, green island only a little way out, and Betty was much tempted to take off her shoes and stockings and wade across.

Her toes curled themselves in their shoes with pleased anticipation, but she thought with a sigh that she was too tall to go wading now, — that is, near a public place like the mill.

Then she looked up at the mill and discovered that there were only one or two high and dusty windows at that end, and down she sat on the short green turf to pull off the shoes and stockings as fast as she could, lest second thoughts might again hinder this last wade.

She gathered her petticoats and over to the island she splashed, causing awful apprehension of disaster among the minnows.

The green island was a delightful place; the upper end was near the roaring dam, and the water plashed and dashed as it ran away on either side. There were two or three young elms and some alders on the island, and the alders were full of clematis just coming into bloom.

The lower end of this strip of island ground was much less noisy, and Betty went down to sit there after she had seen two or three turtles slide into the water, and more minnows slip away into deeper pools out of sight.

There was a pleasant, damp smell of cool water, and a ripple of light went dancing up the high stone foundation of the old mill. Betty could still hear the great wet wheel lumbering round.

She thought she had never found a more delightful place, so much business was going on all about her, and yet it was so quiet there; and as she looked under a young alder what should she see but a wild duck on its nest. Even if the shy thing had fluttered off at her approach, it had gone back again, and now watched her steadily, as if to be ready to fly, yet not really frightened.

It was a dear kind of relationship to be in this wild little place with another living creature, and Betty settled

herself on the soft turf, against the straight young elm trunk, determined not to give another glance in the duck's direction. It would be great fun to come and see it go away with its ducklings when they were hatched, if one only knew the proper minute.

She wished that she could paint a picture of the mill and the river, or could write a song about it, even if she could not sing it; so many girls had such gifts and did not care half so much for them as Betty would.

Dear Betty! she did not know what a rare gift she had in being able to enjoy so many things, and to understand the pictures and songs of every day.

Then it was time to wade back to shore, and so she rose and left the duck to her peaceful seclusion, not knowing how often she would think of this pretty place in years to come. The best thing about such pleasures is that they seem more and more delightful as years go on.

Seth was just coming to tell Betty that the meal was all ground and ready, when she appeared discreetly from behind the willows that grew at the mill end, and so they drove home without anything exciting to mark the way.

Abridged.

hot meal: why was it hot? — **disaster**: misfortune; literally, the evil influence of a star. Men used to believe that human lives were controlled by the stars.

A TRUE SPORTSMAN

SAM WALTER FOSS

SAM WALTER FOSS is an American poet.

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suit a sportsman's soul;
For the choicest game that the forest holds,
And the best fish of the brook,
Are never brought down by a rifle shot
And never are caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air
Or fish than swim the seas.

A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman, I —
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood
Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.
So, away! for the fish in the moss-bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod;
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams
For the angler who has no rod.

take no gun: see Emerson's "Forbearance," page 96. — **bob**: to fish with a bob or float. — **Walton**: Izaak Walton was a famous fisherman who wrote a book called "The Complete Angler."

THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH

WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. When he was less than two years old he had an illness that left him lame. He was taken to his grandfather's home, in the hope that the country life would do him good, and it was there that he first learned to love the old Scotch ballads and traditions which he afterwards wove into his novels and poems. Scott has often been called "The Great Enchanter," so wonderful was his power of description. He wrote many novels which are known as the Waverley novels, from the name of the first one of the series. Scott's poems are almost perfect in their style and finish. He died in 1832.

NOTE. — The Goodman of Ballengiech is taken from "Tales of a Grandfather," which Scott wrote for his grandson. These are true stories of the brave old days in Scotland.

James the Fifth, King of Scotland, had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps that he might enjoy amusements of which he could not have partaken in his avowed royal character.

When James traveled in disguise he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling.

Upon one occasion King James, being alone and in

disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so the King got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked.

There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the King's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the King into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way toward Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked.

On the way the King asked his companion what and who he was. The laborer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the king of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified, and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a laborer.

He then asked the King, in turn, who *he* was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added that if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful assistance, and at least give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and, appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The King had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the Goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks.

At length James asked his visitor if he should like to see the King, to which John replied nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offense. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the King would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know His Grace from the nobles who will be all about him?" "Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered, — the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened and drew close to his attendant, but was still unable to distinguish the King. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bareheaded."

The King laughed at John's fancy; and that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present a ewer and basin for the King to wash his hands, when His Majesty should come to Holyrood Palace, or should pass the Bridge of Cramond. Accordingly, in the year 1822, when George IV came to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson of Braehead appeared at a solemn festival and offered His Majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

Abridged.

Ballengiech (bal'en-geek). — **James the Fifth**: the father of Mary Queen of Scots. He appears also in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." — **Stirling Castle**: a favorite residence of the king's. — **Braehead**: *brae* is a Scotch word meaning "hillside." — **pos'tern gate**: small back gate. — **you or me**: properly, you or I. — **ew'er**: a pitcher. — **Ho'lyrood**: the royal palace in Edinburgh.

CONCORD

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

NOTE. — Concord Hymn was sung April 19, 1836, at the completion of the monument raised to mark the place of the Concord fight.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

the flood: the Concord River. — **the shot heard round the world**: the battles at Lexington and Concord, April 19, 1775, were the beginning of the Revolution. — **a vo'tive stone**: a stone dedicated to the memory of some person or event; a monument.

A NIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI

I was nearly sixteen years old when I made my first trip down the Mississippi River. Father had a good crop of early spring vegetables, and my elder brother James and I were eager to carry them to market. Father owned a large raft, which he and James had made with their own hands, and we were sure that we could take care of ourselves and the produce too.

So at last father gave his consent. He built a cabin near one end of the raft, where we could stay when it rained or when the sun was too hot. The floor of the cabin was six or seven inches above the deck of the raft, and here we could keep our clothes and blankets and the food for our journey. At one side of the cabin we made a layer of dirt about five or six inches deep, with a frame around it to hold it in place. Then with some bricks and clay we built a small fireplace. Here we could have a fire if the weather were wet or chilly.

James made some extra steering oars, for it was easy to break one if the raft went over a snag; and we rigged up a forked stick, on which we hung our lantern. We had to carry a light, of course, or the steamboats on the river would have run us down.

The river was still high after the June rise, and the lowest banks were a little under water.

"There won't be much danger from the upstream boats," said father, when he came down to see us off. "They 'll make for the smooth water alongshore. But keep your eyes and your ears open for the boats that are going your way. Good-by, boys, and good luck!"

I stood up and waved to him as long as I could see him, but a curve in the river soon hid him from sight. The current was running more than four miles an hour, and I was astonished to see how the familiar shores slipped away from us. In a big bend on the Illinois side there was an island where we had often gone for picnics and good times. The sand bar at its head was quite under water, and the tree trunks stood up out of the river, straight and black, as if they, too, were floating downstream on a voyage of discovery.

I am sure that Columbus sailing out into the trackless sea was not more convinced of the greatness of his task than was I, as I took my turn at the steering oar to let James eat his dinner. The unwieldy raft yielded itself to my guidance, and for the mere fun of it I kept its course a winding one for the next half hour.

The river was full of driftwood coming down, and all sorts of queer things might be seen. A straw bed with

an old tin coffee pot upon it came floating along beside us. Once a hungry rabbit ran across a broken tree trunk to the raft, and I gave him a handful of lettuce as I would have fed a pet lamb. As soon as he had eaten it all his shyness came back to him, and he raced off again to the farther end of his log, where he sat and watched us for a long time.

As the shadows grew longer I began to feel drowsy. The soft air fanned me gently and the lap of the water against the timbers of the raft was very soothing. Before I knew it I was fast asleep. When I woke I had, at first, no idea where I was. The moon was shining and the river looked as if it were miles wide. We were near the Illinois shore, in the quiet water under the bank, and across the gleaming sheet of silver I could see the high bluffs on the Missouri side.

I heard a sound of voices and saw that James was talking to a man in hunting costume, who had come aboard to share our supper and to tell us the news. The raft was made fast to a tow-head, — a sand bar covered with cottonwood trees, — and the stranger's skiff lay alongside. On the black hillsides behind us I could see a few gleaming lights, but there was stillness everywhere, except for an occasional "kerchug" from some wakeful bullfrog. We seemed to have the whole river to ourselves.

The hunter was telling stories of his life in the wilderness, then not very far away from us, and I listened with infinite wonder and delight. Occasionally we saw a steamboat going up or down the river. Now and then she would send up a shower of sparks, which rained down into the river again and made the moonlight look pale. Then a bend of the stream would shut out her lights, and after a long time her waves would reach us, rocking the raft up and down in the most delightful fashion.

I was no longer sleepy, and the charm of a new experience kept me awake for the greater part of the night. The people on shore went to bed, the lights winked out, our new friend and James were presently sound asleep; but I lay and watched for the coming of the early dawn.

First, looking away over the water, I could see a dull, dark line: that was the wooded shore of the other side. The birds twittered softly in the trees close at hand. Then there came a faint, pale light in the sky; then the river softened from black to gray, and far out I could see small, dusky spots drifting along.

Sometimes there was a long, black line, and I knew it to be a raft like ours, only much larger and heavier. Once and again I heard voices and a sweep creaking. Then a streak on the water showed where a snag lay hidden beneath, ready to catch and snap some luckless

oar. By and by the mist drew itself up from the river in fleecy twists and swirls, the east began to redden, a breeze sprang up, and lines of smoke rose from the hillside behind us. At last the full day broke and everything smiled in the sunshine.

Far off a raft glided by. A man on it was chopping wood. I lay on a pile of blankets, my head pillowed on my arm, watching the ax flash and come down. An instant later it would be lifted for another stroke — still no sound — and then, as the ax was poised above the man's head, the ring of the first stroke would reach my listening ears. As I watched, my eyelids grew heavier and heavier.

"Come, come, lad!" said James, shaking me good-humoredly. "The bacon is ready to eat, and it's time we were moving. We shall never get there if you are going to sleep all day."

I sat up with a start and rubbed my eyes. The hunter's skiff was gone, the sun was high in the heavens, and the fried bacon sent forth a savory invitation to breakfast. My first night on the Mississippi was over.

Selected.

snag: a tree or branch growing or fastened below the surface of a river. — **cottonwood**: a tree of the poplar family. — **sweep**: an oar used to steer and propel a small boat or raft.

HONEST WORK

Men said the old smith was foolishly careful, as he wrought on the great chain he was making in his dingy shop in the heart of the great city. But he heeded not their words, and only wrought with greater painstaking. Link after link he fashioned and welded and finished, and at last the great chain was completed.

Years passed. One night there was a terrible storm, and the ship was in sore peril of being dashed upon the rocks. Anchor after anchor was dropped, but none of them held. At last the mighty sheet anchor was cast into the sea, and the old chain quickly uncoiled and ran out till it grew taut. All watched to see if it would bear the awful strain. It sang in the wild storm as the vessel's weight surged upon it. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The ship with its cargo of a thousand lives depended upon *this one chain*. What now if the old smith had wrought carelessly even *one link* of his chain! But he had put honesty and truth and invincible strength into *every part of it*, and it stood the test, holding the ship in safety until the storm was over.

Selected.

THORWALDSEN

T. B. Aldrich

Note. — Thorwaldsen (tor'väl-zen) was a great Danish sculptor. The Lion is carved in the face of a cliff at Lucerne, Switzerland, in memory of the brave Swiss guards who gave up their lives in defending the French king, Louis XVI, August 10, 1792.

We often fail by searching far and wide
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn
We ask fair wind and favorable tide.
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn
To make Occasion, not to be denied:
Against the sheer, precipitous mountain side
Thorwaldsen carved his Lion at Lucerne.

SUPPER AT THE MILL

JEAN INGELOW

Mother. Well, Frances.

Frances. Well, good mother, how are you?

M. I'm hearty, lass, but warm; the weather's warm;
I think 't is mostly warm on market days.
I met with George behind the mill; said he,
"Mother, go in and rest awhile."

F. Aye, do,
And stay to supper; put your basket down.

M. Why, now, it is not heavy.

F. Willie, man,
Get up and kiss your grandma. Heavy, no!
Some call good churning luck; but, luck or skill,
Your butter mostly comes as firm and sweet
As if 't was Christmas. So you sold it all?

M. All but this pat that I put by for George;
He always liked my butter.

F. That he did.

M. And has your speckled hen brought off her brood?

F. Not yet, but that old duck I told you of,
She hatched eleven out of twelve to-day.

Child. And, grandma, they 're so yellow.

M. Aye, my lad,
Yellow as gold — yellow as Willie's hair.

C. They 're all mine, grandma — father says they 're mine.

M. To think of that!

F. Yes, grandma, only think!
Why, father means to sell them when they 're fat,
And put the money in the savings bank,
And all against our Willie goes to school:
But Willie would not touch them — no, not he;
He knows that father would be angry else.

C. But I want one to play with — Oh, I want
A little yellow duck to take to bed!

M. What! would you rob the poor old mother, then?

F. Now, grandma, if you 'll hold the babe awhile;
'T is time I took up Willie to his crib. [*Exit* FRANCES.]

[*Enter* GEORGE.]

George. Well, mother, 't is a fortnight now, or more,
Since I set eyes on you.

M. Aye, George, my dear,
I reckon you 've been busy: so have we.

G. And how does father?

M. He gets through his work,
But he grows stiff, a little stiff, my dear;
He 's not so young, you know, by twenty years,

As I am — not so young by twenty years,
And I'm past sixty.

G. Yet he's hale and stout,
And seems to take a pleasure in his pipe;
And seems to take a pleasure in his cows,
And a pride, too.

M. And well he may, my dear.

G. Give me the little one, he tires your arm;
He's such a kicking, crowing, wakeful rogue,
He almost wears our lives out with his noise
Just at day-dawning, when we wish to sleep.
What! you young villain, would you clench your fist
In father's curls? a dusty father, sure,
And you're as clean as wax.
Aye, you may laugh;
But if you live a seven years more or so,
These hands of yours will all be brown and scratched
With climbing after nest-eggs. They'll go down
As many rat-holes as are round the mere;
And you'll love mud, all manner of mud and dirt,
As your father did afore you, and you'll wade
After young water-birds; and you'll get bogged
Setting of eel-traps, and you'll spoil your clothes,
And come home torn and dripping: then, you know,
You'll feel the stick — you'll feel the stick, my lad!

[*Enter* FRANCES.]

F. You should not talk so to the blessed babe —
How can you, George? Why, he may be in heaven
Before the time you tell of.

M. Look at him:
So earnest, such an eager pair of eyes!
He thrives, my dear.

F. Yes, that he does, thank God!
My children are all strong.

M. 'T is much to say;
Sick children fret their mothers' hearts to shreds,
And do no credit to their keep nor care.
Where is your little lass?

F. Your daughter came
And begged her of us for a week or so. . . .

G. But Hannah must not keep our Fanny long —
She spoils her.

M. Ah! folks spoil their children now;
When I was a young woman 't was not so;
We made our children fear us, made them work,
Kept them in order.

G. Were not proud of them —
Eh, mother?

M. I set store by mine, 't is true.
But then I had good cause.

G. My lad, d'ye hear?
Your grandma was not proud, by no means proud!
She never spoilt your father — no, not she,
Nor ever made him sing at harvest-home,
Nor at the forge, nor at the baker's shop,
Nor to the doctor while she lay abed
Sick, and he crept upstairs to share her broth.

M. Well, well, you were my youngest, and, what's more,
Your father loved to hear you sing — he did,
Although, good man, he could not tell one tune
From the other.

F. No, George got his voice from you:
Do use it, George, and send the child to sleep.

G. What must I sing?

F. The ballad of the man
That is so shy he cannot speak his mind.

G. Aye, of the purple grapes and crimson leaves;
But, mother, put your shawl and bonnet off.
And, Frances, lass, I brought some cresses in:
Just wash them, toast the bacon, break some eggs,
And let's to supper shortly.

[*Sings.*]

G. Why, you young rascal! who would think it, now?
No sooner do I stop than you look up.

What would you have your poor old father do?
'T was a brave song, long-winded, and not loud.

M. He heard the bacon sputter on the fork,
And heard his mother's step across the floor.

F. My dear, just lay his head upon your arm,
And if you 'll pace and sing two minutes more,
He needs must sleep — his eyes are full of sleep.

G. Do you sing, mother.

F. Aye, good mother, do;
'T is long since we have heard you.

M. Like enough;
I 'm an old woman, and the girls and lads
I used to sing to sleep o'ertop me now.
What should I sing for?

G. Why, to pleasure us.
Sing in the chimney corner, where you sit,
And I 'll pace gently with the little one.

[Mother *sings.*]

F. Asleep at last, and time he was, indeed,
Turn back the cradle quilt and lay him in;
And, mother, will you please to draw your chair? —
The supper 's ready.

Jean Ingelow (jēn in'je-lō). — **mere**: lake or pond. — **bogged**: caught in a bog or swamp. — **to set store by**: to value. — **Do you sing, mother**: is this a question? — **o'ertop me**: are taller than I am. — **to pleasure**: to please.

A STRANGE VISITANT

AGNES GIBERNE

AGNES GIBERNE is an English writer on scientific subjects.

"River, river, I wonder where you come from," murmured Eric.

He was lying alone, one sunny spring day, on a mossy bank beside the stream — a wide, clear stream, reflecting the blue of heaven, and flowing past with steady, ceaseless motion. He had his book open in his hand, but there seemed no possibility of reading in such a scene.

The river, beside which he spent many hours, was to him not merely a stream of water, but a living, moving companion, with powers of feeling and sympathy.

"I wonder how long you have gone pouring and pouring on in this fashion," said the boy. "I wonder what made you first begin to pour. I wonder what changes you have seen on your banks.

"Would n't it be jolly if a 'spirit of the flood' would come and talk to me! If I had been the chief on Tiber's banks, when the 'father of the Roman flood' appeared to him, would n't I have asked him a lot of questions about the river's history!"

The birds twittered, carrying on little musical talks together about the affairs of bird land; the river kept up its perpetual ripple-ripple; and the bees hummed to and fro with their endless monotones about nothing. Altogether the chorus of soft sounds was very soothing.

Eric had not the least intention of going to sleep. But presently the book which he held slipped from his fingers, and lay on the grass unnoticed. Then the murmur of the river seemed to grow louder, louder, till it was full in tone, like a church organ. And there came a sound of words into the murmur, as if the river were trying to speak.

Soon Eric saw something rising out of the river — something dim and shadowy, hardly more substantial than a mountain mist. At first it was like wreaths of river fog twined loosely together. But the wreaths shrank closer, and the hazy outlines grew into a definite form.

On the border of the stream stood an old man, dressed in a flowing robe of deep sky-blue. He had a high wrinkled forehead — wrinkled exactly like the surface of a river on a breezy day — and he wore a venerable beard, white as foam, reaching to his waist.

Now and then a shower of spray was flung over him by the river waves, and where a drop touched his robe, there it hung glittering.

"Are you the 'father of the flood'?" asked Eric.

No immediate answer came to the question. After a while the old man began to speak in slow, solemn tones, with a soft musical ripple running through them.

"Long, long ago, my story began. How long I cannot say. A river has no sundials, no almanacs, no timepieces. Our records are printed in the rocks and sands of earth; and our busy streams are ever at work, washing out and rewriting those records.

"The mighty sun rises and sets; and seasons come and go; and centuries roll by. But to a river spirit centuries are days, and the life of a man is as an insect's breath.

"Long ages ago there were no rivers in this land. The whole country lay below ocean waters.

"Then changes came, and the land rose above the surface of the sea. That which had been the ocean floor became dry ground. The higher mountain peaks showed

first; then the hilltops and the raised table-lands; lastly the lower levels.

"As these mighty changes came about, — land being seen where formerly ocean tides had ebbed and flowed, — then it was that rivers came into existence. For there cannot be dry land without streams of water flowing downward to the ocean.

"The life of a river begins with a little mountain spring or a tiny streamlet. It is fed by clouds above, by springs below, by brooks and rivulets on either side. At every step it gathers force and width and depth.

"The final goal of every river is the vast ocean, even as the final goal of every human being is the great and limitless Eternity."

"Please, please go on," entreated Eric, as the old man paused.

"Time was when no human beings frolicked near my banks," mused the old man. "There were none in all the wide world.

"The river bed then lay at a higher level. The waters have carved a way for themselves, — here through soft earth, there through hard stone.

"You gaze at yonder rocky gorge, and wonder at its beauty. How often do you pause to think of those past ages, when no such gorge existed?

"Drop by drop the waters have done their work, cutting a narrow channel as with a knife. And still the work goes on. Each year the gorge is deepened.

"Long, long ago there grew dense forests round about the stream, shutting off all sunlight from its waters. Wild beasts, such as no human beings have seen, roamed under the solemn shade; and mighty crocodiles crept to and fro beneath the river banks. No man or woman or child came then, with restless steps and impatient voice, to disturb our grand solitude."

The old man sighed heavily, and some of the diamond drops rolled sadly downward, losing their sparkle.

"We had our ice age, too — when all watery streams were bound fast as with iron chains; and vast rivers of ice lay over the land. A strange time that — but grand, nevertheless.

"No greater change ever came than in the appearance of man on the river brink.

"When I first saw a slim and puny creature beside the stream, half-clothed in skins, he seemed but another of the wild forest prowlers. I little thought that he was the chief of a wandering tribe of men, who should subdue the country round.

"Yet so it was; and soon there grew villages of huts upon my banks, and boats floated on my waters. The

beasts of the forest fled; and the repose of undisturbed ages was at an end."

"Tell me more about the river!" entreated Eric, as the deep voice sank. "I would rather hear about the river than about men. Where does all the water come from?"

The old man waved his hand with a gesture of impatience.

"This is a watery world," he said. "Water above and water below, — in the air and underground, — in the seas and rivers, — in lakes and streams, — in clouds and mists; water as vapor, — water as rain, — water as ice and snow! Yes, a watery, watery world!"

He was growing hazy and indefinite once more. The azure hue of his robe faded into a pale gray; the long, white beard vanished, and a little heap of foam floated down the stream.

A cloud of mist, hovering on the brink where the old man had stood, gently distilled into a small shower of raindrops, weeping itself away.

One of these drops, carried by the breeze, fell upon Eric's brow like a soft kiss from the river spirit. Adapted.

the chief on Tiber's banks: see the "Æne'id," Book VIII, line 31. The weary Æne'as, resting on the bank of the river, saw the river god rising from its waters. — **sundial**: an ancient contrivance to tell the time of day. A straight rod, fastened to a plate, cast a shadow by which the hour might be known.

BABY-BIRD

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837–1909) is an English poet. His verse is noted for its musical sweetness.

Baby-bird, baby-bird,
Ne'er a song on earth
May be heard, may be heard,
Rich as yours in mirth.

All your flickering fingers,
All your twinkling toes,
Play like light that lingers
Till the clear song close.

Baby-bird, baby-bird,
Your grave, majestic eyes
Like a bird's warbled words
Speak, and sorrow dies.

Sorrow dies for love's sake,
Love grows one with mirth,
Even for one white dove's sake,
Born a babe on earth.

Baby-bird, baby-bird,
Chirping loud and long,
Other birds hush their words,
Hearkening toward your song.

Sweet as spring though it ring,
Full of love's own lures,
Weak and wrong sounds their song,
Singing after yours.

Baby-bird, baby-bird,
The happy heart that hears
Seems to win back within
Heaven, and cast out fears.

BROUGHT TO TRIAL[1]

J. G. Holland

Josiah Gilbert Holland, whose pen name was Timothy Titcomb, was an American writer of some note. He wrote poems and novels, and several volumes of advice to young people. He was born in 1819, and died in 1881. Arthur Bonnicastle of this story is the hero of the novel bearing the same name.

It must have been three weeks or a month after I entered the school that, on a rainy holiday, as I was walking through one of the halls alone, I was met by two boys who ordered me to "halt." Both had staves in their hands, taller than themselves, and one of them addressed me with these words:

"Arthur Bonnicastle, you are arrested in the name of the High Society of Inquiry, and ordered to appear before that august tribunal, to answer for your faults, sins, and misdemeanors. Right about face!"

The movement had so much of the air of mystery that I was about equally pleased and scared. I was led directly to my own room, which I was surprised to find quite full of boys, all of whom were grave and silent. I looked from one to another, puzzled beyond expression.

"We have secured the offender," said one of my

[1] From "Arthur Bonnicastle." Copyright, 1873, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

captors, "and now have the satisfaction of presenting him before this society."

"The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me," said the presiding officer in a tone of severity.

5 I was marched into the middle of the room and left alone, where I stood with folded arms, as became the grand occasion.

"Arthur Bonnicastle," said the officer before mentioned, "you are brought before the High Society of Inquiry on a charge of telling so many lies that no dependence whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty. Who says I am?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Henry Hulm, advance!" said the officer.

Henry rose, and walking by me took a position near the officer at the head of the room.

"Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner and tell the society whether you know him."

"I know him well," replied Henry.

"What is his general character?"

"He is bright and very amiable."

"Do you consider him a boy of truth?"

"I do not."

"Has he deceived you?" inquired the officer. "If he has, please to state the occasion and the circumstance."

"No, Your Honor; he has never deceived me. I always know whether he is speaking the truth or not."

"Have you ever told him of his crimes, and warned him to desist from them?"

"I have," replied Henry; "many times."

"Has he shown any disposition to mend?"

"None at all, your honor."

"What is the character of his falsehood?"

"He tells," replied Henry, "stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing the most wonderful deeds."

I now began with great shame and confusion to realize that I was exposed to ridicule. The tears came into my eyes and dropped from my cheeks, but I would not yield to the impulse either to cry or to attempt to fly.

"Will you give us some specimens of his stories?" said the officer.

"I will," responded Henry; "but I can do it best by asking him questions."

"Very well," said the officer, with a polite bow. "Pursue the course you think best."

"Arthur," said Henry, addressing me directly, "did you ever tell me that, when you and your father were on the way to this school your horse went so fast that he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent the tail home to one of your sisters to wear in her hat?"

"Yes, I did," I responded, my face flaming and painful with shame.

"And did your horse really run down the fox in the middle of the road and cut off his tail, and did you send

home the tail to your sister to be worn in her hat?" inquired the judge, with a low, gruff voice. "The prisoner will answer so that all can hear."

"No," I replied; and looking for some justification of my story, I added, "but I did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" ran around the room in chorus. "He did see a fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," said the officer.

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you or did you not tell me that when on the way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear, and tossed it over the fence and broke its leg?"

"I suppose I did," I said, growing desperate.

"And did the horse really chase the calf, and catch him by the ear, and toss him over the fence, and break his leg?" inquired the officer.

"He did n't catch him by the ear," I replied, "but he really did chase a calf."

"Oh! oh! oh!" chimed in the chorus. "He did n't catch him by the ear, but he did really chase a calf!"

"Witness," said the officer, "you will pursue your inquiries."

"Arthur, did you or did you not tell me," Henry went on, "that you have an old friend who is soon to go to sea, and that he has promised to bring you a male and a female monkey, a male and a female bird of paradise, a barrel of pineapples, and a Shetland pony?"

"It does n't seem as if I told you exactly that," I replied.

"Did you or did you not tell him so?" said the officer severely.

"Perhaps I did," I responded.

"And did your friend who is to go to sea really promise to bring you monkeys, birds of paradise, pineapples, and a Shetland pony?"

"No," I replied; "but I really have an old friend who is going to sea, and he 'll bring me anything I ask him to."

"Oh! oh! oh!" swept round the room again. "He really has an old friend who is going to sea, and he 'll bring him anything he asks him to!"

"Hulm, proceed with your inquiries," said the officer.

Looking around upon the boys, and realizing what had been done and what was in progress, I went into a fit of hearty crying that distressed them quite as much as my foolish habit had done.

At this moment a strange silence seized the assembly. All eyes were directed toward the door, upon which my back was turned. I wheeled around to find the cause of

the interruption. There, in the doorway, towering above us all, stood Mr. Bird.

"What does this mean?" inquired the master.

I flew to his side and took his hand. The officer who had presided explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying, and that they were about to order him to report to the master for correction.

Then Mr. Bird took a chair and patiently heard the whole story.

"I am glad if he has learned," said the master, "even by the severe means which have been used, that if he wishes to be loved and admired he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me, I could have found a better mode of dealing with him. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren't you, Arthur?" And he stooped and lifted me to his face and looked into my eyes.

"I don't think I shall do it any more," I said.

Bidding the boys disperse, he carried me downstairs into his room and charged me with kindly counsel. I went out from the interview humbled, and without a revengeful thought in my heart toward the boys who had brought me to trial. I saw that they were my friends, and I was determined to prove myself worthy of their friendship.

Adapted.

LULLABY

J. G. Holland

Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover!
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low,
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wonderland
Down to the underland
Go — now go!
Down into wonderland go.

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover,
(Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep!)
Rockaby, lullaby, bending it over!
Down on the mother world,
Down on the other world,
Sleep, oh, sleep!
Down on the mother world sleep.

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover,
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Into the stilly world,
Into the lily world,
Gone! now gone!
Into the lily world gone.

PATRASCHE

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE was an English author, whose work is of uneven merit. Some of her short stories are exquisite bits of literature and greatly superior to her longer books.

NOTE. — Patrasche is the name of the noble dog whose story is told in a little book called "A Dog of Flanders."

He was a dog of Flanders, — yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed and feet widened in the muscular development wrought in his breed by many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly from sire to son in Flanders many a century, — slaves of slaves, dogs of the people, beasts of the shafts and the harness, creatures that lived straining their sinews in the gall of the cart, and died breaking their hearts on the flints of the streets.

The owner of Patrasche was a sullen, ill-living, brutal man, who heaped his cart full with pots and pans and flagons and buckets, and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, whilst he himself lounged idly by the side in fat and sluggish ease, smoking his black pipe and stopping at every wine shop or café on the road. Happily for Patrasche — or unhappily — he was very strong; so that

he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the brutal burdens, the hunger, the thirst, the blows, the curses, and the exhaustion which are the only wages with which the Flemings repay the most patient and laborious of all their four-footed victims. One day, after two years of his long and deadly agony, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the city of Antwerp. It was full midsummer, and very warm. His cart was very heavy, piled high with goods in metal and in earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip as it curled round his quivering loins. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse to him, not having tasted water for nearly twelve, being blind with dust, sore with blows, and stupefied with the merciless weight which dragged upon his loins, Patrasche, for once, staggered and foamed a little at the mouth, and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun; he was sick unto death, and motionless. His master gave him the only medicine in his pharmacy, — kicks and oaths and blows with a cudgel of oak, which had been often the only food and drink, the only wage and reward, offered to him. But

Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curses. Patrasche lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust. After a while, finding it useless to assail his ribs with punishment and his ears with maledictions, his owner kicked his body heavily aside into the grass, and, groaning and muttering in savage wrath, pushed the cart lazily along the road uphill.

Patrasche lay there, flung in the grass-green ditch. It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons or in carts, went by. After a time, amongst the holiday makers, there came a little old man who was bent and lame and very feeble. He looked at Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch, and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity. There was with him a little rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child of a few years old, who pattered in amidst the bushes, that were for him breast-high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met, — the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

Old Jehan drew the sufferer homeward to his own little hut, which was a stone's throw off amidst the fields, and there tended him with so much care that the sickness

passed away. Health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout, tawny legs.

Now for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, sore, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness they two had grown to care for him, this lonely old man and the little happy child. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived; and when he first was well enough to essay a loud, hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud, and almost wept together for joy at such a sign of his sure restoration; and little Nello, in delighted glee, hung round his rugged neck chains of marguerites, and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

So then, when Patrasche arose himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love, which never wavered in its fidelity whilst life abode with him.

But Patrasche, being a dog, was grateful. Patrasche lay pondering long, with grave, tender, musing brown

eyes, watching the movements of his friends. Now, the old man could do nothing for his living but limp about a little with a small cart, with which he carried daily the milk cans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle away into the town of Antwerp. The villagers gave him the employment a little out of charity, — more because it suited them well to send their milk into the town by so honest a carrier, and bide at home themselves to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry, or their little fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off, or more.

Patrasche watched the milk cans come and go that one day when he had got well and was lying in the sun with the wreath of marguerites round his tawny neck.

The next morning, Patrasche, before the old man had touched the cart, arose and walked to it and placed himself betwixt its handles, and testified as plainly as dumb show could do his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten. The old man resisted long, for he was one of those who thought it a foul shame to bind dogs to labor for which Nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be gainsaid: finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.

At length old Jehan gave way, vanquished by the gratitude of this creature whom he had succored. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it, and this he did every morning of his life thenceforward.

When the winter came, the old man thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog in the ditch; for he would ill have known how to pull his load over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud if it had not been for the strength and the industry of the animal he had befriended. As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this little light green cart, with its bright brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man who always paid him with a tender caress and with a kindly word. Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would, — to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child, or to play with his fellow-dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

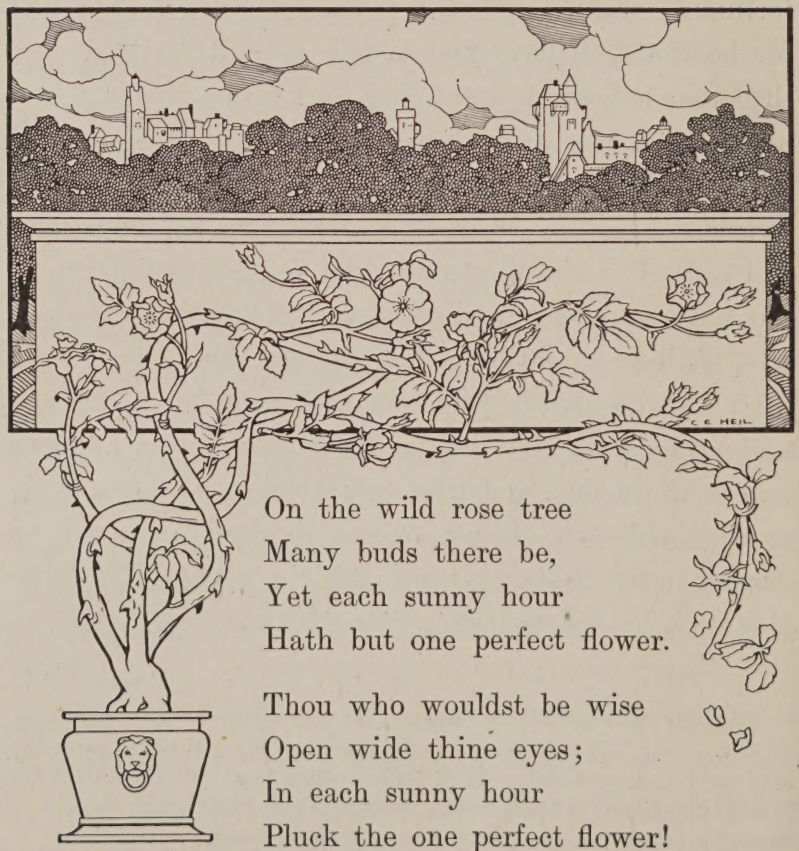
Abridged.

Patrasche (pȧ-trash′eh). — **Flanders**: an old country of Europe, now divided among Belgium, France, and Holland. — **the gall of the cart**: the hard work that produced sores or galls. — **Flem′ings**: the inhabitants of Flanders. — **Jehan** (ye-hän′): John, in English. — **marguerites**: daisies. — **league**: a Dutch league is a little more than four miles.

ON THE WILD ROSE TREE

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

RICHARD WATSON GILDER is an American poet who has a keen interest in artistic, literary, and social progress. He has been for many years the editor of the *Century Magazine*.



On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.

Thou who wouldst be wise
Open wide thine eyes;
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower!

A SPRING DAY

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

NOTE. — This selection is taken from a delightful little English book called "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances." See also "The Story of the Albatross" on page 98. The description of an early day in spring is equally true of many localities.

Spring was early that year. At the beginning of February there was a good deal of snow on the ground, it is true, but the air became milder and milder, and toward the end of the month there came a real spring day, and all the snow was gone.

Ida had been kept indoors for a long time by the weather and by a cold, and it was very pleasant to get out again, even when the only amusement was to run up and down the gravel walks and wonder how soon she might begin to garden, and whether the gardener could be induced to give her a piece of ground sufficiently extensive to grow a crop of mustard and cress in the form of a capital I.

It was the kitchen garden into which Ida had been sent. At the far end it was cut off from the world by an overgrown hedge with large gaps at the bottom, through which Ida could see the high road, a trough for watering horses, and beyond this a wood. The hedge was very thin

in February, and Ida had a good view in consequence. Sitting on a stump in the sunshine she peered through the gap to see if any horses came to drink. It was as good as a peep show, and, indeed, much better.

"The snow has melted," gurgled the water. "Here I am." It was everywhere. The sunshine made the rich green mosses look dry, but in reality they were wet, and so was everything else. Slish! slosh! Put your feet where you would, the water was everywhere. It filled the stone trough, which, being old and gray and steady, kept it still and bade it reflect the blue sky and gorgeous mosses; but the trough soon overflowed, and then the water slipped over the side and ran off in a wayside stream.

"Winter is gone!" it spluttered as it ran; "winter is gone, winter-is-gone, winterisgone!" And, on the principle that a good thing cannot be said too often, it went on with this all through the summer, till the next winter came and stopped its mouth with icicles. As the stream chattered, so the birds in the woods sang, "Tweet! tweet! chirrup! throstle! Spring! spring! spring!" and they twittered from tree to tree, and shook the bare twigs with melody; whilst a single blackbird, sitting still upon a bough below, sang "Life! life! life!" with the loudest pipe of his throat, because on such days it was happiness only to be alive.

MOSES AT THE FAIR

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–1774) was an Irish poet, historian, and novelist. His "Vicar of Wakefield" is said to be the most widely known piece of fiction in English literature.

NOTE. — The "Vicar of Wakefield" and his family, having lost their little fortune, were obliged to live very simply. His wife, however, wanted to make as fine an appearance as possible, so she coaxed the Vicar to sell their colt at a neighboring fair, and to buy instead a horse that would look well at church or upon a visit. The Vicar tells the story.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself.

"No, my dear," said my wife, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage."

As I also had a good opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to trust the business with him.

The next morning found his sisters busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, — trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him in which to bring home groceries. He had on a coat which, though too short for him, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad, black ribbon.

We all followed him several paces from the door, crying after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

It was almost nightfall before we saw Moses coming back, without a horse and with the deal box strapped round his shoulders.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses!" I cried. "Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Yes, Moses," cried my wife, "we know that, but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," said Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," said she. "Three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast, "here they are; a gross of green spectacles with silver rims and shagreen cases!"

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "You have parted with the colt and brought us back nothing but a gross of green spectacles!"

"Dear mother," said the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? They are a bargain or I should not have

bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife.

"There will be no trouble," said I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence. I can see that they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife; "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," said I; "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," she said, "we have parted with the colt and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases! If I had them, I would throw them into the fire."

"There you are wrong, my dear," said I, "for though they are copper, we will not throw them away, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing." . . .

Our family had now made several vain attempts to be fine.

"You see, my children," said I, "how little is to be got by trying to impose upon the world. Those that are poor and wish to be thought rich are only hated by those whom they avoid and despised by those they follow." Adapted.

Vic'ar: an English clergyman. — **cocking his hat**: fastening back the brim. — **deal**: pine wood. — **gosling green**: yellowish green; the color of pine catkins, called "goslings." — **tied his hair**: young men at that time wore their hair long and tied back with ribbons. — **gross**: twelve dozen. — **shagreen'**: a substance usually made from horses' skins; unlike leather, because it has not been tanned.

OUR LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE FIELDS

CHARLES M. SKINNER

CHARLES M. SKINNER was an American editor and writer.

This infamous rage for killing! O the gallons, the tuns, of good red blood that are poured over the earth every day the world turns round! The suffering that the men with guns impose: the happy creatures mangled in their play and flight; the crippled that drag themselves to the woods and hills to die, with unheard groaning; the little ones in fur and feathers that perish of cold and hunger, wondering in their baby way why the father and mother that were good to them come back no more!

How strange would be the sight of a man feeding a wild animal, carrying water to a wounded deer, setting the broken wing of a bird, covering a chilled, forsaken creature with leaves, or earning from the clear, soft eyes one look of astonished gratitude! O brothers of the tongue that speaks, the hand that works such other good, the brain that thinks so high and kindly for those of your own species, will you not hear and heed the plaint in these wild voices that reach you even at your windows? Will you not have mercy on those harmless ones that, after centuries of persecution, know and think of you only with aversion and terror? Hang up the gun, burn the whip, put down the sling, the bow, the trap, the stone, and bid them live. Let their joyous voices greet the sun again, as in the days before they learned the fear of men. Take their drooping carcasses out of your hat, my lady, and set an example such as a gentle, well-bred woman should give to her ignorant sisters. Be ministers and friends, not persecutors and enemies. Shoot at targets all you please. Punish the evil in the human race, if you will be stern. But spare, for their sake, yet more for your own sake, our little brothers of the fields.

From the *Atlantic Monthly*.

tuns: a tun is a measure for liquids; it is equal to four hogsheads.

CHEERY PEOPLE[1]

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON, who is known to many readers as "H. H.," was born in Massachusetts in 1831. Much of her life was spent in the West, especially in Colorado. She wrote several short stories and some excellent verse. "Ramona," a story of Indian life, is her best known book. Mrs. Jackson died in 1885.

O the comfort of them! There is but one thing like them, — that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other end foremost, — that is, to flatter the cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think it is the best way of praising the sunshine to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of cheery people.

That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine is very easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the sun's not shining at all, — in spite of clouds and rain and cold, all doing their very best to make it dismal?

The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are in their operation on the world. The sun on the fields makes things grow, — fruits and flowers and grains; the cheery person in the house makes

[1] From Helen Hunt Jackson's "Bits of Talk." Copyright, 1873, by Roberts Brothers.

everybody do his best, — makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has an ugly, hard job of work to do feel like shouldering it bravely and having it over with. And the music and mirth and work in the house, are they not like the flowers and fruits and grains in the field?

The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap, and seem more joyous when it shines out; and no human being can be so crossgrained, or so ill, that he does not brighten up a little when a great broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face. It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head and speaks to them, they jump and gambol about him just as they do in the sunshine.

And when he comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and moping, they brighten up, in spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in, — only more so; for we often see people so ill that they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so cross that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not; but I have never yet seen anybody so cross or so ill that the voice and the face of a cheery person would not make him brighten up a little.

If there were only a sure recipe for making a cheery person, how glad we should all be to try it! How thankful we should all be to do good like sunshine! To cheer everybody up and help everybody along! — to have everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight!

People who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles or filling high offices, often have what are called "ovations." Hundreds of people get together and make a procession, perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches, all to show that they recognize what the great man has done. After he is dead they build a stone monument to him, perhaps, and celebrate his birthday for a few years. Men work very hard sometimes for a whole lifetime to earn a few things of this sort.

But how much greater a thing it would be for a man to have every man, woman, and child in his own town know and love his face because it is full of kindly good cheer! Such a man has a perpetual "ovation," year in and year out, whenever he walks on the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

Abridged.

OUR FRIEND THE CAT

ANNA HARRIS SMITH

MRS. ANNA HARRIS SMITH is an American writer and editor, who is actively interested in establishing the right of dumb animals to justice and kind treatment.

There are some persons who appear to think that the cat is of no consequence, and who do not treat her with the kindness and the consideration she deserves. Not so did the ancient Egyptians regard her; they thought so highly of cats that they went into mourning when one died, and made their mourning more conspicuous by shaving off their eyebrows. Many cats were kept apart in sacred temples, and the men who were appointed to attend them fed them with fish, and bread soaked in milk, and were proud of their charges.

So long ago in the world's history was the cat a household pet that we cannot find her origin. A tablet in the

Berlin Museum dated 1800 B.C. bears an inscription containing the word *Mau* (cat). Some historians maintain that she was brought from the Far East and introduced into Europe by the first crusaders, but this is disputed by other writers, and all we seem to be able to find out is that more than three thousand years ago the cat was highly valued. We read that the cat was the cherished companion of the nuns and abbesses of the Middle Ages, and Agnes Repplier says in her book on "The Fireside Sphinx": "She gave to convents chill and bare that look of home, that sweet suggestion of domesticity, which all women, even cloistered women, love."

The affection which Mohammed had for his white cat, Muëzza, whom he would not disturb when she was sleeping one day upon his flowing sleeve, preferring to cut away the sleeve rather than to awaken her, has often been told as an example of a great man's tenderness for a helpless creature. The Turkish soldiers, cruel though they are said to be, had the reputation of protecting the cat from all ill usage. In some old schoolbooks may be found a story of how Cambyses captured Pelusium. Each Persian soldier went to battle carrying in his arms a cat, knowing that the cats would be a certain protection from the weapons of the Egyptians, who would not be tempted to harm a cat even though they lost the battle. The truth

of this story is not proved, but the Egyptians regarded the life of a cat so highly that such an incident might have been possible.

The Arabs prized the cat highly and have a pretty tradition that when the first father and mother went out into the desert alone Allah gave them two friends, the dog to defend them and the cat to comfort them. In the body of the dog he placed the soul of a brave man, and in the body of the cat the spirit of a gentle woman.

To come down the centuries into more modern days let us see what friends the cat has had. Cardinal Richelieu diverted his mind in melancholy hours watching the graceful frolic of kittens. Cardinal Wolsey enjoyed the companionship of pet cats. Many noble ladies of the court of France had pet cats whom they cherished tenderly and about whom they had poems written describing their beauty and their good traits.

The English poet Herrick wrote in praise of his own fireside cat. Heine, the great German poet, wrote of his delight in this purring, comfortable friend.

Other poets, Cowper, Wordsworth, Gray, Matthew Arnold, have all written notable verses in honor of the cat. Horace Walpole, the great English statesman, loved his cats. Lord Chesterfield made provision for his cats so that they should be cared for after his death. Many

times have stories been told about Sir Isaac Newton's care for his cat and her kittens. Dr. Johnson's love for his cat, Hodge, and Sir Walter Scott's interest in his lordly cat, Hinse, who kept the dogs of the house in order, have also been commented on by various writers.

At the present day the value of the cat as a useful and pleasing inmate of the home is generally recognized; yet, unfortunately, there are still some thoughtless and cruel persons who inflict much suffering on this gentle, patient, useful friend to mankind. Families go away and leave the poor cat, perhaps with little helpless kittens, to suffer and die of hunger and neglect. Boys forget their manliness and are cowardly enough to frighten or injure the helpless creatures whom they should protect, and so we still see suffering cats and kittens on our streets and alleys, and still are obliged to have societies to protect them. When all the world has learned to obey the beautiful law of kindness, then our fourfooted friends will meet with a better reward for their usefulness and devotion to man.

Pelu'si-um: an ancient city of Egypt. — **Cardinal Richelieu** (rēsh-le-ûh'): a famous French statesman who, at the time the Pilgrims were building up their settlement at Plymouth, was the most powerful man of France and of Europe. — **Cardinal Wo͝ol'sey**: a great English cardinal who lived almost a hundred years before Richelieu.

THE GIANT AND THE PYGMIES — I

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NOTE. — This selection is taken from a story in "Tanglewood Tales."

A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earthborn Giant named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little earthborn people, who were called Pygmies. This Giant and these Pygmies, being children of the same mother (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth), were all brethren, and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner, far, far off, in the middle of hot Africa.

The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind, that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the Giant, being of a very lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him, but safest to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose, if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches, he was reckoned a prodigiously tall man. It must have been very pretty to behold their little cities, with streets two or three feet wide, paved with the smallest pebbles, and bordered by habitations about as big as a squirrel's cage.

The king's palace attained to the stupendous magnitude of a babyhouse, and stood in the center of a spacious square, which could hardly have been covered by our hearth rug. Their principal temple, or cathedral, was as lofty as yonder bureau, and was looked upon as a wonderfully sublime and magnificent edifice.

All these structures were built neither of stone nor wood. They were neatly plastered together by the Pygmy workmen, pretty much like birds' nests, out of straw, feathers, eggshells, and other small bits of stuff, with stiff clay instead of mortar; and when the hot sun had dried them they were just as snug and comfortable as a Pygmy could desire.

The country round about was conveniently laid out in fields, the largest of which was nearly of the same extent as one of a little girl's flower beds. Here the Pygmies used to plant wheat and other kinds of grain, which, when it grew up and ripened, overshadowed these tiny people as the pines and the oaks and the walnut and chestnut trees overshadow you and me when we walk in our own tracts of woodland.

At harvest time they were forced to go with their little axes and cut down the grain, exactly as a woodcutter makes a clearing in the forest; and when a stalk of wheat, with its overburdened top, chanced to come

crashing down upon an unfortunate Pygmy, it was apt to be a very sad affair. If it did not smash him all to pieces, at least, I am sure, it must have made the poor little fellow's head ache.

And oh, my stars! if the fathers and mothers were so small, what must the children and babies have been? A whole family of them might have been put to bed in a shoe, or have crept into an old glove, and played at hide and seek in its thumb and fingers. You might have hidden a year-old baby under a thimble.

Now these funny Pygmies, as I told you before, had a Giant for their neighbor and brother, who was bigger, if possible, than they were little. He was so very tall that he carried a pine tree, which was eight feet through the butt, for a walking stick. It took a far-sighted Pygmy, I can assure you, to discern his summit without the help of a telescope; and sometimes, in misty weather, they could not see his upper half, but only his long legs, which seemed to be striding about by themselves.

But at noonday, in a clear atmosphere, when the sun shone brightly over him, the Giant Antæus presented a very grand spectacle. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man, with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye (which was as big as a cart wheel, and placed right in the center

of his forehead) giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antæus; and fifty times a day one or another of them would turn up his head and shout through the hollow of his fists, "Halloo, Brother Antæus! How are you, my good fellow?" and when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the Giant would make answer, "Pretty well, Brother Pygmy, I thank you," in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft.

THE GIANT AND THE PYGMIES—II

It was a happy circumstance that Antæus was the Pygmy people's friend; for there was more strength in his little finger than in ten million of such bodies as theirs. He might have beaten down their biggest city at one kick, and hardly have known that he did it. With the tornado of his breath he could have stripped the roofs from a hundred dwellings, and sent thousands of the inhabitants whirling through the air. He might have set his immense foot down upon a multitude; and when he took it up again there would have been a pitiful sight, to be sure. But the Giant gave them his brotherly

kindness and loved them with as big a love as it was possible to feel for creatures so very small.

It is very pleasant to imagine Antæus standing among the Pygmies, like the spire of the tallest cathedral that ever was built, while they ran about at his feet; and to think that, in spite of their difference in size, there were affection and sympathy between them and him! Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the Giant needed the little people more than the Pygmies needed the Giant. For, unless they had been his neighbors and wellwishers, and, as we may say, his playfellows, Antæus would not have had a single friend in the world.

No creature of his own size had ever talked with him face to face. When he stood with his head among the clouds, he was quite alone, and had been so for hundreds of years, and would be so forever. Even if he had met another Giant, Antæus would have fancied the world not big enough for two such vast personages, and would have fought him until one of the two was killed. But with the Pygmies he was the most sportive, and humorous, and merry-hearted, and sweet-tempered old Giant that ever washed his face in a wet cloud.

His little friends, like all other small people, had a great opinion of their own importance, and used to assume quite a patronizing air towards the Giant.

"Poor creature!" they said one to another, "he has a very dull time of it, all by himself; and we ought not to grudge wasting a little of our precious time to amuse him. He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure; and for that reason he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been very kind to ourselves, we might all have been Giants too."

On all their holidays the Pygmies had excellent sport with Antæus. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridge of a hill; and it was a good hour's walk, no doubt, for a short-legged Pygmy to journey from head to foot of the Giant. He would lay down his great hand flat on the grass, and challenge the tallest of them to clamber upon it. So fearless were they that they made nothing of creeping in among the folds of his garments.

When his head lay sidewise on the earth, they would march boldly up and peep into the great cavern of his mouth, and take it all as a joke (as indeed it was meant) when Antæus gave a sudden snap with his jaws, as if he were going to swallow fifty of them at once. You would have laughed to see the children dodging in and out among his hair, or swinging from his beard.

It is impossible to tell half the funny tricks that they

played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that anything was more curious than when a party of boys were seen running races on his forehead, to try which of them could get first round the circle of his one great eye. It was another favorite feat with them to march along the bridge of his nose and jump down upon his upper lip.

If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the Giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes, especially as they had a fondness for mischief and liked to prick his skin with their little swords and lances.

But Antæus took it all kindly enough; although, once in a while, when he happened to be sleepy, he would grumble out a peevish word or two, like the muttering of a tempest, and ask them to have done with their nonsense. A great deal oftener, however, he watched their merriment and gambols until his huge, heavy, clumsy wits were completely stirred up by them; and then he would roar out such a tremendous volume of immeasurable laughter that the whole nation of Pygmies had to put their hands to their ears, else it would have deafened them.

"Ho! ho! ho!" quoth the Giant, shaking his mountainous sides. "What a funny thing it is to be little! If I were not Antæus, I should like to be a Pygmy, just for the joke's sake."

Abridged.

Antæ'us.

STEP BY STEP[1]

J. G. Holland

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

[1] From Holland's "Poetical Writings." Copyright, 1879, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way,—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

dreams: this alludes to Jacob's dream, in which he saw a ladder reaching to heaven. The story is told in the Bible, Genesis xxxviii. 10–22.

INDUSTRY

JOHN LUBBOCK

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK is an English writer of popular scientific books.

To do something, however small, to make others happier and better, is the highest ambition, the most elevating hope, which can inspire a human being.

Pietro de' Medici is said to have once employed Michael Angelo to make a statue out of snow. That was stupid waste of precious time. But if Michael Angelo's time was precious to the world, our time is just as precious to ourselves, and yet we too often waste it in making statues of snow, and, even worse, in making idols of mire.

"We all complain," said the great Roman philosopher and statesman, Seneca, "of the shortness of time, and yet we have more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end to them."

One great, I might almost say *the* great, element of success and happiness in life is the capacity for honest, solid work. Cicero said that what was required was first audacity, second audacity, and third audacity. Self-confidence

is no doubt useful, but it would be more correct to say that what was wanted was first perseverance, second perseverance, and third perseverance. Work is not, of course, any more than play, the object of life; both are means to the same end.

Work is as necessary for peace of mind as for health of body. A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work. Worry upsets our whole system, work keeps it in health and order. Exercise of the muscles keeps the body in health, and exercise of the brain brings peace of mind. "By work of the mind one secures the repose of the heart."

"Words," said Dr. Johnson, "are the daughters of Earth, and Deeds are the sons of Heaven." Whatever you do, do thoroughly. Put your heart into it. Cultivate all your faculties: you must either use them or lose them. We are told of Hezekiah that "in every work that he began, . . . he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

"The story of genius even, so far as it can be told at all, is the story of persistent industry in the face of obstacles, and some of the standard geniuses give us their word for it that genius is little more than industry. 'Genius,' President Dwight used to tell the boys at Yale, 'is the power of making efforts.'" (Garnett.)

Corbett, speaking of his celebrated English grammar, tells us: "I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of the guard bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that.

"Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper. That farthing was, alas! a great sum to me: I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was twopence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may, that upon one occasion I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red herring in the morning; but when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had lost my halfpenny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child!

"And again I say, if I under circumstances like these could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there

be, in the whole world a youth to find an excuse for the nonperformance?"

Abridged.

Pie'tro de' Medici (med'e-chee): a proud and vain man, who was for two years ruler of the city of Florence. He was the son of Lorenzo, often called "the Magnificent," who died in 1492. The family of the Medici were famous for their interest in art and literature. — **Mi'chael An'gelo**: a great Italian painter and sculptor. — **Cic'ero**: a Roman orator who died 43 B.C. — **Dr. Samuel Johnson**: a learned Englishman of the eighteenth century. — **Hezeki'ah**: a king of Judah. See 2 Chronicles xxxi. 20. — **sixpence**: twelve cents. — **farthing**: half a cent. — **made shift**: managed.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821) was one of the great English poets. He had a wonderful imagination and a quick perception of the beautiful. His verse is full of melody.

The poetry of earth is never dead!
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's; he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

LEIGH HUNT

LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859) was an English poet and man of letters.

NOTE. — This and the preceding sonnet were written as the result of a challenge to Keats by Hunt. Keats won, but said afterwards that he preferred Hunt's sonnet to his own.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song —
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

summoning brass: it was an ancient custom, which has come down into recent times, to bring about the gathering of a swarm of bees by making a noise upon brass or other metal. — **nick**: to keep account of time by nicks or notches, as Robinson Crusoe did. The cricket, cutting the air with its sharp chirp, marks the moments.

THE PASHA'S SON

BAYARD TAYLOR

BAYARD TAYLOR was an American traveler, writer, and poet, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1825. He always liked travel and adventure, and his love for books was as great as his love of the out-of-door world. Many of his books are descriptive of his travels. He lived much in Germany, part of the time as United States minister. He died in Berlin in 1878.

Among the Egyptian officers in the city of Khartoum was a Pasha named Rufah, who had been banished from Egypt by the Viceroy. He was a man of considerable education and intelligence, and was very unhappy at being sent away from his home and family. The climate of Khartoum is very unhealthful, and this Pasha had suffered greatly from fever.

He was uncertain how long his exile would continue; he had been there already two years, and as all letters directed to him passed through the hands of the officers of the government, he was quite at a loss how to get any help from his friends. What he had done to cause his banishment, I could not ascertain; probably he did not know himself.

There are no elections in those Eastern countries: the people have nothing to do with the choice of their own rulers. The latter are appointed by the Viceroy at his

pleasure, and hold office only so long as he allows them. The envy or jealousy of one Pasha may lead to the ruin of another, without any fault on the part of the latter. Probably somebody else wanted Rufah Pasha's place, and slandered him to the Viceroy for the sake of getting him removed and exiled.

The unhappy man inspired my profound sympathy. Sometimes he would spend the evening with the Consul and myself, because he felt safe in our presence to complain of the tyranny under which he suffered. When we met him at the houses of the other Egyptian officers, he was very careful not to talk on the subject, lest they should report the fact to the government.

Being a foreigner and a stranger, I never imagined that I could be of any service to Rufah Pasha. I did not speak the language well, I knew very little of the laws and regulations of the country, and, moreover, I intended simply to pass through Egypt on my return. Nevertheless, one night, when we happened to be walking the streets together, he whispered that he had something special to say to me.

Although it was bright moonlight, we had a native servant with us to carry a lantern. The Pasha ordered the servant to walk on in advance; and a turn of the narrow, crooked street soon hid him from our sight.

Everything was quiet except the rustling of the wind in the palm trees which rose above the garden walls.

"Now," said the Pasha, taking my hand, "now we can talk for a few minutes without being overheard. I want you to do me a favor."

"Willingly," I answered; "if it is in my power."

"It will not give you much trouble," he said, "and may be of great service to me. I want you to take two letters to Egypt, — one to my son, who lives in the town of Tahtah, and one to Mr. Murray, the English Consul General, whom you know. I cannot trust the Eygptian merchants, because if these letters were opened and read I might be kept here many years longer. If you deliver them safely, my friends will know how to assist me, and perhaps I may soon be allowed to return home."

I promised to deliver both letters with my own hands, and the Pasha parted from me in more cheerful spirits at the door of the Consul's house.

After a few days I was ready to set out on the return journey. It was very easy to apprise Rufah Pasha of my intention, and he had no difficulty in slipping the letters into my hand without the action being observed by any one. I put them into my portfolio with my own letters and papers, where they were entirely safe, and said nothing about the matter to any one in Khartoum.

It was a long journey, and I should have to write many days in order to describe it. It was nearly two months before I could deliver the first of the Pasha's letters, — that which he had written to his son. The town of Tahtah is in Upper Egypt. It stands on a little mound, several miles from the Nile, and is surrounded by the rich and beautiful plain which is every year overflowed by the river.

After some little inquiry I found Rufah Pasha's house, but was not admitted, because the Egyptian women are not allowed to receive the visits of strangers. There was a shaded entrance hall open to the street, where I was requested to sit while the black serving woman went to the school to bring the Pasha's son. My faithful servant and I sat there, while the people of the town, who had heard that we came from Khartoum and knew the Pasha, gathered around to ask questions. They were all very polite and friendly, and seemed as glad to hear about the Pasha as if they belonged to his family. In a quarter of an hour the woman came back, followed by the Pasha's son and the schoolmaster, who had dismissed his school in order to hear the news.

The boy was about eleven years old, but tall for his age. He had a fair face and large, dark eyes, and smiled pleasantly when he saw me. If I had not known

something of the customs of the people, I should have given him my hand, perhaps drawn him between my knees, put an arm around his waist, and talked familiarly; but I thought it best to wait and see how he would behave toward me.

He first made me a graceful salutation just as a man would have done, then took my hand and gently touched

it to his heart, lips, and forehead, after which he took his seat on the high divan or bench by my side. Here he again made a salutation, clapped his hands thrice to summon the woman, and ordered coffee to be brought.

"Is Your Excellency in good health?" he asked.

"I am very well, praised be Allah!" I answered.

"Has Your Excellency any commands for me? You have but to speak; you shall be obeyed."

"You are very kind," said I; "but I have need of nothing. I bring you greetings from the Pasha, your father, and this letter, which I promised him to deliver into your own hands."

Thereupon I handed him the letter, which he laid to his heart and lips before opening. After he had read the letter, the boy turned to me with his face a little flushed and his eyes sparkling, and said, "Will Your Excellency permit me to ask whether you have another letter?"

"Yes," I answered; "but it is not to be delivered here."

"That is right," said he. "When shall you reach Cairo?"

"It depends on the wind; but I hope in seven days from now."

The boy whispered to the schoolmaster, but presently they both nodded as if satisfied, and nothing more was said on the subject.

Some sherbet (which is nothing but lemonade flavored with rose water) and pomegranates were then brought to me, and the boy asked whether I would not honor him by remaining during the rest of the day. If I had not seen

his face, I should have supposed I was visiting a man, — so dignified and self-possessed was the little fellow.

The people looked on as if they were quite accustomed to such mature manners in children. I was obliged to use as much ceremony with the child as if he had been the governor of the town. But he interested me, nevertheless, and I felt curious to know the subject of his consultation with the schoolmaster. I was sure they were forming some plan to have the Pasha recalled from exile.

After two or three hours I went away in order to overtake my boat, which was slowly working its way down the Nile. The boy arose and walked by my side to the end of the town, the other people following us. When we came out upon the plain he took leave of me with the same salutations, and the words, "May God grant Your Excellency a prosperous journey!"

"May God grant it!" I responded; and all the people repeated, "May God grant it!"

The whole interview seemed to me like a scene out of the "Arabian Nights." To me it was a pretty, picturesque experience which cannot be forgotten: to the people, no doubt, it was an everyday matter. Abridged.

Khartoum': a town in Africa in the Soudan. — **Pasha'**: an officer of high rank. — **Vice'roy**: the governor of a country; a man who rules in the place of the king. — **Al'lah**: the Mohammedan name for God. — **"Arabian Nights"**: a book of Eastern fairy tales.

A TRIUMPH

CELIA THAXTER

CELIA THAXTER, an American writer, was born at Portsmouth, N.H., in 1835. Much of her life was spent on the Isles of Shoals, a group of small, rocky islands near the coast of New Hampshire. Mrs. Thaxter had a great love for flowers and for the sea. She died in 1894.

Little Roger up the long slope rushing
Through the rustling corn,
Showers of dewdrops from the broad leaves brushing
In the early morn,

At his sturdy little shoulder bearing,
For a banner gay,
Stem of fir with one long shaving flaring
In the wind away!

Up he goes, the summer sunrise flushing
O'er him in his race,
Sweeter dawn of rosy childhood blushing
On his radiant face;

If he can but set his standard glorious
On the hill-top low,
Ere the sun climbs the clear sky victorious,
All the world aglow!

So he presses on with childish ardor,
Almost at the top!
Hasten, Roger! Does the way grow harder?
Wherefore do you stop?

From below the cornstalks tall and slender
Comes a plaintive cry;
Turns he for an instant from the splendor
Of the crimson sky,

Wavers, then goes flying towards the hollow,
Calling loud and clear,
"Coming, Jenny! Oh, why did you follow?
Don't you cry, my dear!"

Small Janet sits weeping 'mid the daisies;
"Little sister sweet,
Must you follow Roger?" Then he raises
Baby on her feet.

Guides her tiny steps with kindness tender,
Cheerfully and gay,
All his courage and his strength would lend her
Up the uneven way,

Till they front the blazing east together;
But the sun has rolled
Up the sky in the still summer weather,
Flooding them with gold.

All forgotten is the boy's ambition,
Low the standard lies,
Still they stand and gaze,—a sweeter vision
Ne'er met mortal eyes.

That was splendid, Roger, that was glorious,
Thus to help the weak;
Better than to plant your flag victorious
On earth's highest peak!

A BOY'S DIVING TRIP[1]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850. He was never strong in body, but he had a manly, joyous spirit which made him beloved wherever he went. His literary work is remarkable for the care and thought which he put into it. He was an artist in words. Among his books for boys are "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island." The last six years of his life were spent in Samoa; he died there in 1894.

NOTE. — This essay recounts a personal experience of Stevenson's boyhood. His father was a harbor engineer, to whom the final failure of the Wick breakwater was a great disappointment. "The sea was too strong for man's arts," says the son in another essay, "and the work was deserted." At the time of this adventure, however, there was every hope of success. The bay of Wick is on the northeast coast of Scotland.

Into the bay of Wick stretched the dark length of the unfinished breakwater in its cage of open staging; and away at the extreme end the divers toiling unseen on the foundation. To go down in the diving dress, that was my absorbing fancy; and with the countenance of a certain diver, Bob Bain by name, I gratified the whim.

It was gray, harsh, easterly weather, and the swell ran pretty high, when I found myself at last on the diver's platform, twenty pounds of lead upon each foot and my whole person swollen with ply and ply of woolen underclothing. One moment the salt wind was whistling round

[1] From "Random Memories." Copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

my nightcapped head; the next I was crushed almost double under the weight of the helmet. As that intolerable burden was laid upon me I could have found it in my heart to cry off from the whole enterprise.

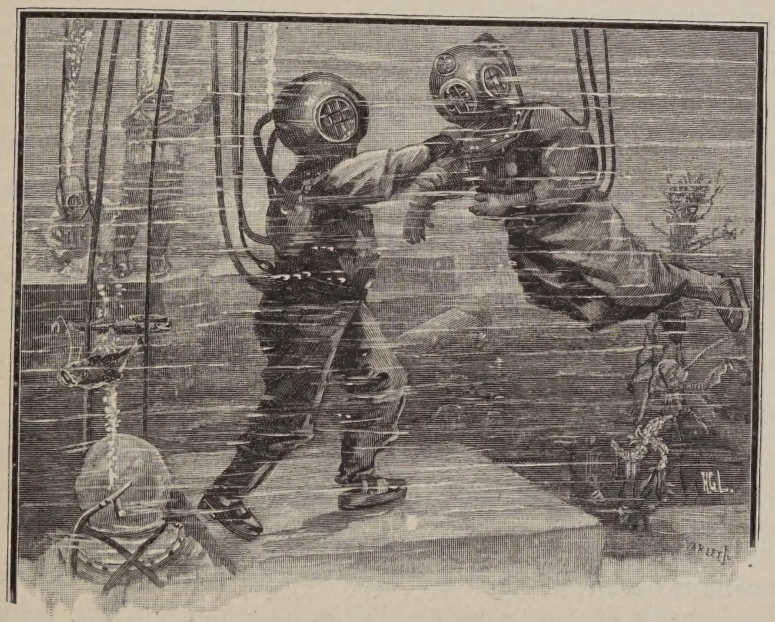
But it was too late. The attendants began to turn the air mills and the air to whistle through the tube; some one screwed in the barred window of the visor, and I was cut off in a moment from my fellow-men, — standing there in their midst a creature deaf and dumb, pathetically looking forth upon them from a climate of his own.

But time was scarce given me to realize my isolation; the weights were now hung upon my back and breast, the signal rope was thrust into my unresisting hand, and setting a twenty-pound foot upon the ladder, I began ponderously to descend.

Some twenty rounds below the platform, twilight fell. Looking up I saw a low, green heaven mottled with vanishing bells of white; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, somewhat opaque but very restful and delicious. Thirty rounds lower I stepped off on the foundation; a dumb, helmeted figure took me by the hand and made a gesture (as I read it) of encouragement; and looking in at the creature's window, I beheld the face of Bain. There we were, hand to hand and eye to

eye ; and either might have burst himself with shouting and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing.

Each, in his own little world of air, stood incommunicably separate. As I began to go forward with the hand of my estranged companion, a world of tumbled stones was



visible, pillared with the weedy uprights of the staging ; overhead, a flat roof of green ; a little in front, the sea wall, like an unfinished rampart. And presently Bob motioned me to leap upon a stone ; I looked to see if he were in earnest, and he signed to me the more imperiously.

Now the block stood six feet high; it would have been quite a leap to me unencumbered; with the breast and back weights, and the twenty pounds upon each foot, and the staggering load of the helmet, the thing was out of reason. I laughed aloud in my tomb, and to prove to Bob how far he was astray, I gave a little impulse upward from my toes.

Up I soared like a bird, my companion soaring at my side. As high as to the stone, and then higher, I pursued my impotent and empty flight. Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders, my heels continued their ascent; so that I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in, hand over hand, as sailors haul in the slack of a sail, and propped upon my feet again like an intoxicated sparrow.

Yet a little higher on the foundation, and we began to be affected by the swell, running there like a strong breeze of wind. Or so I must suppose; for, safe in my cushion of air, I was only swayed idly like a weed, now borne helplessly abroad and now swiftly — yet with dreamlike gentleness — impelled against my guide.

It is bitter to return to infancy, to be supported, and directed, and perpetually set upon your feet by the hand of some one else. And although I had a fine, dizzy joy in my surroundings, and longed and tried, and always failed,

to lay hands on the fish that darted here and there about me, swift as humming birds, yet I fancy I was rather relieved than otherwise when Bain brought me back to the ladder and signed to me to mount.

And there was one more experience before me even then. Of a sudden my ascending head passed into the trough of a swell. Out of the green I shot at once into a glory of rosy light — the multitudinous seas incarnadined, the heaven above a vault of crimson. And then the glory faded into the hard, ugly daylight, with a low sky, a gray sea, and a whistling wind.

Bob Bain had five shillings for his trouble, and I had done what I desired. Adapted.

breakwater: a bank of stones or earth built to break the force of the sea. — **harsh**: rough. — **swell**: waves. — **swollen with ply on ply**: made larger by fold on fold. — **nightcapped**: the helmet was like a nightcap in shape, and may have been worn over a cotton cap. — **cry off**: beg off. — **air mill**: air is pumped by machinery through a tube to the diver. — **vis'or**: the movable part of a helmet, so called because it gives a chance to see. — **rounds**: the rungs of a ladder. — **spokes and shafts**: the rungs and upright pieces. — **staggering load**: a load heavy enough to make one stagger. — **out of season**: impossible. — **impotent and empty**: without power and purpose; helpless and without result. — **the trough of a swell**: the hollow between the waves. — **a glory of rosy light**: place a piece of green paper on a white background; look at it steadily. Now remove the green paper quickly. Does this account for the rosy light? — **multitudinous seas incarnadined**: countless waves reddened; a quotation from "Macbeth," Act II, Scene II.

THE MAGIC JUICE

(A Story from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream")

Nina Moore Tiffany

William Shakespeare, one of the greatest dramatic poets that ever lived, was born at Stratford, England, in 1564. He was an actor as well as a writer of plays. Many of his plots are taken from other writers, but the beauty and power of his plays are all his own. A great German critic said of him, "Never was there such a wide talent for the drawing of character as Shakespeare's." This king of poets died in 1616. Among his greatest plays are "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Julius Cæsar," and "Romeo and Juliet."

A fearful quarrel between Oberon, the king, and Titania, his queen, set all fairyland a-tremble. The cause of the quarrel was a little changeling boy; both wanted him. Oberon begged for him whenever they met; Titania refused to give him up. He was Titania's pet playmate. She had loved his mother, long since dead, and she kept the little one always at her side. This, in itself, displeased King Oberon; besides, he wanted to make a fairy knight of the boy and teach him forest sports, which every fay should know.

The quarrel grew from bad to worse until through terror the very seasons became changed. Summer shivered and turned cold, winter hurried the "sweet summer buds" from their sleep. Moreover the clouds wept rain until

VARLEY

mortals themselves fell ill and wondered what dreadful mishap was about to come upon them.

Oberon at last undertook to end these disasters and at the same time to obtain his wish.

He called to him Robin Goodfellow, his fairy jester, and disclosed to him his plan. There was a certain flower called love-in-idleness whose juice possessed a magic power, — it was of the same family as our pansy. Dropped upon the eyelids of a sleeping person, this juice would make that person dote upon the first thing seen on waking. Robin fetched Oberon that flower.

Keeping the flower in his hand, Oberon set off for the place where Titania held her court.

Titania and her fairies had been amusing themselves pleasantly in the depths of the forest. Soon the queen began to feel drowsy, and calling her attendants around her, she said:

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minuté, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

As she finished speaking a little fairy stole to her side and began to sing:

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

The other fairies joined in the chorus:

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Then another fairy took up the song:

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offense.

And the chorus repeated:

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Titania's eyes closed; at the end of the song she was asleep, and the first fairy whispered:

Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.

But the little sentinel did not keep strict guard. Oberon crept past, squeezed the magic juice upon Titania's eyelids, and stole away unseen. To the wood also some village actors came, to rehearse a play. Robin Goodfellow found them there, and, bent on mischief, changed the head of one of them to that of an ass. The man whom Robin had thus served did not know what had been done to him, but his friends ran off in affright. As for Bottom, — that was his name, — he walked boldly up and down, and, to keep up his courage, he sang:

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill, —

His rough, discordant voice aroused Titania. Opening her eyes, under the spell of the magic juice, she gazed at the strange figure with delight, and murmured, "What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?" and then, "I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again. . . . Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful."

Bottom, shaking his ass's head, replied: "Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn."

Titania. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. . . .
I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All Four. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes,
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him, . . . bring him silently.

So they led him off to show him the wonders of fairyland; and so pleased was Titania with her new playfellow that she gave up to Oberon without another dispute the changeling boy.

Then Oberon's heart softened. He squeezed upon Titania's eyelids another juice which disenchanted her sight. She saw then what a strange mistake she had made, and she and Oberon were reconciled.

Ob'eron; Titā'nia: these are often pronounced *O'beron* and *Titā'nia*. — **change'ling:** a child left in place of another; a fairy child. — **jester:** one whose business it was to amuse the king. — **roundel:** a dance; sometimes a song. — **war:** make war. This is a command. — **rere-mice:** bats. The first part of the word comes from the Anglo-Saxon, and means to stir; so it is like another old-fashioned name for bat, — "flittermouse." — **quaint:** delicate. — **offices:** work. — **double:** forked. — **newts:** lizards. *A newt* was originally written *an ewt*, but the *n* has become attached to the noun. It is often supposed that *a* was the original form of the indefinite article. On the contrary, it was first *an*, which was used before consonants as well as vowels; *a* came into use for the sake of euphony. — **blind-worms:** an old name for adders. — **Phil'omel:** the nightingale, once a woman, according to an old myth. — **ousel** (o͞o'z'l): blackbird. — **pressèd:** two syllables are required by the meter. — **purge thy mortal grossness:** take away thy clumsy heaviness. Fairies always speak of men as mortals. — **gambol in his eyes:** play in his sight. — **a'pricocks:** the early spelling of apricots. This word has an interesting history. — **dewberries:** the fruit of the bramble; similar to our blackberries. — **glowworm's eyes:** the glowworm emits light from his body, not his eyes. — **I cry your mercy:** I beg your pardon. — **if I cut my finger:** cobwebs were often used in binding up a wound to stop the flow of blood — a dangerous remedy, as they are usually full of dust and dirt. — **squash:** an unripe pod of peas. — **peascod:** a pea pod.

THE ARBUTUS

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD is an American writer.

NOTE. — The arbutus is a fragrant and beautiful spring flower which grows plentifully in New England and is found as far west as Minnesota. The Pilgrims called it the Mayflower.

Fair blossom, fresh and crisp as winter's snow
Touched with the rosy dawn of coming spring,
Why did'st thou venture out so early? Oh,
Thou foolish thing!

No robin's song hath waked thee with its cheer;
The winds are chill; the leaden clouds hang low;
How did'st thou know that spring would soon be here —
How did'st thou know?

Warm was thy bed beneath this sheltering tree;
Yet some still voice I hear not, to the light
Hath called thee, and thou comest trustingly,
Serene and bright.

A lesson hast thou taught to me that all
Man's vain philosophy has failed to bring —
The faith that He who makes the leaves to fall
Will send the spring.

THE BROOK

(An Idyl)

Alfred Tennyson

Alfred, Lord Tennyson was one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. He was born in 1809 and died in 1892. Tennyson's poetry is noted for its perfect form and for its melody and sweetness. Among the best known of his longer poems are "The Idylls of the King," in which he tells the old legends that cluster about King Arthur and his knights. When Tennyson was forty years old he was made poet laureate, and in 1884 he was given a seat in the House of Lords.

Note. — This prelude serves to show how the poet was led to contrast the brook's constancy with the changes in human life.

"Here, by this brook, we parted; I to the East
And he for Italy — too late — too late:
. . . . . .
O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
They flourished then or then; but life in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved,
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
To me that loved him; for 'O Brook,' he says,

'O babbling Brook', says Edmund in his rhyme,
'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies:

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
Traveling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy; there the river; and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"But Philip chattered more than brook or bird;
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbowed grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

. . . . . .

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;

I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,
All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi, sleeps in peace: and he,
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb:
I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
And breathes in April-autumns. All are gone."

Neilgher'ry: a favorite mountain resort in India. — **coot and hern**: wading birds. *Hern* is another form of *heron*. — **bicker**: move unsteadily or flicker. — **thorp**: cluster of houses. — **sharps**: rapids. — **trebles**: in music the words *sharp* and *treble* are often associated. Here they are used to describe the sound of the brook, which is light and rippling. — **fallow**: plowed land. — **grig**: grasshopper or cricket. — **covers**: woods or underbrush. — **shingly**: like the loose gravel or shingle of a beach. — **the dome of Brunelleschi**: Brunelles'chi was a Florentine architect of the fifteenth century. Over the unfinished cathedral in Florence he raised a magnificent dome. — **April-autumn**: the Australian autumn is the English spring.

COMMERCE

All civilized countries depend upon trade and commerce. No man tries to make everything he uses. If he were to spend his time in making his own hats, and chairs, and carpets, and houses, he would be of little use in the world. In fact, no town and no country can produce everything essential to life without a waste of time and labor.

One country produces much gold, another tin and iron, a third fruit and spices. By exchange each country is provided with what it needs of these things. America, with its variety of climate and its wide stretch of territory, can produce more, perhaps, than any other country in the world. Yet Americans are glad to send across the sea for many things which make life easy and pleasant.

Buying and selling at home is trade. Buying and selling, when carried on with people of other lands, is called commerce. When we send goods out of the country, we export them. When we bring goods into the country, we import them.

We depend upon one another, not only in our homes and in small ways, but in the great affairs of life.

When a nation refuses to share and to help in the world's work, it loses its own power and importance.

Selected.

TANGLEWOOD PLAY ROOM

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NOTE. — This selection, and the story of Pandora to which it refers, may be found in "A Wonder Book," the companion volume to "Tanglewood Tales."

The golden days of October passed away, as so many other Octobers have, and brown November likewise, and the greater part of chill December too. At last came merry Christmas, and Eustace Bright along with it, making it all the merrier by his presence. And the day after his arrival from college there came a mighty snowstorm. Up to this time the winter had held back and had given us a good many mild days, which were like smiles upon its wrinkled visage.

The grass had kept itself green in sheltered places, such as the nooks of southern hill slopes and along the lee of the stone fences. It was but a week or two ago, and since the beginning of the month, that the children had found a dandelion in bloom on the margin of Shadow Brook, where it glides out of the dell.

But no more green grass and dandelions now. This was such a snowstorm! Twenty miles of it might have been visible at once, between the windows of Tanglewood and the dome of Taconic, had it been possible to see so

far among the eddying drifts that whitened all the atmosphere. It seemed as if the hills were giants, and were flinging monstrous handfuls of snow at one another in their enormous sport.

So thick were the fluttering snowflakes that even the trees midway down the valley were hidden by them the greater part of the time. Sometimes, it is true, the little prisoners of Tanglewood could discern a dim outline of Monument Mountain, and the smooth whiteness of the frozen lake at its base, and the black or gray tracts of woodland in the nearer landscape. But these were merely peeps through the tempest.

Nevertheless the children rejoiced greatly in the snowstorm. They had already made acquaintance with it by tumbling heels over head into its highest drifts and flinging snow at one another, as we have just fancied the Berkshire mountains to be doing. And now they had come back to their spacious play room, which was as big as the great drawing-room, and was lumbered with all sorts of playthings, large and small.

The biggest was a rocking-horse that looked like a real pony; and there was a whole family of wooden, waxen, plaster, and china dolls, besides rag babies; and blocks enough to build Bunker Hill Monument, and ninepins and balls, and humming tops, and battledoors, and grace sticks,

and skipping ropes, and more of such valuable property than I could tell of in a printed page.

But the children liked the snowstorm better than them all. It suggested so many brisk enjoyments for to-morrow and all the remainder of the winter. The sleigh ride; the slides down hill into the valley; the snow images that

were to be shaped out; the snow fortresses that were to be built; and the snowballing to be carried on!

So the little folks blessed the snowstorm, and were glad to see it come thicker and thicker, and watched hopefully the long drift that was piling itself up in the avenue, and was already higher than any of their heads.

"Why, we shall be blocked up till spring!" cried they with the hugest delight. "What a pity that the house is

too high to be quite covered up! The little red house down yonder will be buried up to its eaves."

"You silly children! what do you want of more snow?" asked Eustace, who, tired of some novel that he was skimming through, had strolled into the play room. "It has done mischief enough already by spoiling the only skating that I could hope for through the winter. We shall see nothing more of the lake till April; and this was to have been my first day upon it! Don't you pity me, Primrose?"

"Oh, to be sure!" answered Primrose, laughing. "But, for your comfort, we will listen to another of your old stories, such as you told us under the porch and down in the hollow by Shadow Brook. Perhaps I shall like them better now, when there is nothing to do, than while there were nuts to be gathered and beautiful weather to enjoy."

Hereupon Periwinkle, Clover, Sweet Fern, and as many others of the little fraternity and cousinhood as were still at Tanglewood, gathered about Eustace and earnestly besought him for a story. The student yawned, stretched himself, and then, to the vast admiration of the small people, skipped three times back and forth over the top of a chair, in order, as he explained to them, to set his wits in motion.

"Well, well, children," said he after these preliminaries, "since you insist, and Primrose has set her heart upon it, I will see what can be done for you. And, that you may know what happy days there were before snowstorms came into fashion, I will tell you a story of the oldest of all old times, when the world was as new as Sweet Fern's brand-new humming top. There was then but one season in the year, and that was the delightful summer; and but one age for mortals, and that was childhood."

"I never heard of that before," said Primrose.

"Of course you never did," answered Eustace. "It shall be a story of what nobody but myself ever dreamed of,— a paradise of children,— and how, by the naughtiness of just such a little imp as Primrose here, it all came to nothing."

So Eustace Bright sat down in the chair which he had just been skipping over, took Cowslip upon his knee, ordered silence throughout the auditory, and began a story about a sad naughty child whose name was Pandora, and about her playfellow Epimetheus.

the lee: the side sheltered from the wind. — **Tacon'ic**: a mountain ridge in Massachusetts and Vermont. — **battledoors**: these are much like ping-pong or tennis rackets, and are used in tossing shuttlecocks made of cork and feathers. — **grace sticks**: sticks used in tossing and catching light hoops. — **fraternity**: brotherhood. — **Pando'ra**. — **Epimē'theus**.

SKATING[1]

W. D. Howells

William Dean Howells is a widely read American author and poet. Mr. Howells has been for some time one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine*.

Note. — The book from which this selection is taken tells of Mr. Howells's boyhood. The town he speaks of is in Ohio upon the Miami River.

My boy learned to skate, but he did not know when, any more than he knew just the moment of learning to read or to swim. He became passionately fond of skating, and kept at it all day long when there was ice for it, which was not often in those soft winters.

They made a very little ice go a long way in the Boy's Town; and began to use it for skating as soon as there was a glazing of it on the Basin. None of them ever got drowned there; though a boy would often start from one bank and go flying to the other, trusting his speed to save him, while the thin sheet sank and swayed, but never actually broke under him.

Usually the ice was not thick enough to have a fire built on it; and my boy skated all one bitter afternoon at Old River without a fire to warm by. At first his feet were very cold, and then they gradually felt less cold, and

[1] From "A Boy's Town." Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers.

at last he did not feel them at all. He thought this very nice, and he told one of the big boys.

"Why, your feet are frozen!" said the big boy, and he dragged off my boy's skates, and the little one ran all the long mile home, crazed with terror, and not knowing what moment his feet might drop off there in the road. His

mother plunged them in a bowl of ice-cold water, and then rubbed them with flannel, and so thawed them out; but that could not save him from the pain of their coming to: it was intense, and there must have been a time afterwards when he did not use his feet.

His skates themselves were of a sort that I am afraid boys would smile at nowadays. When you went to get a pair of skates forty or fifty years ago, you did not make

your choice between a Barney & Berry and an Acme, which fastened on with the turn of a screw or the twist of a clamp. You found an assortment of big and little sizes of solid wood bodies with guttered blades turning up in front with a sharp point, or curling over above the toe.

In this case they sometimes ended in an acorn; if this acorn was of brass, it transfigured the boy who wore that skate; he might have been otherwise all rags and patches, but the brass acorn made him splendid from head to foot.

When you had bought your skates you took them to a carpenter, and stood awe-strickenly about while he pierced the wood with strap holes; or else you managed to bore them through with a hot iron yourself. Then you took them to a saddler, and got him to make straps for them; that is, if you were rich, and your father let you have a quarter to pay for the job.

If not, you put strings through and tied your skates on. They were always coming off, or getting crosswise of your foot, or feeble-mindedly slumping down on one side of the wood; but it did not matter, if you had a fire on the ice, fed with old barrels and boards and cooper's shavings, and could sit round it with your skates on, and talk and tell stories, between your flights and races afar; and come whizzing back to it from the frozen distance, and glide, with one foot lifted, almost among the embers.

CAMPING IN SIBERIA

GEORGE KENNAN

GEORGE KENNAN is an American author, traveler, and lecturer. In 1865 he was sent to Siberia under the direction of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which at that time planned to carry a line of telegraph to Europe by way of Bering Strait. Mr. Kennan's fearless articles on Russia attracted much attention a few years ago. From one of his books, "Tent Life in Siberia," the following description is taken.

A camp in the middle of a clear, dark winter's night presents a strange, wild appearance. I was awakened soon after midnight by cold feet, and, raising myself upon one elbow, I pushed myself out of my frosty fur bag to see by the stars what time it was. The fire had died away to a red heap of smoldering embers. There was just light enough to distinguish the dark outlines of the loaded sledges, the fur-clad forms of our men, lying here and there in groups about the fire, and the frosty dogs, curled up into a hundred hairy balls upon the snow.

Away beyond the limits of the camp stretched the desolate steppe in a series of long snowy undulations, which blended gradually into one great white frozen ocean, and were lost in the distance and darkness of night. High overhead, in a sky which was almost black, sparkled the bright constellations of Orion and the Pleiades, — the celestial clocks which marked the long, weary hours between

sunrise and sunset. The blue, mysterious streamers of the Aurora trembled in the north, now shooting up in clear, bright lines to the zenith, then waving back and forth in great, majestic curves over the silent camp, as if warning back the adventurous traveler.

The silence was profound, oppressive. Nothing but the pulsating blood in my ears, and the heavy breathing of the sleeping men at my feet, broke the universal lull. Suddenly there rose upon the still night air a long, faint, wailing cry like that of a human being in the last extremity of suffering. Gradually it swelled and deepened until it seemed to fill the whole atmosphere with its volume of mournful sound, dying away at last into a low, despairing moan. It was the signal howl of a Siberian dog; but so wild and unearthly did it seem in the stillness of the Arctic midnight that it sent the startled blood bounding through my veins to my very finger ends.

In a moment the cry was taken up by another dog, upon a higher key — two or three more joined in, then ten, twenty, thirty, forty, sixty, eighty, until the whole pack of a hundred dogs howled one infernal chorus together, making the air fairly tremble with sound, as if from the heavy bass of a great organ. For fully a minute heaven and earth seemed to be filled with yelling, shrieking fiends.

Then one by one they began gradually to drop off, the unearthly tumult grew momentarily fainter and fainter, until at last it ended as it began, in one long, inexpressibly melancholy wail, and all was still. One or two of our men moved restlessly in their sleep, as if the mournful

howls had blended unpleasantly with their dreams; but no one awoke, and a deathlike silence again pervaded heaven and earth.

Suddenly the Aurora shone out with increased brilliancy, and its waving swords swept back and forth in great semicircles across the dark, starry sky, and lighted up the snowy steppe with transitory flashes of colored radiance,

as if the gates of heaven were opening and closing upon the dazzling brightness of the celestial city.

Presently it faded away again to a faint, diffused glow in the north, and one pale green streamer, slender and bright as the spear of Ithuriel, pushed slowly upwards towards the zenith until it touched with its translucent point the jeweled belt of Orion; then it, too, faded and vanished, and nothing but a bank of pale white mist on the northern horizon showed the location of the celestial armory whence the Arctic spirits drew the gleaming swords and lances which they shook and brandished nightly over the lonely Siberian steppes.

Crawling back into my bag as the Aurora disappeared, I fell asleep, and did not wake until near morning. With the first streak of dawn the camp began to show signs of animation. The dogs crawled out of the deep holes which their warm bodies had melted in the snow; the Cossacks poked their heads out of their frosty fur coats, and whipped off with little sticks the mass of frost which had accumulated around their breathing holes. A fire was built, tea boiled, and we crawled out of our sleeping bags to shiver around the fire and to eat a hasty breakfast of rye bread, dried fish, and tea.

In twenty minutes the dogs were harnessed, sledges packed, and runners covered with ice, and one after

another we drove away at a brisk trot from the smoking fire, and began another day's journey across the steppe.

fur bag: in Arctic regions travelers sleep in bags made of fur. — **steppe**: plain. The steppes of Russia and Siberia are like our prairies. — **Ori'on and the Pleiades** (ple'ya-dez): two familiar groups of stars. According to the Greek story, Orion was once a hunter, and the Pleiades were seven sisters. Since they were placed among the stars one of the sisters has disappeared. Orion is easily found by the three bright stars that form his belt. He is followed by his dog, Sirius, and the Pleiades fly before him. — **Auro'ra**: northern lights. — **Ithu'riel**: an angel in Milton's "Paradise Lost," who carries a shining spear. — **Cos'sacks**: wild tribes of Russia.

ODE TO AN INFANT SON

THOMAS HOOD

THOMAS HOOD (1798–1845) was an English poet and humorist who had a wonderful skill in rhyme. He holds a high place in English literature.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop, — first let me kiss away that tear,)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)
Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,

Light as the singing bird that wings the air —
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents; — (Hang the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub — but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble! — that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)

Little epitome of man!
(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He 's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle down
Prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk,
With many a lamblike frisk,
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the moon, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;
(I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he 's sent above!)

tricksy Puck: one of Shakespeare's fairy characters. — **bestuck**: decorated. — **Elysium** (elizh'um): the paradise of the Greeks. — **hymene'al nest**: home. — **epit'ome of man**: having all the qualities of man in small form.

WINTER NEIGHBORS

JOHN BURROUGHS

JOHN BURROUGHS, an American writer, was born in 1837. He is a careful observer of out-of-door life, and his books are full of interest to those who share his tastes.

The country is more of a wilderness, more of a wild solitude, in winter than in summer. The wild comes out. The urban, the cultivated, is hidden or negatived. You shall hardly know a good field from a poor, a meadow from a pasture, a park from a forest.

Lines and boundaries are disregarded; gates and barways are unclosed; man lets go his hold upon the earth; title deeds are deep buried beneath the snow; the best-kept grounds relapse to a state of nature; under the pressure of the cold all the wild creatures become outlaws and roam abroad beyond their usual haunts.

The partridge comes to the orchard for buds; the rabbit comes to the garden and lawn; the crows and jays come to the ash heap and corncrib, the snow buntings to the stack and to the barnyard; the sparrows pilfer from the domestic fowls; the pine grosbeak comes down from the north and shears your maples of their buds; the fox prowls about your premises at night, and the red squirrels find your grain in the barn, or steal the butternuts from your

attic. In fact, winter, like some great calamity, changes the status of most creatures, and sets them adrift.

A winter neighbor of mine in whom I am interested, and who perhaps lends me his support after his kind, is a little red owl, whose retreat is the heart of an old apple

tree just over the fence. Where he keeps himself in spring and summer I do not know, but late every fall, and at intervals all winter, his hiding place is discovered by the jays and nuthatches, and proclaimed from the tree tops, for the space of half an hour or so, with all the powers of voice they can command.

Four times during one winter they called me out to behold this little ogre feigning sleep in his den, sometimes in one apple tree, sometimes in another. Whenever I heard their cries I knew my neighbor was being berated. The birds would take turns in looking in upon him and uttering their alarming notes.

Every jay within hearing would come to the spot and at once approach the hole in the trunk or limb, and with a kind of breathless eagerness or excitement take a peep at the owl and then join the outcry. When I approached they would hastily take a final look and then withdraw and regard my movements intently.

After accustoming my eyes to the faint light of the cavity for a few moments I could usually make out the owl at the bottom feigning sleep. Feigning, I say, because this is what he really did, as I first discovered one day when I cut into his retreat with the ax. The loud blows and the falling chips did not disturb him at all.

When I reached in a stick and pulled him over on his side, leaving one of his wings spread out, he made no attempt to recover himself, but lay among the chips and fragments of decayed wood like a part of themselves. Indeed, it took a sharp eye to distinguish him. Not till I had pulled him forth by one wing, rather rudely, did he abandon his trick of simulated sleep or death.

Then, like a detected pickpocket, he was suddenly transformed into another creature. His eyes flew wide open, his talons clutched my finger, his ears were depressed, and every motion and look said, "Hands off, at your peril." Finding this game did not work, he soon began to "play 'possum" again.

After a week of captivity I gave him his freedom in the full sunshine; no trouble for him to see which way and where to go.

Just at dusk in the winter nights I often hear his soft *bur-r-r-r-r*, very pleasing and bell-like. What a furtive woody sound it is in the winter stillness, so unlike the harsh scream of the hawk. But all the ways of the owl are ways of softness and duskiness. His wings are shod with silence, his plumage is edged with down.

Abridged.

title deeds are buried: no man can tell where his land ends. — **little ogre:** the red owl eats eggs and young birds. — **play 'possum:** to pretend to be asleep or dead, — a common trick of the opossum when hunted.

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

MRS. HEMANS

I come, I come! ye have called me long —
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains; —
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky, —

From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, — I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wildwood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

fanes: temples. — **Hespe'rian**: western. Hesper, the evening star, is seen in the west. — **sparry**: having crystals or spars. — **sullen**: dark, dull.

THE WOODPECKER

FLORENCE MERRIAM

MRS. FLORENCE MERRIAM BAILEY, an authority on birds and their ways, was born in Locustgrove, N.Y. This chapter is taken from "Birds through an Opera Glass."

Woodpeckers — the very name proclaims them unique. The robin drags his fish worm from its hiding place in the sod and carols his happiness to every sunrise and sunset; the sparrow eats crumbs in the dooryard and builds his nest in a sweetbrier; the thrushes turn over the brown leaves for food and chant their matins among the moss and ferns of the shadowy forest; the goldfinch balances himself on the pink thistle or yellow mullein top, while he makes them "pay toll" for his visit, and then saunters through the air in the abandonment of blue skies

and sunshine; the redwing flutes his *o-ka-lee* over cat-tails and cowslips; the bobolink, forgetting everything else, rollics amid buttercups and daisies; but the woodpecker finds his larder under the hard bark of the trees, and, oblivious to sunrise and sunset, flowering marsh and laughing meadow, clings close to the side of a stub, as if the very sun himself moved around a tree trunk!

But who knows how much these grave monomaniacs have discovered that lies a sealed book to all the world besides?

Why should we scorn them? They are philosophers! They have the secret of happiness.

Any bird could be joyous with plenty of blue sky and sunshine, and the poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, have relaxed their brows at the sight of a daisy; but what does the happy goldfinch know of the wonders of tree trunks, and what poet could find inspiration in a dead stub on a bleak November day? Jack Frost sends both thrush and goldfinch flying south, and the poets shut their study doors in his face, drawing their armchairs up to the hearth while they rail at November.

But the wise woodpecker clings to the side of a tree and, fluffing his feathers about his toes, makes the woods reverberate with his cheery song, — for it is a song, and bears an important part in nature's orchestra. Its rhythmical *rat tap, tap, tap, tap* not only beats time for

the chickadees and nuthatches, but is a reveille that sets all the brave winter blood tingling in our veins.

There the hardy drummer stands beating on the wood with all the enjoyment of a drum major. How handsome he looks with the scarlet cap on the back of his head, and what a fine show the white central stripe makes against the glossy black of his back!

Who can say how much he has learned from the wood spirits? What does he care for rain or storm? He can never lose his way. No woodsman need tell him how the hemlock branches tip, or how to use a lichen compass.

Do you say the birds are gone, the leaves have fallen, the bare branches rattle, rains have blackened the tree trunks? What does he care? All this makes him rejoice. The merry chickadee hears his shrill call above the moaning of the wind and the rattling of the branches, for our alchemist is turning to his lichen workshop.

The black, unshaded tree trunks turn into enchanted lichen palaces, rich with green and gold of every tint. The "pert fairies and the dapper elves" have left their magic circles in the grass, and trip lightly around the soft green velvet moss mounds so well suited for the throne of their queen.

Here they find the tiny moss spears Lowell christened "Arthurian lances," and quickly arm themselves for

deeds of fairy valor. Here, too, are dainty silver goblets from which they can quaff the crystal globes that drop one by one from the dark moss on the trees after rain. And there — what wonders in fern tracery, silver filigree, and coral for the fairy Guinevere!

But hark! the children are coming — and off the grave magician flies to watch their play from behind the neighboring tree trunk. There they come, straight to his workshop, and laugh in glee at the white chips he has scattered on the ground.

They are in league with the fairies, too, and cast magic spells over all they see. First they spy the upturned roots of a fallen tree. It is a mountain! And up they clamber to overlook their little world. And that pool left by the fall rains. Ha! It is a lake! And away they go to cross it bravely on a bridge of quaking moss.

As they pass under the shadow of a giant hemlock and pick up the cones for playthings, they catch sight of the pile of dark red sawdust at the foot of the tree and stand open-mouthed while the oldest child tells of a long ant procession she saw there when each tiny worker came to the door to drop its borings from its jaws. How big their eyes get at the story! If the woodpecker could only give his cousin the yellow-hammer's tragic sequel to it!

But soon they have found a new delight. A stem of basswood seeds whirls through the air to their feet. They all scramble for it. What a pity they have no string! The last stem they found was a kite and a spinning air top for a day's play. But this — never mind — there it goes up in the air, dancing and whirling like a gay young fairy treading the mazes with the wind.

"Just see this piece of moss! How pretty!" And so they go through the woods, till the brown beech leaves shake with their laughter, and the gray squirrels look out of their oriel tree trunk windows to see who goes by, and the absorbed magician — who can tell how much fun he steals from his lofty observation post to make him content with his stub!

Why should he fly south when every day brings him some secret of the woods, or some scene like this? Let us proclaim him the sage of the birds!

unique (ū-nēk′): unlike others. — **mat′ins**: morning songs. — **pay toll**: in what way? — **stub**: stump. — **monoma′niac**: a person interested in one idea. — **Chaucer to Wordsworth**: Chaucer lived in the fourteenth century; Wordsworth in the nineteenth. — **to rail at**: to scold. — **reveille** (rĕ-vāl′yă): a bugle call to rise. In the United States service it is commonly pronounced *rĕv′ă-lē′*. — **hemlock branches tip**: the topmost twig is said to tip to the east. — **lichen compass**: on which side of a tree trunk will lichens be found? — **al′chemist**: in olden times, one who tried to turn common metals into gold. — **Guin′evere**: the wife of King Arthur. — **tragic sequel**: the yellow-hammer feeds mainly on ants. — **treading the mazes**: dancing. — **o′riel window**: a bay window; strictly speaking, one that does not rest on the ground.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS M. FINCH

FRANCIS M. FINCH (1827–1907) was born at Ithaca, N.Y. He was dean of the law school of Cornell University. This poem may be considered an American classic.

NOTE. — At Columbus, Miss., on Memorial Day, 1867, flowers were strewn alike upon the graves of Northern and Southern soldiers.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

laurel: to decorate with laurel. The laurel is the emblem of victory; the willow, of grief.

TWO BOYS OF PARIS[1]

EMILE SOUVESTRE

EMILE SOUVESTRE was a French author who was born in 1806 and died in 1854. He is best known by his work as a journalist. This selection is taken from "An Attic Philosopher in Paris; or a Peep at the World from a Garret; being the Journal of a Happy Man."

I had reached one of the remote streets, in which those who would live in comfort and without ostentation, and who love serious reflection, delight to find a home. There were no shops along the dimly lit pavement; one heard no sounds but of the distant carriages and of the steps of some of the inhabitants.

I instantly recognized the street, though I had been there only once before.

That was two years ago. I was walking at the time by the side of the Seine, to which the lights on the quays and bridges gave the aspect of a lake surrounded by a garland of stars; and I had reached the Louvre, when I was stopped by a crowd collected near the parapet; they had gathered round a child of about six, who was crying, and I asked the cause of his tears.

"It seems that he was sent to walk in the Tuileries," said a mason, who was returning from his work with his

[1] From "An Attic Philosopher." Copyright, 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.

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G.A. HARKER

trowel in his hand; "the servant who took care of him met with some friends there, and told the child to wait for him while he went to get a drink; but I suppose the drink made him more thirsty, for he has not come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why do they not ask him his name, and where he lives?"

"They have been doing it for the last hour; but all he can say is that he is called Charles, and that his father is Mr. Duval: — there are twelve hundred Duvals in Paris."

"Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives?"

"I should think not, indeed! Don't you see that he is a gentleman's child? He has never gone out except in a carriage or with a servant; he does not know what to do by himself."

"We cannot leave him in the street," said some.

"The child-stealers would carry him off," continued others.

"We must take him to the overseer."

"Or to the police office."

"That 's the thing. Come, little one!"

But the child, frightened by these suggestions of danger and at the names of police and overseer, cried louder, and drew back toward the parapet. In vain they tried to

persuade him; his fears made him resist the more, and the most eager began to get weary, when the voice of a little boy was heard through the confusion.

"I know him well — I do," said he, looking at the lost child; "he belongs to our part of the town."

"What part is it?"

"Yonder, on the other side of the Boulevards; Magazine Street."

"And you have seen him before?"

"Yes, yes! he belongs to the great house at the end of the street, where there is an iron gate with gilt points."

The child quickly raised his head and stopped crying. The little boy answered all the questions that were put to him and gave such details as left no room for doubt. The other child understood him, for he went up to him as if he put himself under his protection.

"Then you can take him to his parents?" asked the mason, who had listened with real interest to the little boy's account.

"I don't care if I do," replied he; "it's the way I'm going."

"Then you will take charge of him?"

"He has only to come with me."

And, taking up the basket he had put down on the pavement, he set off toward the postern gate of the Louvre.

The lost child followed him.

"I hope he will take him right," said I, when I saw them go away.

"Never fear," replied the mason; "the little one in the blouse is the same age as the other; but, as the saying is, 'he knows black from white'; poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress!"

The crowd dispersed. For my part, I went toward the Louvre: the thought came into my head to follow the two children, so as to guard against any mistake.

I was not long in overtaking them; they were walking side by side, talking, and already quite familiar with each other.

The contrast in their dress then struck me. Little Duval wore one of those fanciful dresses which are expensive as well as in good taste; his coat was skillfully fitted to his figure, his trousers came down in plaits from his waist to his boots of polished leather with mother-of-pearl buttons, and his ringlets were half hidden by a velvet cap.

The appearance of his guide, on the contrary, was that of the class who dwell on the extreme borders of poverty, but who there maintain their ground with no surrender. His old blouse, patched with different shades, indicated the perseverance of an industrious mother struggling

against the wear and tear of time; his trousers were become too short, and showed his stockings darned over and over again; and it was evident that his shoes were not made for him.

The countenances of the children were not less different than their dresses. That of the first was delicate and refined; his clear blue eyes, his fair skin, and his smiling mouth gave him a charming look of innocence and happiness.

The features of the other, on the contrary, had something rough in them; his eye was quick and lively, his complexion dark, his smile less merry than shrewd; all showed a mind sharpened by early experience: he boldly walked through the middle of the streets thronged by carriages, and followed their countless turnings without hesitation.

I found, on asking him, that every day he carried dinner to his father, who was then working on the left bank of the Seine; and this responsible duty had made him careful and prudent. Unfortunately, the wants of his poor family had kept him from school, and he seemed to feel the loss; for he often stopped before the printshops and asked his companion to read him the names of the engravings.

In this way we reached the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, which the little wanderer seemed to know again;

notwithstanding his fatigue, he hurried on; he was agitated by mixed feelings; at the sight of his house he uttered a cry, and ran toward the iron gate with the gilt points; a lady who was standing at the entrance received him in her arms, and from the exclamations of joy and the sound of kisses I soon perceived that she was his mother.

Not seeing either the servant or the child return, she had sent in search of them in every direction, and was waiting for them in intense anxiety.

I explained to her in a few words what had happened. She thanked me warmly, and looked round for the little boy who had recognized and brought back her son; but while we were talking he had disappeared.

. . . . . .

It was for the first time since then that I had come into this part of Paris. Did the mother continue grateful? Had the children met again, and had the happy chance of their first meeting lowered between them that barrier which may mark the different ranks of men, but should not divide them?

While putting these questions to myself, I slackened my pace, and fixed my eyes on the great gate which I just perceived. All at once I saw it open, and two children appeared at the entrance.

Although they were much grown, I recognized them at

first sight; they were the child who was found near the parapet of the Louvre and his young guide. But the dress of the latter was greatly changed: his blouse of gray cloth was neat, and even spruce, and was fastened round the waist by a polished leather belt; he wore strong shoes, and had on a new cloth cap.

Just at the moment I saw him, he held in his two hands an enormous bunch of lilacs, to which his companion was trying to add narcissuses and primroses; the two children laughed, and parted with a friendly good-by. Mr. Duval's son did not go in until he had seen the other turn the corner of the street.

Then I accosted the latter, and reminded him of our former meeting; he looked at me for a moment, and then seemed to recollect me.

"Forgive me if I do not take off my cap," said he merrily, "but I want both my hands for the nosegay Master Charles has given me."

"You are, then, become great friends?" said I.

"Oh! I should think so," said the child; "and now my father is rich too!"

"How's that?"

"Mr. Duval lent him a little money; he has taken a shop, where he works on his own account; and, as for me, I go to school."

"Yes," replied I, remarking for the first time the cross which decorated his little coat; "and I see that you are head boy!"

"Master Charles helps me to learn, and so I am come to be the first in the class."

"And you are now going to your lessons?"

"Yes, and he has given me some lilacs; for he has a garden where we play together, and where my mother can always have flowers."

"Then it is the same as if it were partly your own."

"So it is! Ah! they are good neighbors, indeed! But here I am; good-by, sir."

He nodded to me with a smile and disappeared.

I went on with my walk with a feeling of relief. If I had elsewhere witnessed the painful contrast between affluence and want, here I had found the true union of riches and poverty.

Abridged.

Emile Souvestre (ā-mēl′ soo-vestr′). — **The Louvre**: a famous palace in Paris, hundreds of years old, now used as an art gallery. — **the Tuileries** (twēl′rēz): beautiful gardens near the Louvre. The Palace of the Tuileries was practically destroyed by fire in 1871. — **parapet**: a low wall; literally, a guard for the breast. — **boulevards**: broad avenues. — **blouse**: a loose jacket. — **printshop**: a shop where books and prints are sold. — **Bonne Nouvelle′**. — **cross**: a badge of honor.

THE PILGRIMS

JOHN FISKE

JOHN FISKE (1842–1901) was an American historian and philosopher, who was famous not only for his learning, but for the courage and vigor of his thought.

NOTE. — This selection is from "The Beginnings of New England."

After a brief stop at Southampton, where they met the "Mayflower" with friends from London, the Pilgrims again set sail in the two ships. The "Speedwell" sprang a leak, and they stopped at Dartmouth for repairs.

Again they started, and had put three hundred miles of salt water between themselves and Land's End when the "Speedwell" leaked so badly that they were forced to return. When they dropped anchor at Plymouth in Devonshire, about twenty were left on shore, and the remainder, exactly one hundred in number, crowded into the "Mayflower" and on the 6th of September started once more to cross the Atlantic.

The capacity of the little ship was one hundred and eighty tons, and her strength was but slight. In a fierce storm in mid-ocean a main beam amidships was wrenched and cracked, and but for a huge iron screw which one of the passengers had brought from Delft, they might have gone to the bottom.

The foul weather prevented any accurate calculation of latitude and longitude, and they were so far out in their reckoning that when they caught sight of land on the 9th of November, it was to Cape Cod that they had come. Their patent gave them no authority to settle here, as it was beyond the jurisdiction of the London Company.

They turned their prow southward, but encountering perilous shoals and a stiff head wind, they desisted and sought shelter in Cape Cod bay. On the 11th they decided to find some place of abode in this neighborhood, anticipating no difficulty in getting a patent from the Plymouth Company, which was anxious to obtain settlers.

For five weeks they stayed in the ship while little parties were exploring the coast and deciding upon the best site for a town. It was purely a coincidence that the spot which they chose had already received from John Smith the name of Plymouth, the beautiful port in Devonshire from which the "Mayflower" had sailed.

There was not much to remind them of home in the snow-covered coast on which they landed. They had hoped to get their rude houses built before the winter should set in, but the many delays and mishaps had served to bring them ashore in the coldest season. When the long winter came to an end, fifty-one of the hundred

Pilgrims had died, — a mortality even greater than that before which the Popham colony had succumbed.

But Brewster spoke truth when he said, "It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again."

At one time the living were scarcely able to bury the dead; only Brewster, Standish, and five other hardy ones were well enough to get about.

At first they were crowded under a single roof, and, as glimpses were caught of dusky savages skulking among the trees, a platform was built on the nearest hill and a few cannon were placed there in such wise as to command the neighboring valleys and plains.

By the end of the first summer the platform had grown to a fortress, down from which to the harbor led a village street with seven houses finished and others going up. Twenty-six acres had been cleared, and a plentiful harvest gathered in; venison, wild fowl, and fish were easy to obtain.

When provisions and fuel had been laid in for the ensuing winter, Governor Bradford appointed a day of thanksgiving. Town meetings had already been held and a few laws passed. The history of New England had begun.

Abridged.

capacity: amount of weight a ship can carry. — **Brewster**: the first minister of Plymouth Colony. — **Standish**: Captain Miles Standish. — **The London Company** had a charter from King James, which granted to them the coast between 34° and 38° north latitude. The Plymouth Company's charter included the coast between 41° and 45° north latitude. — **The Popham Colony**: a settlement in Maine, made under the direction of the Plymouth Company. It proved a failure. — **wise**: fashion or manner; ***guise*** comes from the same word.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT

ALICE MEYNELL and FRANCIS BOURDILLON are English writers whose poems suggest beautiful pictures. HARRIET MARTINEAU (1802–1876) was an Englishwoman who wrote mainly on political and historical subjects.

I

All my stars forsake me,
And the dawn-winds shake me.
Where shall I betake me?

Whither shall I run
Till the set of sun,
Till the day be done?

ALICE MEYNELL.

II

The night hath a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the dying sun.

The mind hath a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS BOURDILLON.

III

Beneath this starry arch
  Naught resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march,
  As if by one great will:
Moves one, move all: hark to the footfall!
  On, on, forever!

By night, like stars on high,
  The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by:
  I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all: hark to the footfall!
  On, on, forever!

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE

PSALM I

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

chaff: when grain is winnowed, the chaff, or useless part of it, is blown away by the wind.

1 Corinthians xiii

Note. — Paul, the apostle, who was sent out to preach the Christian religion to the Gentiles, or foreigners, was born at Tarsus. He was brought up as a strict Jew, but was converted to Christianity, and suffered much for his faith. By trade he was a tent maker. Paul was put to death at Rome, in the time of the Emperor Nero. The following selection is from a letter which Paul wrote to the Christian Church at Corinth.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

charity: love. — **sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal**: both make an unmeaning noise. A cymbal is an instrument made of two plates of brass, which are clashed together. The revised version of this passage gives *clanging*, which describes the sound more clearly.

ORIOLES AND HUMMING BIRDS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

ORIOLES are in great plenty with me. I have seen seven flashing about the garden at once. A merry crew of them swing their hammocks from the pendulous boughs. During one of these latter years, when the cankerworms stripped our elms as bare as winter, these birds went to the trouble of rebuilding their unroofed nests, and chose for the purpose trees which are safe from those swarming vandals, such as the ash and the buttonwood.

Last year a pair built on the lowest trailer of a weeping elm, which hung within ten feet of our drawing-room window, and so low that I could reach it from the ground.

The nest was wholly woven and felted with ravelings of woolen carpet in which scarlet predominated. Would the same thing have happened in the woods? Or did the

nearness of a human dwelling perhaps give the birds a greater feeling of security?

They are very bold, by the way, in quest of cordage, and I have often watched them stripping the fibrous bark from a honeysuckle growing over the very door. But, indeed, all my birds look upon me as if I were a mere tenant at will, and they were landlords.

With shame I confess it, I have been bullied even by a humming bird. This spring, as I was cleansing a pear tree of its lichens, one of these little zigzagging blurs came purring toward me, couching his long bill like a lance, his throat sparkling with angry fire, to warn me off from a Missouri currant whose honey he was sipping. And many a time he has driven me out of a flower bed.

This summer, by the way, a pair of these winged emeralds fastened their mossy acorn cup upon a bough of the same elm which the orioles had enlivened the year before. We watched all their proceedings from the window through an opera glass, and saw their two nestlings grow from black needles with a tuft of down at the lower end, till they whirled away on their first short flights.

Abridged.

buttonwood: the American sycamore. — **vandal**: one who willfully destroys. The word originally meant a wanderer and was the name given to some of the fierce tribes that plundered Rome. — **mossy acorn cup**: the small, cup-shaped nest of the rubythroat, the only humming bird in the United States. The nest is usually covered with lichens.

THE CURATE AND THE MULBERRY TREE

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785–1866) was an English poet and humorist. He was one of the best classical scholars of his time.

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again, with a word, when the curate said "Hey!"
She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been if some traveler this way
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry 'Hey'?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush.
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

THE YOUNG PRINTER

JAMES PARTON

JAMES PARTON was an American journalist who wrote many popular books of history and biography during the middle years of the nineteenth century. This selection is taken from the "Life of Horace Greeley."

NOTE. — Horace Greeley was the son of a poor New Hampshire farmer. The boy learned to read at a very early age, and though he had to work on the farm, he found time for his books too. When he grew up he became famous as the founder of the *New York Tribune*.

It was a fine spring morning in the year 1826, about ten o'clock, when Mr. Amos Bliss, the manager and one of the proprietors of the *Northern Spectator*, might have been seen in the garden behind his house planting potatoes. He heard the gate open behind him, and, without turning or looking round, became dimly conscious of the presence of a boy. But the boys of country villages go into whosesoever garden their wandering fancy impels them, and, supposing this boy to be one of his own neighbors, Mr. Bliss continued his work and quickly forgot that he was not alone.

In a few minutes he heard a voice close behind him, a strange voice, high-pitched and whining. It said, "Are you the man that carries on the printing office?" Mr. Bliss then turned, and, resting upon his hoe, surveyed the person who had thus addressed him.

He saw standing before him a boy apparently about fifteen years of age, of a light, tall, and slender form, dressed in the plain, farmer's cloth of the time, his garments cut with an utter disregard of elegance and fit. His trousers were exceedingly short and voluminous; he wore no stockings; his shoes were of the kind denominated "high-lows," and much worn down; his hat was of felt, "one of the old stamp, with so small a brim that it looked more like a two-quart measure inverted than anything else"; and it was worn far back on his head; his hair was white, with a tinge of orange at its extremities, and it lay thinly upon a broad forehead and over a head "rocking on shoulders which seemed too slender to support the weight of a member so disproportioned to the general outline."

The general effect of the figure and costume presented such a combination of the rustic and ludicrous, and the apparition had come upon him so suddenly, that the amiable gardener could scarcely keep from laughing. He restrained himself, however, and replied, "Yes, I'm the man." Whereupon the stranger asked, "Don't you want a boy to learn the trade?"

"Well," said Mr. Bliss, "we have been thinking of it. Do *you* want to learn to print?"

"I've had some notion of it," said the boy in true

Yankee fashion, as though he had not been dreaming about it and longing for it for years. Mr. Bliss was both astonished and puzzled, — astonished that such a fellow as

the boy looked to be should have ever thought of learning to print, and puzzled how to convey to him an idea of the absurdity of the notion.

So, with an expression on his countenance such as a tender-hearted dry-goods merchant might be supposed to

assume if a hod carrier should apply for a place in the lace department, he said, "Well, my boy; but, you know, it takes considerable learning to be a printer. Have you been to school much?"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't had much chance at school; I've read a little." "What have you read?" asked Mr. Bliss. "Well, I've read some history, and some travels, and a little of 'most everything." "Where do you live?" "At Westhaven." "How did you come over?" "I came on foot." "What's your name?" "Horace Greeley."

Now it happened that Mr. Amos Bliss had been for the last three years an inspector of common schools, and in fulfilling the duties of his office — examining and licensing teachers — he had acquired an uncommon facility in asking questions, and a fondness for that exercise which men generally entertain for any employment in which they suppose themselves to excel.

The inspector proceeded to try all his skill upon the boy, advancing from easy questions to hard ones, up to those knotty problems with which he had been wont to "stump" candidates for the office of teacher.

The boy was a match for him. He answered every question promptly, clearly, and modestly. He could not be "stumped" in the ordinary school studies, and of the

books he had read he could give a correct and complete analysis. In Mr. Bliss's own account of the interview he says, "In addition to the ripe intelligence manifested in one so young, and whose instruction had been so limited, there was a single-mindedness, a truthfulness and common sense in what he said that at once commanded my regard."

After half an hour's conversation with the boy Mr. Bliss intimated that he thought he would do, and told him to go into the printing office and talk to the foreman. Horace went to the printing office, and there his appearance produced an effect on the tender minds of the three apprentices who were at work therein which can be much better imagined than described.

The foreman at first was inclined to wonder that Mr. Bliss should for one moment think it possible that a boy got up in that style could perform the most ordinary duties of a printer's apprentice. Ten minutes' talk with him, however, effected a partial revolution in his mind in the boy's favor. He tore off a slip of proof paper, wrote a few words upon it hastily with a pencil, and told the boy to take it to Mr. Bliss.

That piece of paper was his fate. The words were, "*Guess we'd better try him.*" Away went Horace to the garden and presented his paper. Mr. Bliss, whose curiosity had been excited to a high pitch by the extraordinary

contrast between the appearance of the boy and his real quality, now entered into a long conversation with him, questioned him respecting his history, his past employments, his parents, their circumstances, his own intentions and wishes; and the longer he talked the more his admiration grew.

The result was that he agreed to accept Horace as an apprentice, provided his father would agree to the usual terms; and then, with eager steps and a light heart, the happy boy took the dusty road that led to his home in Westhaven.

"You 're not going to hire that tow-head, Mr. Bliss, are you?" asked one of the apprentices at the close of the day. "I am," was the reply, "and if you boys are expecting to get any fun out of him, you 'd better get it quick, or you 'll be too late. There 's something *in* that tow-head, as you 'll find out before you 're a week older."

A day or two after, Horace packed up his wardrobe in a small cotton handkerchief. Small as it was, it would have held more; for its proprietor never had more than two shirts and one change of outer clothing at the same time, till he was of age. Father and son walked side by side to Poultney, the boy carrying his possessions upon a stick over his shoulder.

Abridged.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

ALFRED CHURCH

ALFRED JOHN CHURCH is an English author who has done much to bring the old Greek and Roman stories to the attention of boys and girls. This story is found in the Latin history written by Livy. Macaulay tells it in stirring verse in his "Lays of Ancient Rome."

King Porsenna gathered together a great army and came up against Rome. When men heard of his coming there was such a fear as had never been before. Nevertheless they were steadfastly purposed to hold out.

All that were in the country fled to the city. Round about the city they set guards to keep it, part being defended by walls, and part, for so it seemed, being made safe by the river.

But here a great peril had well-nigh overtaken the city. There was a wooden bridge on the river by which the enemy could have crossed but for the courage of a certain Horatius. There was a hill which men called Janiculum on the side of the river, and this hill King Porsenna took by a sudden attack.

Horatius chanced to have been set to guard the bridge. He saw how the enemy were running at full speed to the place, and how the Romans were fleeing in confusion. He cried with a loud voice, "Men of Rome, if ye leave

this bridge behind you for men to pass over, ye shall soon find that ye have more enemies in your city than in Janiculum. Do ye therefore break it down with ax and fire as best ye can. In the meanwhile I, so far as one man may do, will stay the enemy."

As he spake he ran forward to the farther end of the bridge and made ready to keep the way against the enemy. There stood two with him, Lartius and Herminius by name, men of noble birth and of great renown in arms. These three stayed the first onset of the enemy; and the men of Rome brake down the bridge.

When there was but a small part remaining, and they that brake it down called to the three that they should come back, Horatius bade the others return. He himself remained on the farther side, crying, "Dare ye now to fight with me? Why are ye thus come up at the bidding of your master, King Porsenna, to rob others of the freedom that ye care not to have for yourselves?"

For a while they delayed, looking each man to his neighbor, who should first deal with this champion of the Romans. Then for very shame they all ran forward, and raising a great shout threw their javelins at him. These all he took upon his shield, nor stood less firmly in his place on the bridge. Suddenly the men of Rome raised a great shout, for the bridge was now altogether broken down, and fell with a great crash into the river.

And as the enemy stayed awhile for fear, Horatius turned to the river and said, "O Father Tiber, I beseech thee this day with all reverence that thou kindly receive this soldier and his arms." As he spake he leapt with all his arms into the river and swam across to his own people. Though many javelins of the enemy fell about him, he was not one whit hurt.

Nor did such valor fail to receive honor from the city. The citizens set up a statue of Horatius in the market place; and they gave him of the public lands so much as

he could plow about in one day. Also there was this honor paid him, that each citizen took somewhat of his own store and gave it to him, for food was scarce in the city by reason of the siege.

Horatius (Hora'tius Co'clēs) lived about 500 B.C. — **Liv'y.** — **Porsen'na:** many authorities spell this with one *n*, and throw the accent on the first syllable, as Macaulay has done. — **Janic'ulum:** a fortified hill. — **Lar'tius** and **Hermin'ius:** members of two of the patrician or aristocratic tribes of Rome. Horatius belonged to a third. — **Tiber:** a famous river in Italy, worshiped by the ancient Romans. — **brake:** an old form for *broke*.

THE SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

SIDNEY LANIER[1]

SIDNEY LANIER (1842–1881) was a Southern poet. His love of music was almost as strong as his love of poetry, and his verse is full of melody and sweetness. He wrote several books for boys, among them the "Boys' Froissart."

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side

[1] lă-neer'.

With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main;
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Habersham and **Hall**: counties of northern Georgia. — **amain'**: with full force. — **thrall**: slave. — **laving laurel**: the laurel dipping or bathing in the water. — **dewberry**: low-growing blackberry. — **brawl**: quarrel. The word is also used to express the sound a rapid stream makes among stones. — **lures**: something fascinating and attractive. — **fain**: wishful. — **main**: the ocean. — **myriad**: a large number; literally, ten thousand.

THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR[1]

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THOMAS NELSON PAGE is an American writer who draws delightful pictures of Southern life.

Let me see if I can describe an old Virginia home. It may perhaps be idealized by the haze of time; but it will be as I now remember it.

The mansion was a plain "weatherboard" house, one story and a half above the half-basement ground floor, set on a hill in a grove of primeval oaks and hickories filled in with ash, maples, and feathery-leafed locusts

[1] From "The Old South." Copyright, 1892. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

without number. It had quaint dormer windows, with small panes, poking out from its sloping upstairs rooms, and long porches to shelter its walls from the sun and allow house life in the open air.

The furniture was old-timey and plain; mahogany and rosewood bedsteads and dressers black with age, and polished till they shone like mirrors, hung with draperies white as snow; straight-backed chairs generations old interspersed with common new ones; long sofas; old shining tables with slender brass-tipped legs, straight or fluted, holding some fine old books, and in springtime a blue or flowered bowl or two with glorious roses; book-cases filled with brown-backed, much-read books.

The servants' houses, smokehouse, washhouse, and carpenter shop were set around the back yard; and farther off "the quarters," — whitewashed, substantial buildings, each for a family, with chicken-houses hard by, and with yards closed in by split palings, filled with fruit trees.

The life about the place was amazing. There were the busy children playing in groups, the boys of the family mingling with the little darkies and forming the associations which frequently tempered slavery and made the relation one of friendship. There were the little girls in their great sunbonnets, often sewed on to preserve the wonderful peach-blossom complexions, playing about the

yard or garden, wishing they were boys and getting scoldings from "mammy" for being tomboys and tearing their aprons and dresses. There passed young negro girls, blue-habited, running about bearing messages, while about the smokehouse or dairy or wood pile there was always some movement and life. The recurrent hum on the air of spinning wheels, like the drone of some great insect, sounded from cabins where the turbaned spinners spun their fleecy rolls into yarn for the looms which were clacking from the loom rooms, making homespun for the plantation.

From the back yard and quarters the laughter of women and the shrill, joyous voices of children came. Far off, in the fields, the white-shirted "plowers" followed singing their slow teams in the fresh furrows, wagons rattled and ox carts crawled along, or gangs of hands in lines performed their work in the corn or tobacco fields, loud shouts and peals of laughter, mellowed by the distance, floating up from time to time, telling that the heart was light and the toil not too heavy.

There was never any loneliness; it was movement and life without bustle; while somehow, in the midst of it all, the house seemed to sit enthroned in perpetual tranquillity, with outstretched wings under its spreading oaks, sheltering its children like a great gray dove. Adapted.

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (klŭf) was an English poet. He was born in 1819. As a child he lived for a time in the United States, but he was educated in England. Later he taught and lectured in Cambridge, Mass. He died in Italy in 1861.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild northwesters rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NOTE. — This story is found in Hawthorne's "The Snow Image, and Other Twice Told Tales." In the Franconia Mountains in New Hampshire there is a "Great Stone Face," called the *Old Man of the Mountain*. It was not carved by the hand of man, but the face is very clear and distinct. No doubt it suggested this story.

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the

machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life.

But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance.

It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther

he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, "if I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, sometime or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray, tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams and whispered by the wind among the tree tops. The purport was that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face

became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love which was meant for all became his peculiar portion.

The story goes on to record apparent fulfillments of the ancient prophecy which had excited such hope and longing in the boy's heart.

First came the merchant Mr. Gathergold, who had gone forth from the valley in childhood and now returned with wealth like that of Midas in the fable. Ernest thought of all the ways by which a man of wealth might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and he waited the great man's coming, hoping to behold the prophetic personage, the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side. But he turned sadly away from the people who were shouting, "The very image of the Great Stone Face," and gazed up the valley, where, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those

glorious features which had so impressed themselves into his soul.

Ten years later it began to be affirmed that one who had gone forth to be a soldier, and was now a great commander, bore striking likeness to the Great Stone Face. Indeed, it was remembered by some that even as a boy the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image. Again at middle life, when Ernest had become a preacher, and uttered truths that wrought upon and molded the lives of those who heard him, there came a report that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of an eminent statesman. And Ernest's hopes, like those of the valley people, were fixed upon this wondrous orator. But in both soldier and orator the cherished hopes were doomed to disappointment, and Ernest became an aged man with his childhood's prophecy yet unfulfilled.

Meantime Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Wise and busy men of cities came from far to converse with him. While they talked together his face would kindle, unaware, and shine upon them as with mild evening light. Passing up the valley as they took their leave, and pausing to look at the Great Stone Face, his guests imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He likewise was a native of the valley. The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. As he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning found him at Ernest's cottage.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, — for I wrote them."

Again and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the

Great Stone Face. But his countenance fell; he shook his head and sighed.

"You hoped," said the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face, and you are disappointed. I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities." The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So likewise were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a distance was seen the Great Stone Face, with solemnity and cheer in its benignant aspect.

At a small elevation, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche spacious enough to admit a human figure. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon the

audience. He began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived.

The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistened with tears as he gazed reverently at the venerable man. At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted, —

"Behold! behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

Adapted.

Ti'tan: giant. In ancient mythology the Titans were the children of Heaven and Earth. — **chaot'ic**: confused. — **Mi'das**: a king who could turn everything into gold. Read Hawthorne's story of "The Golden Touch." — **typ'ified**: represented. — **tap'estry**: cloth, often beautifully embroidered, used as hangings to cover a wall.

GLOUCESTER MOORS

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY is an American writer and educator. He was born in Indiana in 1869.

A mile behind is Gloucester town
  Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
  And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
  In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
  On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
  Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
  Long in the bowlder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
  From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,
Or where the chokecherry lifts high up
  Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove,
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea gulls go,
And the land birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

. . . . . .

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

. . . . . .

Jill-o'er-the-ground and **quaker-maid**: common wild flowers in New England.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF CONCORD FIGHT

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, an American author and orator, was born in Providence, R.I., in 1824. He came of a long line of brave and independent thinkers, and from his earliest manhood he was never afraid to take the unpopular side. Truth, honor, and courtesy were exemplified in him. Mr. Curtis died in 1892.

NOTE. — One hundred years after the fight at Concord (see explanatory notes on page 192) a celebration was held in memory of that event. The statue of a minuteman, which marks the scene of the battle, was dedicated on this occasion.

The minuteman of the Revolution! — he was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was Captain Miles of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haynes of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill.

He was James Hayward of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man!"

The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell mortally wounded. "Father," he said, "I started with forty balls; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much, and that I am not sorry I turned out."

This was the minuteman of the Revolution, the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town meeting; who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down not a man but a system. Him we gratefully recall to-day; him, in yon manly figure wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children.

And here among these peaceful fields, — here in the county whose children first gave their blood for American union and independence, and eighty-six years later gave it, first also, for a truer union and a larger liberty, — here in the heart of Middlesex, county of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty, as the minuteman stood at the old North Bridge!

But should we or our descendants, false to liberty, false to justice and humanity, betray in any way their cause, spring into life as a hundred years ago, take one more step, descend, and lead us, as God led you in saving America, to save the hopes of man!

No royal governor, indeed, sits in yon stately capitol, no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coasts, nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drumbeat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom; or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education; or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights; or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, — there, minutemen of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge; and as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might! Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from noon to sunset, and so, through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back, in utter defeat and ruin!

Abridged.

minuteman: so called because each man was ready to fight at a minute's notice. — **arrogance of caste**: social pride; the spirit which leads one class of society to despise another.

THE SHEPHERD'S FEAST

(A Story from Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale")

Nina Moore Tiffany

Note. — "The Winter's Tale" was probably the last comedy that Shakespeare wrote. It was written in the years 1610–1611. The witty rogue Autolycus was a character in fiction long before Shakespeare's day. In Homer's "Odyssey" he is spoken of as the prince of thieves (Book XIX, lines 392–398). In this story he is a peddler.

There was once an old shepherd who bade his friends to a sheep-shearing feast.

This was toward the harvest time, when all were in the mood for merrymaking, and the friends came from far and near and looked for much jollity.

Out in the road near the shepherd's cottage, on the day of the feast, was a fun-loving rogue of a peddler. He had not been asked to the sheep-shearing, but that did not fret him; he knew that he could make himself welcome.

All the country people loved songs, and he could sing. He was always singing. As he waited for some chance to enter he began:

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tirēs in a mile-a.

On the shepherd's lawn the mirth had hardly begun. The shepherd was urging his adopted daughter, Perdita, to lay aside her shyness and welcome his guests. Perdita,

dressed in white, was mistress of the feast. Garlands of flowers floated from her shoulders and hair, and on her arm hung a basket from which she could take more.

Soon, stepping forward, she offered her flowers to the guests; to each comer she gave the blossoms best suited to his age and station. To the elder men she said:

Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

To which one of them made answer:

Shepherdess, —
A fair one are you — well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Perdita passed on to the others, saying:

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Then said one of the "men of middle age":

I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

But Perdita replied, laughing:

Out, alas!
You'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.

In vain she searched her basket for flowers fit to give to the young girls.

Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours.

She turned from one to the other. The flowers of the spring are past, she can only go on wishing:

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; . . . bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of.

But soon a dance began, and spring and its vanished flowers were forgotten.

As the dance went on a servant came and plucked the shepherd's son by the sleeve, and whispered, "O master, if you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes."

This pleased the shepherd's son, and he said, "He could never come better; he shall come in."

The servant prattled on, "He hath ribbons of all the colors i' the rainbow; . . . cambrics, lawns, why he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses!"

The shepherd's son said impatiently, "Prythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing."

So in came our rogue, gayly singing his wares:

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

The lads and lasses crowded round him, making such a clamor that the shepherd's son beckoned to them and to the peddler, saying: "My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Follow me, girls. I'll buy for you both. Peddler, let's have the first choice."

And the merry peddler, having gained what he wanted, a welcome at the sheep-shearing, led away the throng, singing again:

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the peddler; money 's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

Autol'ycus. — **Od'yssey**: the adventures of Ulysses. — **hent**: grasp. — **seeming**: looks. — **Per'dita**: the lost one. "The Winter's Tale" tells how Perdita was lost and found. — **rose'mary and rue**: herbs which keep fresh throughout the winter. According to tradition, rosemary helps the memory; rue was called the herb of grace, because it was used at church to sprinkle holy water. From the herb's bitter taste comes the secondary meaning of the word, — bitter sorrow. — **lavender**: an herb with a spicy smell. — **take the winds**: Shakespeare often uses *take* instead of *delight* or *please*. This is no longer considered good English, though ignorant persons sometimes say, in similar fashion, "That takes me." — **Juno**: wife of Jupiter, chief of the Roman gods. Her Greek name was Hera. — **Cythere'a**: Venus, goddess of love. — **oxlips**: cowslips. — **flower-de-luce**: fleur-de-lis. — **tabor and pipe**: a tabor was a small drum, beaten with one wooden stick. The pipe was a musical reed or wooden tube. — **tell money**: count it. — **as he had**: as if he had. — **Pryth'ee**: I pray thee. — **cyprus**: crape, a thin, black stuff called cyprus from the island of Cyprus, where it was first manufactured. — **amber**: a yellowish resin, often found as a fossil on the seashore. — **quoifs**: capes or hoods; sometimes pronounced *koifs*. — **stomacher** (stŭm'*a*k-ẽr): an ornamental covering for the front of a waist. — **poking-stick**: a small metal rod which was heated and used to plait collars and ruffs. — **lack**: need. The street cry of peddlers used to be "What d' ye lack?" — **duck**: pet. — **meddler**: a busybody; one who meddles. — **utter**: cause to pass in trade.

A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT COMMONER

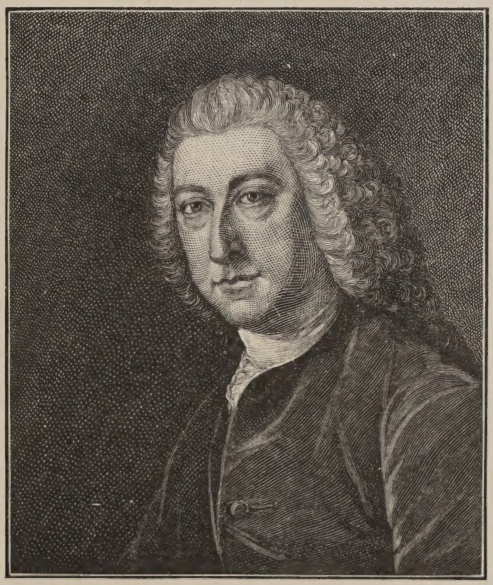
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NOTE. — This selection is to be found in "The Virginians," one of Thackeray's great novels, in which is also the poem "Pocahontas" (see page 77). The book gives an account of an interesting period of American history from an Englishman's point of view.

A hundred years ago the King's drawing-room was open almost every day to his nobility and gentry; and loyalty, especially since the war had begun, could gratify itself a score of times in a month with the august sight of the sovereign.

George Warrington, who had never been in a palace before, had leisure to admire the place and regard the people around him. Whilst they were discoursing the door of the King's apartments opened, and the pages entered, preceding His Majesty. He was followed by his burly son, His Royal Highness the Duke, a very corpulent prince, with a coat and face of blazing scarlet; behind them came various gentlemen and officers of state, among whom George at once recognized the famous Mr. Secretary Pitt, by his tall stature, his eagle eye and beak, his grave and majestic presence. As I see that solemn figure passing, even a hundred years ago, I protest I feel a present awe and a desire to take my hat off. I am not frightened at

George the Second; nor are my eyes dazzled by the portentous appearance of His Royal Highness the Duke of Culloden and Fontenoy, but the Great Commoner, the terrible Cornet of Horse! His figure bestrides our narrow isle of a century back, like a Colossus; and I hush as he



William Pitt

passes in his gouty shoes, his thunderbolt hand wrapped in flannel. Perhaps as we see him now, issuing with dark looks from the royal closet, angry scenes have been passing between him and his august master. He has been boring that old monarch for hours with prodigious long speeches,

full of eloquence, voluble with the noblest phrases upon the commonest topics; but, it must be confessed, utterly repulsive to the little, shrewd old gentleman, "at whose feet he lays himself," as the phrase is. The sublime Minister passes solemnly through the crowd; the company ranges itself respectfully round the wall; and His Majesty walks round the circle, his royal son lagging a little behind, and engaging select individuals in conversation for his own part.

The monarch is a little, keen, fresh-colored old man, with very protruding eyes, attired in plain, old-fashioned, snuff-colored clothes and brown stockings, his only ornament the blue ribbon of his Order of the Garter. He speaks in a German accent, but with ease, shrewdness, and simplicity, addressing those individuals whom he has a mind to notice, or passing on with a bow.

the Great Commoner: William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. He was a great statesman and a brilliant orator. To Americans his life is of interest because of his opposition to the Stamp Act. — **the war**: the Seven Years' War, known in this country as the French and Indian War. — **the King**: George II. — **Cornet of Horse**: leader of the cavalry. — **Colossus**: a gigantic statue, which is said to have stood astride the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes. While it is possible that a huge statue once stood at the mouth of the harbor, it is highly improbable that ships could pass under it. — **gouty shoes**: Pitt was a lifelong sufferer from the gout. — **thunderbolt hand**: a hand of power, like Jove's, which wielded thunderbolts. — **Order of the Garter**: a military order of knighthood founded by Edward III. Its members are of the highest rank.

THE WOUNDED CURLEW

CELIA THAXTER

By yonder sandy cove where every day,
The tide flows in and out,
A lonely bird in sober brown and gray
Limps patiently about.

And round the basin's edge, o'er stones and sand,
And many a fringing weed,
He steals, or on the rocky ledge doth stand,
Crying with none to heed.

But sometimes from the distance he can hear
His comrades' swift reply;
Sometimes the air rings with their music clear,
Sounding from sea and sky.

And then, oh then, his tender voice, so sweet,
Is shaken with his pain;
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
Never to soar again.

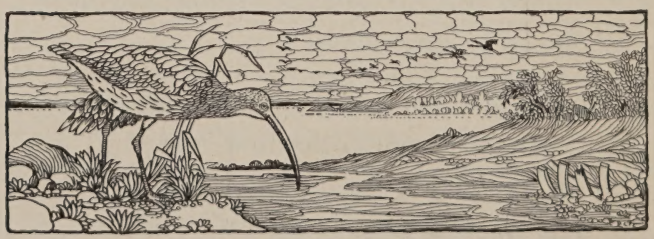
Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,
Once glad and blithe and free,
And in his prison limits frets and strives
His ancient self to be.

The little sandpipers about him play,
And shining waves they skim,
Or round his feet they seek their food, and stay,
As if to comfort him.

My pity cannot help him, though his plaint
Brings tears of wistfulness;
Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,
None may his wrong redress.

O bright-eyed boy! was there no better way
A moment's joy to gain,
Than to make sorrow that must mar the day
With such despairing pain?

O children, drop the gun, the cruel stone!
Oh, listen to my words!
And hear with me the wounded curlew moan —
Have mercy on the birds!



GRANDMOTHER

Hans Christian Andersen

Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish writer of stories for children, was born in 1805 and died in 1875. His childhood was full of hardships, for his mother was very poor, and he was a timid, awkward child, who had few friends. Even when he grew older he was laughed at, but at last he made the world listen to his charming stories. His tale of "The Ugly Duckling" is the story of his own boyhood, of the pain of being ridiculed, and the glad surprise that was his when he found himself praised and admired.

Grandmother is very old; she has many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes, which are still as bright as two stars and even more beautiful, look at one in a kind and friendly way, and it does one good to gaze into them. Then, too, she can tell the most charming stories, and she has a gown with great big flowers worked upon it, and it is made of good, heavy silk that rustles.

Grandmother knows a great deal, for she was born long before father and mother, that 's quite certain. Grandmother has a hymn book with great silver clasps, and very often reads out of it; in the middle of it lies a rose, quite flat and dry. It is not so beautiful as the roses she has standing in the glass, and yet she smiles at it more pleasantly than at the others, and it even makes the tears come into her eyes.

I wonder why grandmother looks at the faded flower like that! Do you know? Every time that grandmother's tears fall upon the flower the color becomes fresh again, the rose swells up and fills the whole room with its fragrance; the walls sink as if they were only mist, and all around her is the glorious greenwood, where the sun shines through the foliage of the trees; and grandmother — why, she is quite young again, she is a charming girl with fair curls, with full, rosy cheeks, pretty and graceful, and fresher than any rose; but the eyes, those gentle, happy eyes — yes, they still belong to grandmother. Beside her sits a young man, handsome and strong. He puts the rose into her hand, and she smiles, — grandmother does not smile like that! And now he is gone, and grandmother sits there again, an old lady, looking at a withered rose.

Now grandmother is dead. She was sitting in her armchair, telling a beautiful, long, long story; then she said that the story was ended, and that she was tired; so she leaned back her head to sleep a little. Her breathing could be heard as she slept; but it became lighter and lighter, and her countenance was full of happiness and peace. It seemed as if sunshine rested on her features; she smiled again, and then they said she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin; there she lay shrouded

in white linen, looking gentle and beautiful, though her eyes were closed; but every wrinkle had vanished, and she lay there with a smile upon her lips. Her hair was silver white and venerable, and we were not afraid to look upon her who was still our dear, kind-hearted grandmother.

And the hymn book was placed under her head, as she had herself wished, and the rose lay in the old book. Then they buried grandmother.

On the grave, close to the church wall, they planted a rose tree. It was full of roses, and the nightingale flew singing over the flowers and the grave. On the organ inside the church were played the most beautiful psalms that were contained in the old book under the head of the dead. The moon shone down upon the grave, but the dead one was not there; every child could go there safely at night and pluck a rose from the churchyard wall.

The leaves of the hymn book are dust, and into dust has crumbled the rose with all its recollections. But above there bloom fresh roses; there the nightingale sings and the organ peals, and there lives the remembrance of the old grandmother with the gentle, ever youthful eyes. Eyes can never die. Ours will one day behold grandmother again, young and beautiful, as when for the first time she kissed the fresh red rose that is now dust in the grave.

Abridged.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

(A Story from Shakespeare's "As You Like It")

Nina Moore Tiffany

Note. — The play of "As You Like It" is one of Shakespeare's great comedies. The lines quoted here give an idea of the wild, free, woodland life which it represents, and of the scenes where philosophy is mixed with bits of exquisite description. The character of Adam is specially interesting, because it is probable that Shakespeare himself once played the part.

Through the forest of Arden wandered Orlando, famished, footsore, faint, and weary. He had been driven from home by an unkind brother, and was all alone in the world with one faithful follower, his aged servant, Adam.

Adam had followed his young master out of pure love; strength failed him now, and he sat, almost dying of hunger, and not able to take another step.

In this same forest of Arden was a duke who had lost his dukedom. He had gathered about him a few foresters and two or three lords, who had chosen to be banished with him, and they made a merry company.

At the time when Orlando and Adam were nearly perishing for lack of something to eat, the duke's company were spreading their simple feast under the trees, and one of them, Amiens, was singing:

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

The laying of the table still went on, and all joined in the second stanza, even the melancholy Jaques.

Who 'doth ambition shun,
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Suddenly, and before they had more than seated themselves around the table, a youth with drawn sword rushed upon them. It was Orlando.

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more!

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

. . . . . .

He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answerèd.

Jaq. An you will not be answerèd with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knolled to church
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*]

[*Reënter* ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.]

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

So Amiens sang to these men, who had been ill-treated by other men, a song in praise of the forest:

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Adapted.

the forest of Arden: Ardennes, France. There was, however, a forest of Arden near Shakespeare's own home, and this was doubtless in the poet's mind. — **for'ester**: an officer appointed to take care of a forest and to look after the game. — **Amiens** (ă'mi-an'). — **Jaques** (jāk'wĕs): an unhappy nobleman attending the Duke. — **answerèd**: satisfied. — **an**: if. — **knolled**: chimed. — **enforce'ment**: assistance; reënforcement. — **sufficed**: satisfied. — **fall to**: begin. — **unkind**: unnatural; against the laws of kindred. — **because thou art not seen**: there is much discussion as to the meaning of this line. One edition reads "because thou art foreseen." — **nigh**: closely. — **the waters warp**: ice changes the appearance of water. The original meaning of *warp* was change, as in this case. From this we get the meaning which is common now of *shrink*. — **as friend remembered not**: as a friend feels who is forgotten.

DANIEL O'CONNELL

Wendell Phillips

Wendell Phillips, known as the "silver-tongued orator," was born in Boston in 1811. His heart went out to those who suffered from oppression and injustice. He died in 1884, having spent his life as the champion of human liberty. For many years the rule of England over Ireland was hard and severe. It was natural that Phillips should sympathize with the Irish people and admire their leader, Daniel O'Connell.

I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equaled, O'Connell.

Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. Webster himself hardly outdid him in the majesty of his proportions. To be sure, he had not Webster's craggy face and precipice of brow, nor his eyes glowing like anthracite coal; nor

had he the lion roar of Mirabeau. But his presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all.

There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke; and he added to it what Webster had not, what Clay might have lent, — infinite grace, that magnetism that melts all hearts into one. I saw him at over sixty-six years of age; every attitude was beauty, every gesture grace. You could only think of a greyhound as you looked at him; it would have been delicious to have watched him, if he had not spoken a word.

His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, Bulwer has well described:

> Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,
> It played with each wild passion as it went, —
> Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
> And sob or laughter answered as it willed.

Webster could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, Clay could magnetize the million. O'Connell was Clay, Everett, and Webster in one. He was once summoned to court out of the hunting field, when a young friend of his of humble birth was on trial for his life. The evidence gathered around a hat found near the body of the murdered man, which was recognized as the hat of the prisoner. The lawyers tried to break down the evidence,

confuse the testimony, and get some relief from the directness of the circumstances ; but in vain, until at last they called for O'Connell. He came in, flung his riding whip and hat on the table, was told the circumstances, and taking up the hat (in evidence) said to the witness, "Whose hat is this?" "Well, Mr. O'Connell, that is Mike's hat." "How do you know it?" "I will swear to it, sir." "And did you really find it by the murdered man?" "I did that, sir." "But you're not ready to swear to that?" "I am, indeed, Mr. O'Connell." "Pat, do you know what hangs on your word? A human soul. And with that dread burden, are you ready to tell this jury that the hat, to your certain knowledge, belongs to the prisoner?" "Yes, Mr. O'Connell; yes, I am."

O'Connell takes the hat to the nearest window and peers into it, — "J-a-m-e-s, James. Now, Pat, did you see that name in the hat?" "I did, Mr. O'Connell." "You knew it was there?" "Yes, sir; I read it after I picked it up." "There is no name in the hat, Your Honor."

O'Connell had neither office nor title. Behind him were three million people steeped in utter wretchedness, sore with the oppression of centuries, ignored by statute. For thirty restless and turbulent years he stood in front of them, and said, "Remember, he that commits a crime helps the enemy." And during that long and fearful

struggle I do not remember one of his followers ever being convicted of a political offense, and during this period crimes of violence were very rare. There is no such record in our history. Neither in classic nor in modern times can the man be produced who held a million of people in his right hand so passive. It was due to the consistency and unity of a character that had hardly a flaw. I do not forget your soldiers, orators, or poets, — any of your leaders. But when I consider O'Connell's personal disinterestedness, — his rare, brave fidelity to every cause his principles covered, no matter how unpopular or how embarrassing to his main purpose, — that clear, far-reaching vision and true heart which, on most moral and political questions, set him so much ahead of his times; his eloquence, almost equally effective in the courts, in the senate, and before the masses; when I see the sobriety and moderation with which he used his measureless power, and the lofty, generous purpose of his whole life, I am ready to affirm that he was, all things considered, the greatest man the Irish race ever produced.

Webster, Everett, Choate, Calhoun′, Clay: all were great American orators. — **Demos′thenes:** a famous Greek orator. — **trib′une:** a Roman officer whose duty it was to defend the rights of the people; literally, a tribesman. — **Mir′abeau:** a leader in the French Revolution. — **Bul′wer:** an English author.

LULLABY

ALFRED TENNYSON

NOTE. — Tennyson's verse is marked by perfection of form and finish. Note the melody of these lines, due in great measure to the successful repetition of sounds. *Wind* and *western*, *breathe* and *blow*, and *silver sails* are instances of this happy use of what Churchill called "apt alliteration's artful aid."

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822 —), a Boston minister and author, is one of the foremost figures of his time. His influence as a writer and as a worker for humanity has been strongly felt.

NOTE. — "The Man Without a Country" has been called the best short story in American literature. Its purpose was to quicken the patriotism not only of the soldiers and sailors in actual service, but of all people who were called upon to support the government. This is a brief selection, and gives only a hint of the power of the original.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West." When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, he met this gay young fellow, and induced him to turn traitor to his country.

Nolan was brought before the courts in the great treason trial at Richmond, and was proved guilty enough; yet we should never have heard of him but that, when the president of the court asked him whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out: "Curse the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

The judge was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had

cried, "God save King George!" he would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say: "Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. The Secretary of the Navy was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make certain that he never saw or heard of the country. There was no going home for him, even to a prison. . . .

According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own room, which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. They called him "Plain-Buttons" because while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it

bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message.

Among the books lent to him was a copy of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that. So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when some of us were sitting on deck, and took his turn in reading aloud. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only that it was all magic and chivalry and was hundreds of years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute, and then began, without a thought of what was coming, —

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,—
This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw that something was the matter, but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite enough presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,—

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self, —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, and vanished into his stateroom.

I first came to understand something about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese.

Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan.

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as they could understand. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping, dancing, and kissing of Nolan's feet!

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down and said: "They say, 'Not Palmas.' They say, 'Take us home; take us to our own country; take us to our own house; take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.'"

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home."

And after some fashion Nolan said so.

And then they all fell to kissing him again.

But Nolan could not stand it long, and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven.

"Stick by your family, boy; forget that you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home,

boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now.

"And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag.

"Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the Country herself, your Country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother."

Adapted.

Legion of the West: a name given at one time to the Western division of the army. — **Aaron Burr**: a brilliant but unscrupulous American politician. He was suspected of trying to form in Mexico and the Southern States a hostile government. He was tried for treason, and though he was not proved guilty, he was never again trusted by his countrymen. — **mess**: a number of a ship's crew who eat at the same table. — **marines**: soldiers on a man-of-war; not members of the crew. — **insig'nia**: badge. — **"The Lay of the Last Minstrel"**: a poem by Sir Walter Scott. — **overhauled**: overtook. — **Cape Palmas**: a headland on the west coast of Africa. — **pickaninnies**: small children. — **stern sheets**: the part of a boat near the stern which is furnished with seats. — **gave way**: began to row.

HOHENLINDEN

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844) was a great Scottish poet. His soul-stirring lyrics are among the most beautiful in the English language. He was the author of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "Glenara," "Ye Mariners of England," and other poems.

NOTE.—On Dec. 3, 1800, when Campbell was a young man of twenty-three, he saw the battle of Hohenlinden, which took place at the village of that name in Upper Bavaria. In this battle the French defeated the Austrians.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly:

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

Iser (e'zer).

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

VOWELS

ā	as in	fāte	ī	as in	īce	ū	as in	ūse
å	"	senȧte	i̊	"	i̊dea	ů	"	ůnite
ă	"	făt	ĭ	"	ĭt	ŭ	"	ŭp
ä	"	ärm	ĩ	"	sĩr	û	"	fûr
a̤	"	a̤ll	ï	"	machïne	ṳ	"	rṳle
ȧ	"	ȧsk				ṳ	"	pṳll
a̤	"	wha̤t	ō	"	ōld			
â	"	câre	o̊	"	o̊bey	ȳ	"	flȳ
			ŏ	"	nŏt	y̆	"	baby̆
ē	"	mēte	o̤	"	mo̤ve			
e̊	"	e̊vent	o̤	"	wo̤lf	oi	"	boil
ĕ	"	mĕt	o̊	"	so̊n	oy	"	boy
ẽ	"	hẽr	ô	"	hôrse	ou	"	out
ê	"	thêre	o͞o	"	fo͞od	ow	"	cow
e͞e	"	fe͞et	o͝o	"	fo͝ot			

CONSONANTS

c (unmarked)	as in	call	qu (= kw)	as in	quit
ç	"	mi̱ce	s̱ (= z)	"	i̱s
ch (unmarked)	"	child	si (= sh)	"	tension
ch (= k)	"	school	th (unmarked)	"	thin
ci (= sh)	"	gracious	th	"	then
g (unmarked)	"	go	ti (= sh)	"	motion
g̱ (= j)	"	ca̱ge	wh (= hw)	"	what
ng	"	ring	x (unmarked)	"	vex
ṉ (= ng)	"	i̱nk	x̱ (= gz)	"	e̱xact
ph (= f)	"	phantom	z	"	zone

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Certain vowels when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound are marked thus, a̤, e̤, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

WORD LIST

åbăn′dônment
åbăshed′
ăb′bĕssĕş
åbĭl′ĭtў
ăbôlĭ′tiòn
ăb′sôlūtelў
ăbsôrb′ĭng
ăbsûrd′ĭtў
ăccŏst′ĕd
ăccū′mûlātĕd
ăc′cūråçў
ăccŭs′tòmĭng
åchi*ē*ved′
ăc′mĕ
ăcquā*i*nt′ançe
ăcquīred′
ădăptā′tiòn
ăddrĕs*s*′ĭng
ădjoin′ĭng
ăd′mĭrable
ădmĭrā′tiòn
ădvån′tā*g*e
ădvĕrtĭşe′
ădvēr′tĭşement
ăffĭrm′åtĭve
ăffrī*gh*t′ĕd
ăg′ŏnў
ăg′rĭcŭltŭre
*aĭ*sleş
ålärm′ĭng
ăl′ehĕmĭst
āl′ienş
ăllĭeş′
ăllĭtērā′tiòn
ăllūd′ĕd
ăllū′siòn
ăl′månăc
ålōōf′
ăltēr′nåtĭve
åmā*i*n′
ămbĭ′tiòn
ăm′ĕthўst
ā′mĭable
åmĭd′shĭps
ăm′ple
åmūşe′ments
ånăl′ўsĭs
ān′cient
ånĕnt′
ănĭmā′tiòn
ăn′nalş
ănnounçe′ment
ånoint′
ăn′thĕm
ăn′thråçĭte
ăntĭç′ĭpātĭng
ăntĭçĭpā′tiòn
ăn′tĭcs
ănxĭ′ĕtў
åpärt′ment
åpŏs′*t*le
ăppâr′entlў
ăppårĭ′tiòn
ăppē*a*l′
ăppē*ar*′ançĕş
ăpplą*ud*′
ăppoint′ment
ăppręhĕn′siòn
ăpprĕn′tĭçĕş
ăpprọv′al
ăr′bŭtŭs
ăr′dent
ăr′gŭment
ărĭstŏcrăt′ĭc
ą*u*rō′rå
ą*u*thŏr′ĭtў
åvāil′able
åvēr′siòn
ărtĭl′lĕrў
ăsçĕnt′
ăscērtā*i*n′
åskew′
ăs′pĕct
ăs′phŏdĕl
ăspīr′ĭng
ăssą*u*lt′ĕd
ăssĕm′blą*g*e
ăssĭst′ançe
ăssōcĭā′tiòn
ăssôrt′ment
ăssūme′
ăt′mŏsphēre
ăt′ŏmş
ăttā*i*n′ĭng
ăttĕn′tĭvelў
ą*u*dăç′ĭtў
ą*u*′dĭençe
ą*u*′dĭtŏrў
ą*u*gŭst′ (adj.)
ą*u*rō′rå
ą*u*thŏr′ĭtў
åvāil′able
åvēr′siòn

åvērt′
åvoid′
a͡we′-strĭckenlў
ăz′u͡re

băg′pīpe
băl′cŏnў
băn′ĭshment
bär′bĕcūe
bär′gaĭn
băt′tledōor
bā*y*′ŏnĕts
bea͡ū′tĕo͡ŭs
bĕdī*ght*′
bĕhāv′i͡or
(y)
bĕnĕf′i͡çe͡nçe
bĕn′ĕfĭts
bĕnĕv′o͡le͡nçe
bĕnī*gn*′
bĕnĭg′na͡ntlў
bĕrāt′ĕd
bĕrĕft′
bĕsmē*ar*′
bĕtrā*y*′
bĕwāi*l*′
bĭg′ŏtrў
blou͡se
blŭs′tēred
bo͡u′lĕvärd͡s
bound′ärie͡s
brāçe′lĕt
brăm′blў
brăn′dĭshed
bra͡wn′ў
brĭl′lia͡nçў
(y)
broid′ēred
bu*o*y′a͡nt
bū′rea͡u
(rŏ)
cā′de͡nçe
cafe′ (å)
cälăm′ĭtў
călcūlā′tiŏn
cām′brĭcs
căn′dĭdāte*s*
căn′ŏn
căn′ŏpў
căn′tō
cäpăç′ĭtў
căptĭv′ĭtў
cär′dĭna͡l
cărĕs*s*′
cärou͡se′
cäste
cäthē′dra͡l
ca͡u′tio͡ŭslў
căv′a͡lrў
căv′ĭtў
çĕl′ĕbrāte
çĕlĕbrā′tiŏn
çĕlĕs′tia͡l
(ch)
çĕntĕn′nĭa͡l
çĕn′tŭrie͡s
çĕrĕmō′nio͡ŭs
çĕr′ĕmŏnў
çhāi͡se
chăl′lĕnge
chăm′pĭŏn
chānge′lĭng
eha͡ŏt′ĭc
chăr′ăctēr
chăr′ĭtў
eha͡sm
chēr′ĭshed
chĕr′ŭb
çhĭv′a͡lrў
çĭr′cŭlātĭng
çĭr′cŭmstănçe
çĭs′tērn
çĭv′ĭlĭzed
clăm′ŏro͡ŭs
clĕa*n*s͡′ĭng
clĕm′ătĭs
clēr′gy͡ma͡n
clī′mate
clois′tēred
clŭs′tērĭng
cŏcōōn′
cŏĭn′çĭde͡nçe
cŏmbīnā′tiŏn
cŏmmĕnçe′me͡nt
cŏm′mĕntĕd
cŏm′mērçe
cŏmpăn′iŏnshĭp
(y)
cŏmpăr′ătĭvelў
cŏmplāi*n*′ĭng
cŏmplē′tiŏn
cŏmplĕx′iŏn
(ksh)
cŏm′plĭcătĕd
cŏmpŏs͡ĭ′tiŏn
cŏm′prŏmīs͡ĕs͡
cŏm′răde
cŏnçēa*l*′
cŏnçēi*ve*d′
cŏnçĕn′tēred
cŏndĕm*n*′
cŏnfĕc′tiŏnēr
cŏnfĕd′ērate
cŏnfĕs′siŏn
cŏn′fĭde͡ntlў
cŏnfīd′ĭng
cŏn′flĭct (noun)
cŏnflĭct′ (verb)
cŏnfrŏnt′
cŏn̲′grĕgătĕd
cŏn̲grĕgā′tiŏn
cŏn̲′qu*ē*ro͡r
(k)
cŏn′sĕcrāte
cŏn′sĕquĕnçe
cŏnsĭd′ērable
cŏnsĭdērā′tiŏn
cŏnsĭst′e͡nçў
cŏnspĭc′ŭo͡ŭs
cŏnstĕllā′tiŏn͡s
cŏnstērnā′tiŏn
cŏnstrā*i*ned′
cŏnstrŭct′ĕd
cŏn′sŭl

cŏnsŭltā′tiȯn
cŏntāi*n*′ĭng
cŏn′tĕmplātĭng
cŏntĕmpt′ĭble
cŏn′tĕnts (noun)
cŏn′trȧst (noun)
cŏnvēn′ient(y)lў
cŏn′vērse (noun)
cŏnvērse′ (verb)
cŏpse
côrd′ăġe
côr′dŭroy
côr′pŭlent
cŏrrĕc′tiȯn
cŏrrĕspȯnd′ent
cŏrrŭp′tiȯn
cŏs′tūme
coun′tĕnanç*e*
co*u*rte′sĭed
crēāt′ĕd
crŏc′ŏdīle
crŏss′grā*i*ned
cru*i*se
cruṣād′ērṣ
cŭl′tĭvāte
cū′rȧte
cûr′lew (ū)
cŭs′tȯmărў
çўm′bal

dăf′fŏdĭlṣ
dăm′ask
dăn′dĕlīȯn
dä*u*nt′lĕssl*y*
dĕclā*i*m′
dĕclȧmā′tiȯn
dĕc′ȯrȧtĕd
dĕd′ĭcȧtĕd
dĕf′ĭnĭte
dĕl′ĭcȧçĭeṣ
dĕlĭ′cioŭs
dĕlĭv′ērў
dĕnŏm′ĭnātĕd
dĕpĕnd′ençe
dĕpōṣed′
dĕprĕdā′tiȯn
dĕsc*e*nd′ants
dĕscrĭp′tĭve
dĕsīr′able
dĕṣĭst′ĕd
dĕs′ȯlȧte
dĕspâi*r*′ĭng
dĕs′pērȧte
dĕspīṣe′
dĕs′tĭned
dĕstroy′ērṣ
dĕstrŭc′tiȯn
dē′tā*i*lṣ
dĕtĕc′tiȯn
dĕtēr′mĭned
dĕvīçe′
dī′ȧlĕct
dī′ȧlȯg*ue*
dĭf′fērençe
dĭf′fĭcŭlt

dĭffūṣed′
dĭġĕs′tiȯn (ch)
dĭg′nĭfĭed
dĭlāt′ĕd
dĭn′ġў
dĭṣcērn′ (z)
dĭscȯm′fĭtûre
dĭscŏntĕnt′ment
dĭscôrd′ant
dĭscō*u*rse′
dĭscrēēt′lў
dĭsĕnchȧnt′ĕd
dĭsĭn′tērĕstĕdnĕss
dĭspērse′
dĭspōṣe′
dĭspŏṣĭ′tiȯn
dĭsprŏpōr′tiȯned
dĭspūt′ĕd
dĭsrĕgärd′ĕd
dĭstĭll*ed*′
dĭstĭn′guĭshĭng (w)
dĭstrăc′tiȯn
dĭstûrbed′
dĭvăn′
dĭvērse′
dĭvĕst′ĕd
dĭvĭn′ĭtў
dŏç′ĭle
dōe
dŏl′phĭn
dŏmā*i*n′

dŏmĕs′tĭc
dŏmĕstĭç′ĭtў
do*u*b′lĕt
drȧmăt′ĭc
drā′pērĭeṣ
dŭc′ăt

ĕd′dўing
ĕd′ĭfĭçe
ĕdŭcā′tiȯn
ĕffĕc′tĭve
e*i*′dēr
ēked
ĕlăb′ȯrȧte
ĕlĕc′tiȯn
ĕl′ĕganç*e*
ĕl′ĕments
ĕl′ĕvātĭng
ĕlĕvā′tiȯn
ĕl′ȯquenç*e*
ĕmbä*l*′med
ĕmbăr′ra*ss*ĭng
ĕmboṣ′ȯmed
ĕm′ĕraldṣ
ĕmērġe′
ĕm′ĭnent
ĕncoun′tēr
ĕnco*u*r′ăġement
ĕncŭm′bēred
ĕndĕa*v*′or
ĕndūre′
ĕnfōrçe′ment
ĕnġĕn′dēr

ĕngrāv'ĭngş
ĕnlīv'*ened*
ĕnôr'*moŭs*
ĕnsū'ĭng
ĕn'tērprīşe
ĕntērtā*i*n'm͡ent
ĕnthūşĭăs'tĭc͡allў
ĕn'vĭa̲ble
ĕpĭt'ŏmē
ĕs'côrt (noun)
ĕscôrt' (verb)
ĕs'sā*y* (noun)
ĕssā*y*' (verb)
ĕssĕn'tia̲l
ĕstăb'lĭsh
ĕstrāng*e*d'
ĕtēr'nĭtў
eū'lŏgў
ĕv'ĭdęnçe
ew'ēr
(ū)
ex̱ăg'*g*ērātĕd
ĕx̱ăm'ĭnĭng
ĕxçĕl'
ĕx'çĕllęnçў
ĕxclămā'tiŏn
ĕxcûr'siŏn
ĕx̱ĕm'plĭfĭed
ĕx̱*hau*s'tiŏn
(ch)
ĕxhĭbĭ'tiŏn
ĕx'ĭle (noun)
ĕx'ĭt
ĕxpĕctā'tiŏnş
ĕxpĕdĭ'tiŏn
ĕxpĕnd'ĕd
ĕxpĕn'sĭve
ĕxpĕrĭmĕn'ta̲l
ĕxpĕr'ĭmĕntĭng
ĕx̱plānā'tiŏn
ĕxpōrt' (verb)
ĕxpōş*e*'
ĕxtĕn'sĭve
ĕxtēr'mĭnātĕd
ĕxtĭnct'
ĕxträct'ĭng
ĕxtra*ô*r'dĭnа̊rў
ĕxtrĕm'ĭtĭeş
ĕx̱ŭlts'

fåçĭl'ĭtў
făc'ŭltў
făl'lŏ*w*
fåmĭlĭăr'ĭtў
(y)
fåmĭl'ĭårlў
(y)
făm'ĭshed
făr'thĭng
făsh'*io*ned
fåtĭg*ue*'
fā'vo͡rĭte
fei*g*n'ĭng
(ā)
fērtĭl'ĭtў
fĕs'tĭva̲l
fĕstōōnş'
fī'bro͡ŭs
fĭc'tiŏn
fĭdĕl'ĭtў
*fi*ēnd'ĭsh
fĭl'ĭgrēē
flăg'ŏnş
flo͡ŭr'ĭsh
flūt'ĕd
fō'lĭåge
fō*l*k'lōre
fŏnd'lĭng
fŏrbeâr'a̲nçe
fōre'cas*t*le
fŏr'e*i*gnēr
fōresēē'ĭng
fôr'mūlå
foundå'tiŏn
frăg'me͡nt
frā'gra̲nçe
fråtĕr'nĭtў
fū'gĭtĭve
fu̲lfĭl*l*'me͡nt
fûr'tĭve

gā*i*nsaid'
(ĕ)
găm'bŏl
găr'nĕt
ġĕnērā'tiŏn
ġĕn'ĕro͡ŭs
ġēn'ĭŭs
(y)
ġĕrā'nĭŭm
ġĕs'tu̇re
ġigăn'tĭc
gĭrăf*fe*'
glāz'ĭng
glō*a*m'ĭng
glō'rĭfĭed
glū'tĭno͡ŭs
gō*a*l
gôr'ġeo͡ŭs
gŏş'lĭng
gout'ў
gŏv'ĕrnme͡nt
grăd'ŭa̲llў
grăn'deŭr
grăt'ĭfĭed
grăt'ĭtūde
grō'çĕrĭeş
grōs'bē*a*k
grōs*s*'nĕs*s*
grŏtĕsq*ue*'
(k)
gu̇ăra̲ntēēş'
gu̇īd'a̲nçe
gu̇īl'dērş
ġўp'sĭeş

hăbĭtā'tiŏn
här'mŏnĭzed
hē*a*'then
he*i*g*h*'-hō
hĕl'mĕtĕd
hĕr'a̲ld
hĕrĕd'ĭtа̊rў
hĕşĭtā'tiŏn
hīe

hĭstŏr'ĭcal
hōar'ў
hōrdeş
hŏs'pĭtable
hŏspĭtăl'ĭtў
hŏs'tĭle
hūe
hŭmăn'ĭtў
hū'morĭst
hŭş'bandman
hўmĕnē'al

ī'çĭcleş
ĭdē'alĭzed
ī'dŏl
ī'dўlĺş
ĭgnīt'ĕd
ĭg'nŏrançe
ĭgnōred'
ĭllū'mĭnātĭng
ĭll-ūş'äġe
ĭllŭs'trĭoŭs
ĭm'äġerў
ĭmăġ'ĭnărў
ĭmbībed'
ĭmbūed'
ĭmmĕaş'ŭrable
ĭmmē'dĭăte
ĭmpär'tiallў
ĭmpē'rĭal
ĭmpē'rĭoŭslў
ĭmpōrt' (verb)
ĭmpōş'ĭng

ĭmpŏs'sĭble
ĭm'pŏtent
ĭmprăc'tĭcable
ĭmprĕss'ĭve
ĭmprŏmp'tū
ĭm'pŭlse
ĭnăc'tĭve
ĭn'brĕd
ĭncăntā'tiòn
ĭncär'nădĭned
ĭnçēs'sant
ĭn'çĭdent
ĭnclō'şūre
ĭncŏmmū'nĭcablў
ĭncŏn'stant
ĭncrēas'ĭng
ĭncrĕd'ĭble
ĭndĕf'ĭnĭte
ĭndĕpĕnd'ent
ĭndĭg'nant
ĭndĭgnā'tiòn
ĭndĭg'nĭtў
ĭndĭvĭd'ŭalş
ĭndūçed'
ĭndŭs'trĭoŭs
ĭn'dŭstrў
ĭnĕx'ŏrable
ĭnĕx'plĭcable
ĭnĕxprĕss'ĭblў
ĭn'fançў
ĭnfē'rĭor
ĭnfēr'nal
ĭn'fĭnĭte

ĭnflĭct'
ĭnfūş'ĭng
ĭnġēn'ĭoŭs
(y)
ĭngrăt'ĭtūde
ĭnhăb'ĭtants
ĭnhāle'
ĭnhĕr'ĭtĕd
ĭnĭq'uĭtў
ĭnĭ'tialş
ĭnjŭs'tĭçe
ĭnquīr'ў
ĭnquĭş'ĭtĭve
ĭnscrĭp'tiòn
ĭnsĭg'nĭå
ĭnsĭgnĭf'ĭcant
ĭnspĕct'or
ĭnspĭrā'tiòn
ĭnspīr'ĭng
ĭnstrŭc'tiòn
ĭn'strûment
ĭn'sŭlt (noun)
ĭnsŭlt' (verb)
ĭntăct'
ĭn'tĕllĕct
ĭntĕl'lĭġençe
ĭntĕnse'
ĭntĕnt'lў
ĭntērçĕpt'
ĭn'tērcōurse
ĭntērspērse'
ĭn'tērview
(ū)
ĭn'tĭmâçў

ĭntŏl'ērable
ĭntŏx'ĭcāte
ĭntrŏdū'çĭng
ĭnvērt'ĕd
ĭnvĭn'çĭble
ĭnvĭş'ĭble
ĭrrĕş'ĭst'ible
ĭrrĭtā'tiòn
īsŏlā'tiòn
ĭs'sŭing
(sh)

jăve'lĭnş
jĕal'oŭsў
jŏllĭfĭcā'tiòn
jŏs'tle
joûr'nalĭst
jūn'ior
(y)
jūrĭsdĭc'tiòn
jŭstĭfĭcā'tiòn
jū'vĕnĭle

kĭn'drĕd
knăp'săck
knōlled
knŏwl'ĕdġe

lăbō'rĭoŭs
lănd'scāpe
lăn'guĭsh
(w)
lăt'ĭtūde
läun'drĕss
laụ'rĕăte

lăv'ĕndēr
lāv'ĭng
lăv'ĭshlў
lē*ague*
lĕc'tŭred
lĕg'ĕndş
lē*i*'şŭre
lĕmȯnāde'
lĕo*p*'ard
lĕt'tuçe
(ī)
lĭb'ēral
lĭbērăl'ĭtў
lĭ'çensĭng
lī'ehĕn
lĭt'ērȧtŭre
lĭthe
lĭv'ĭd
lō*a*th'lў
lŏcā'tiȯn
lŏg'ĭc
loi'tēr
lŏn'gĭtūde
lū'dĭcroŭs
lŭl'lăbў
lū'mĭno*ŭ*s
lūreş
lŭs'troŭs
lŭx'ŭrў
(ksh)
lȳre
lўr'ĭcs

mȧçhĭn'ērў
măgȧzĭne'
măg'ĭcal
mȧġĭ'ciȧn
măgnăn'ĭmoŭs
măg'nĕtĭşm
măgnĭf'ĭçençe
măg'nĭtūde
mȧhŏg'ȧnў
mā*i*med
mȧintā*i*n'
mȧjĕs'tĭc
măj'ĕstў
mălĕdĭc'tiȯnş
măl'lō*w*
măn'ĭfĕst
măn'ĭfōld
măn'siȯn
măn*ŭ*făc'tŭred
măn'ŭscrĭpt
măr'gĭn
măr'g*u*ērĭtes
măr'ĭgōld
măr'ĭnērş
mȧrïneş'
măr'jōram
măr'quĭs
măthĕmăt'ĭcs
măt'ĭnş
mȧtūre'
mĕa*s*'ŭreless
mĕd'ĭtāte
mĕdĭtā'tiȯn
mĕl'ănehŏlў

mĕl'ŏdў
mĕm'ŏrĭze
mĕt'rĭcal
mi*ē*n
mĭl'ĭtȧrў
mĭm'ĭc
mĭn'ĭstēred
mĭn'strĕlş
mĭn'utemăn
(ī)
mĭr'ȧcle
mĭs'ch*i*ĕvoŭs
mĭsdēmē*an*'ȯrş
mĭş'ērable
mĭshăp'
mŏdērā'tiȯn
mŏd'ĕstў
moil'ĭng
mois'tŭre
mōld'ēred
mō'mĕntȧrĭlў
mŏmĕn'toŭs
mŏn'ȧreh
mŏnōmā'nĭȧc
mŏn'ōtōne
mŏn'stroŭs
mŏn'ŭment
mŏrtăl'ĭtў
môr'tallў
mŏsq*uï*'tŏeş
(k)
moun't*a*ĭnoŭs
mŭl'bĕrrĭeş
mŭl'leĭn

mŭl'tĭtūde
mŭltĭtū'dĭno*ŭ*s
mûr'dēroŭs
mŭs'cŭlar
mŭşē'ŭm
mū'şĭcal
mūş'ĭng
mўr'ĭad
mўs'tērĭeş
mўstē'rĭoŭs
mўthŏl'ŏgў

năn*k*ēen'
nărçĭs'sŭs
nā'tal
nă'tiȯnal
nĕçĕs'sĭtў
nĕg'ȧtĭved
nĕglĕct'
nei*gh*'boring
(ā)
nērv'oŭs
nī*gh*t'ĭngāle
nōbĭl'ĭtў
nŏs'trĭls
nōt'ȧble
no*ŭ*r'ĭshed
nū'mēroŭs
nŭt'hȧtchĕş

ō'ăsĭs
ŏbjĕc'tiȯnable
ŏblĭv'ĭoŭs

ŏbs̱ĕrvā′tiŏn
ŏb′stăcle̱
ŏb′stĭnāte
ŏccā′siŏnal
(zh)
ŏc′cŭpȳ
ŏffĕnse′
ŏn′sĕt
ŏpāque′
(k)
ŏp′ĕrà
ō′pĭŭm
ŏpŏs′sŭm
ŏppŏrtū′nĭtў
ŏppr̆ĕss′ĭve
ŏrā′tiŏn
ŏr′ător
ŏr′ătŏrў
ôr′ehĕstrà
ôr′dēal
ôr′dĭnărў
ō′rĭĕl
ŏr′ĭgĭn
ŏrĭg′ĭnal
ō′rĭŏle̱
ôr′nāments
ŏstĕntā′tiŏn
outstrĕtched′
ō′val
ŏvā′tiŏn
ŏvērbûr′dened
ŏvērhauled′
ŏvērsēer′

pâlä′vēr
pa̤lled
păr′ădīse
păr′ăgràph
păr′ăpĕt
păr′tial
pàshä′
păs′siŏnătelў
pás′tŏrăte
păt′ent
pâthĕt′ĭcallў
pātrĭăr′ehal
pâtrĭ′ciaṉ
pātrĭŏt′ĭc
pā′trĭŏtĭs̱m
pā′trŏn
păt′rŏnīzĭng
pĕa′s̱ant
pĕcūl′iar
(y)
pĕn′dŭloŭs
pĕn′sĭve
pērçēived′
pērcĕp′tiŏn
pērfôrm′aṉçe
pēr′fūme (noun)
pērfūme′ (verb)
pēr′ĭshĭng
pērpĕndĭc′ŭlar
pērpĕt′ŭal
pērsĕcū′tiŏn
pēr′sĕcūtŏr̤
pērsĕvēr′aṉçe

pērsĭst′eṉçe
pēr′sŏnăg̃e̱
pērsuāde′
(w)
pērvād′ĕd
phär′măçў
phĕnŏm′ĕnŏn
phĭlŏs′ŏphў
phrāse
pĭck′ănĭnnĭe̱
pĭctūrĕsque′
(k)
pīed
pĭl′fēr
pĭl′grĭmăge
pĭl′lared
pĭ′quaṉçў
(k)
plāgued
plāin′tĭve
plŏv′ēr
poi̱ed
poi′s̱onoŭs
pŏl′ĭçў
pŏlĭt′ĭcal
pŏlĭtĭ′ciaṉ
pŏl′ĭtĭcs
pŏl′lĕn
pŏn′dērŏŭslў
pŏp′ŭlâçe
pŏp′ŭloŭs
pŏrtĕn′toŭs
pōrtfōl′iŏ
(y)
pŏs̱′ĭtĭvelў

pŏs′tērn
prăc′tĭcallў
prĕç′ĭpĭçe
prĕçĭp′ĭtoŭs
prĕçīse′lў
prĕdŏm′ĭnāte
prĕlĭm′ĭnărĭe̱
prĕm′ĭsĕ̱
prĕs̱ērvā′tiŏn
prĕs̱ērve′
prĕs̱īd′ĭng
prĭ′mà dŏn′nà
prĭmē′val
prĭm′rōse
prĭn′çĭple
prŏcēed′ĭngs̱
prŏç′ĕss
prŏçĕs′siŏn
prŏclāim′
prŏclămā′tiŏn
prŏdĭ′gioŭslў
prŏd′ūçe (noun)
prŏdūçe′ (verb)
prŏfĕss′or
prŏfound′ĕst
prŏfū′siŏn
(zh)
prŏg′rĕss
prŏph′ĕçў (noun)
prŏph′ĕsȳ (verb)
prŏphĕt′ĭc
prŏpōr′tiŏn̤
prŏprī′ĕtor̤

prŏs′pĕctĭng
prŏs′pē*r*oŭs
prŏtĕc′tiŏn
prŏtĕst′ĕd
prŏtrụd′ĭng
prŏvĭ′siŏn
(zh)
prụ′dẹnçe
pŭl′sātĭng
pū′nў
pûr′chā*s*e
pū′rĭtạn
pûr′pōrt
pûr′pȯs*e*d
pûrsū*i*t′
pўg′mĭeş
pў*r*e

quā*i*nt
quạl′ĭtў
quạn′tĭtў
quay (kē)
queue (kū)
quoifs

rā′dĭạnçe
răm′pärt
răp′tū*r*eş
răv′*e*lĭngş
răv′*e*nĭng
rĕăl′ĭtĭeş
rē′ạlīze
rĕbĕl′*l*iŏn
(y)
rĕcēd*e*′
rĕç′ĭpē
rĕclīn′ĭng
rĕc′ŏgnīzed
rĕcŏllĕc′tiŏnş
rĕcŏmmĕnd′ĭng
rĕc′ŏnçīled
rĕc′ȯrd (noun)
rĕcôrd′ (verb)
rĕcŭr′rẹnt
rĕdrĕs*s*′
rēĕn′tēr
rĕflĕc′tiŏn
rĕf′ŭġe
rĕgärd′
rĕġ′ĭmẹnt
rē′ġ*i*ŏn
rĕgŭlā′tiŏn
rĕhē*ar*se′
rĕjoiçe′
rĕlăpse′
rĕlā′tiŏnshĭp
rĕlăx*e*d′
rĕlĕnt′lĕs*s*
rĕlī*e*vĕd′
rĕlĭ′ġ*io*ŭslў
rĕmā*i*n′dēr
rĕmôrse′
rĕmōte′
rĕnown′
rĕpĕtĭ′tiŏn
rĕprĕşĕnt′ĕd
rĕprō*a*ch′fụllў
rĕprọv′ĭnglў
rĕpŭl′sĭve
rĕpūtā′tiŏn
rĕquĕst′ĕd
rĕşĕm′blạnçe
rĕşērve′
rĕşĭst′lĕs*s*
rĕş′ŏlūte
rĕspŏn′sĭble
rĕstŏrā′tiŏn
rĕstrā*i*ned′
rĕstrĭc′tiŏn
rĕveil′le
(ā) (yă)
rĕv′ĕlrў
rĕvēr′bēr*a*te
rĕv′ērẹntlў
rĕvērt′
rĕv′ērў
rĕvŏlū′tiŏn
r*h*ĕt′ŏrĭc
r*h*ўth′mĭcal
rĭd′ĭcūle
rĭdĭc′ŭlŏŭs
rīg*h*t′*eo*ŭsnĕs*s*
(ch)
rĭv′*e*n
rĭv′ŭlĕt
rŏmăn′tĭc
rōşe′mărў
rŏs′trŭm
roun′dĕl
rụ*e*
rụ′ral
rụşe

sā′crĕd
săl̆ūtā′tiŏn
sălūte′
săp′phīre
(f)
sär′căşm
săt̆ĭsfăc′tiŏn
säu*n*′tēr
sā′vọrў
scēn′ērў
scĭĕntĭf′ĭc
scŭlp′tū*r*ed
scŭr′rўĭng
sĕclū′siŏn
(zh)
sĕcū′rĭtў
sĕlĕc′tiŏn
sĕlf-rĕlī′ạnt
sĕm′ĭçīrcleş
sĕmĭçīr′cŭlạr
sĕn′sĭtĭve
sĕn′sụal
sĕn′tĭments
sĕn′tĭnel
sĕpārā′tiŏn
sĕp′ŭlehēr
sē′quĕl
serä′pe
(ă) (ā)
sē′rĭo*u*snĕs*s*
sĕv′ēr
sĕvēre′lў
sĕvĕr′ĭtў

shâgrēēn′
shēr′bĕt
shrewd′nĕss
(u)
shŭt′tlecŏcks
sĭmplĭç′ĭtў
sĭm′ūlātĕd
sĭn′ewş
(ū)
sĭt′ūātĕd
slōeş
slŭg′gaṛdş
slŭm′broŭs
smōl′dērĭng
sŏbrī′ĕtў
sō′ciable
sŏlĕm′nĭtў
sŏl′ĭtude
sŏnō′roŭs
sôr′dĭd
sôv′ēreĭgn
spā′cioŭs
spär′rў
spē′ciēş
spĕç′ĭmeṇş
spĕctā′toṛ
spĕn′çērş
sphĭnx
staḷ′waṛt
stät′ūe
stät′ūre
stā′tŭs
stät′ūte
stĕad′fástlў

stĕppe
stĭm′ŭlāte
strŭc′tūre
stū′pĕfīed
stūpĕn′doŭs
sŭbdūe′
sŭblīme′
sŭbstăn′tiaḷ
sŭccçēs′soṛş
sŭc′coṛed
sŭccŭm*b*ed′
sŭffĭçed′
sŭffĭ′cieṇtlў
sŭgġĕst′ĕd
sūit′aḅle
sŭl′phŭroŭs
sŭm′mŏnĭng
sūpērstĭ′tioŭs
sŭppŏş′ĭtiŏn
sûr′lў
sŭrrĕn′dēr
swaṛth′ў
swĕl′tēr
sўm′boḷ
sўm′pathў
sўs′tĕm

tā′boṛ
tăl′ŏnş
tăn′ăġēr
tăp′ĕstrў
tĕl′ĕgrȧph
tĕl′ĕscōpe

tĕm′pērȧte
tĕn′drĭl
tĕr′rĭtŏrў
tĕs′tĭmŏnў
tĕth′ĕrĭng
thĕnçefôr′waṛd
thĕŏl′ŏġў
thŏr′ŏ*ugh*lў
threē′scōre
thrŏs′*tle*
thŭn′dĕroŭs
tĭntĭnnăbŭlā′-
tiŏn
toi′lĕt
tôrmĕnt′oṛ
tôrnā′dŏ
tôr′tūre
toṵr′nȧmeṇt
trā′çērў
trăct′aḅle
trăġ′ĭc
trāi′toṛ
trănquĭl′lĭtў
trănsăct′ĭng
trănsfĭg′ūred
trănsfôrm*e*d′
trăn′sĭtŏrў
trănslū′çeṇt
trănspâr′eṇt
trē*a*′cle
trē*a*′şon
trĕ′bleş
trĕm′ŭloŭs

trĭbū′naḷ
trī′ŭmph
trĭŭm′phaṇt
tûr′baṇed
tûr′bŭlent
tўp′ĭfīed
tўr′aṇnў

ŭncŏm′foṛtable
ŭncŏn′sci*o*ŭslў
ŭndŭlā′tiŏnş
ŭnĕncŭm′bēred
ŭnfôr′tūnȧtelў
ū′nĭfôrm
ūnĭ*que*′
(k)
ūnĭvēr′saḷ
ūnĭvēr′sĭtў
ŭnmĭstāk′aḅlў
ŭnŏbtrṵ′sĭve
ŭnpŏp′ŭlaṛ
ŭnrĕş′ĭst′ĭng
ŭnscāth*e*d′
ŭnscrṵ′pŭloŭs
ŭnsēēm′lў
ŭnsŭspĕct′ĭnglў
ŭnwĭ*e*ld′ў
ŭpbrā*i*d′ĭng
ûr′baṇ
ûrġ′ĭng

vā′graṇt
văl′oṛ

vă̆l′ū̆able
vălū̆ā′tiŏn
văn′dal̤s̤
văn′ĭshĭng
văn̲′quĭshed
vā′rĭo͝us
vär′nĭshed
vĕg′ĕtable̤s̤
vĕn′ērable
vĕnērā′tiŏn
vĕn′ĭs̤on
vĭc′ar
vĭçe′roy
vĭçĭn′ĭtў
vĭ′cio͝us
vĭctō′rĭo͝us
vĭg′oro͝uslў
vĭl′laĭn
vī′ŏlençe
vĭr′ĕŏ
vĭr′gĭn
vĭs̤′ăge
vĭs̤′ĭtant
vĭs̤′or
vŏl′ūble
vŏlū′mĭno͝us
vō′tĭve
vŭl′nērable

whēat′en
who̤s̤esŏĕv′ēr
wi̇ēld′ĕd
wĭn′nŏwed

*wr*ĕnched
*wr*ĕ*t*ch′ĕdnĕs*s*
*wr*ī*th*e
*wr*ô*ugh*t

yē*a*rn
ye*o*′man

zē′nĭth
zĭg′zăggĭng
zō′dĭăc

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